THREE GENERATIONS

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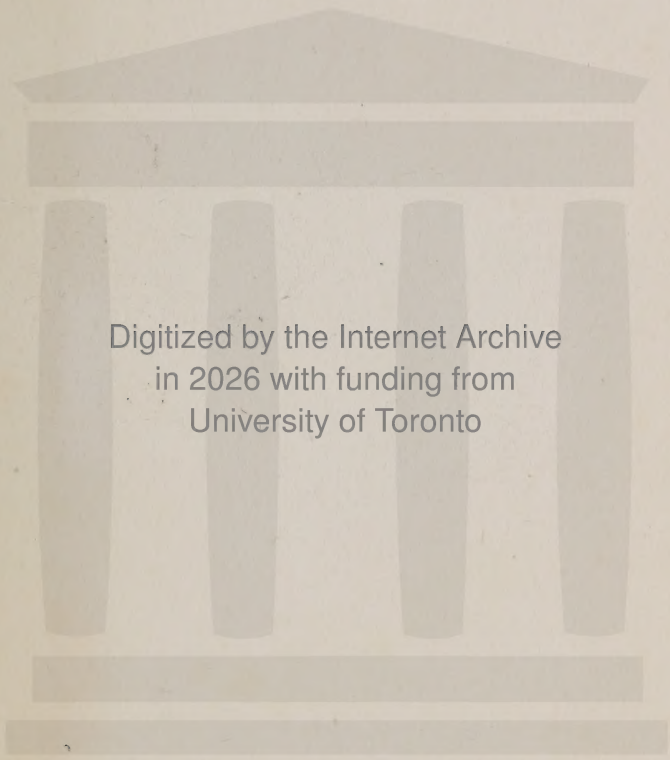
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THREE GENERATIONS

MAUD HOWE

From a crayon drawing by Benjamin C. Porter

THREE GENERATIONS

BY

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
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To

JOHN ELLIOTT

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THREE GENERATIONS

THREE GENERATIONS

CHAPTER I

The Twilight of the Gods

March 1st, 1916.

Henry James is dead. The news came to-day. A sudden warmth of old friendship, a kindness of other years leaps up within me, and the memory of how he looked at our house in Rome on a certain birthday of his that corresponds to my own latest milestone.

It was a warm day in mid-April. We were lunching on the terrace of the Palazzo Rusticucci, among the roses that shielded us from the windows of the Vatican. We drank his health in his favorite *vino di Orvieto;* he bowed with that exquisite courtesy of his and said in answer to our congratulations:

"This is the time when one lights the candle, goes through the house, and takes an account of stock!"

I can hear that slow, careful, hesitating voice of his and catch the keen shy glance he gave me as he spoke.

The words come back to me with a new meaning; they seem like a legacy from an old friend. It is high time that I, too, should light the candle, go through the house, and take an account of stock.

What 's here worth saving?

Love and friendship, a treasure piled high as the rafters of the house of life. To be of any value, an ac-

counting must be honest; this I shall remember in taking my account of stock and in telling how I acquired it.

I was born near midday on the ninth of November, 1854, in a large room in the apartment familiarly known as "Doctor's Part", at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston. My first friend, Mrs. Margaret MacDonald, familiarly called D.D., presided at this, my earliest introduction to society.

"Your mother was out walking. Much as ever she got up the long Institution steps before you came, sooner than we expected you. Your little clothes had not come home, so I wrapped you up, first along, in an old flannel petticoat of your mother's."

If I am somewhat of a vagrant in habit and overfond of wandering, have n't I a good warrant for it? From my first hour I was wrapped in a fragment of my mother's garment. If her mantle cannot truthfully be said to have fallen upon me, I have at least contrived to creep under a corner of it, and it has kept me warm all my days!

"You were lying in a green cardboard box in papa's arms the first time I saw you. 'Come and see little sister Polly,' he called to us in the nursery." This, from sister Laura, is corroborative evidence that I hurried into this world sooner than I was looked for, without even giving them time to get the old cradle down from the attic.

On hearing of my birth, Theodore Parker rode post-haste to the Institution to see my father. Their conversation was, in substance, as follows:

"Another little girl?"

"So it seems."

"A fourth daughter, a fifth child! You and Julia have your hands full already. Give the baby to my wife and me; we 'll bring her up as our own, call her Theodora, and make her our heir!"

"My dear fellow, you don't know what you 're talking about!"

When the proposal was repeated to my mother, she exclaimed:

"Parker certainly can have no idea what it means to have a child!"

What an escape! If they could have given me to any one, it would have been to this beloved friend, who longed, above all else, for a child of his own. He put this catechism daily to his wife:

Question. What are you?
Answer. A bear.
Question. What must this bear do to be saved?
Answer. Have pups.

The pups, alas, never came to the poor "bear", remembered as far more like a dove.

My first home was a public institution, but I had more right to it than most of those who lived there, for the Perkins Institution was founded and built by my father, Samuel Gridley Howe.

The Institution was a large brick building, with a classic façade and big white Doric columns. It stood on an elevated plateau above Broadway. Its windows looked out over Boston Harbor; you could see the Cunard steamers as they started on their trips to Europe, or returned, their red smokestacks covered with snow and icicles, after a winter passage. Strangers, noticing the blind boys and girls pacing up and down the wide piazzas that faced seaward, often spoke of the irony of fate

that gave the school for the blind such a view. The rooms were large and well proportioned, with extra high ceilings. The corridors were paved with squares of gray and white marble. An imposing staircase rose, circling round and round a deep central well, to the giddy height of five tall stories; it still remains to me a triumph of architectural splendor. There was a polished mahogany handrail; to the daring, no sport was comparable to "sliding down the banisters." This was of course strictly forbidden. It was held among us that a slip must prove fatal; one would fall down, down, and crash horribly upon that cold marble pavement at the bottom.

Till little Sam was born, I was the youngest of five children; during his short life of less than four years there were six of us: Julia, called Romana, in memory of her birthplace, Rome; Florence, named for our parents' friend, Florence Nightingale; Henry Marion, in memory of our many times great-uncle, General Francis Marion of the Revolution; Laura, for Laura Bridgman; and little Sam, for his father. My name was given me for no better reason than that my mother fancied it. There had been a deal of discussion about the matter; when Tennyson's Maud was published, my mother clinched it by naming me for the heroine of the poem, a fashion her friends, the William Hunts, followed by naming their first and second daughters Elaine and Enid.

The first distinct memory I have of my father is of waking one Christmas morning and finding myself lying in the big mahogany bed in his room. I knew I had gone to sleep in my black walnut crib, drawn close beside my mother's bed in the next room. He came dancing in, with a small bundle of clothes in his arms.

"Here is a little monkey for your Christmas present," he cried.

The little monkey was my brother Sammy, born soon after midnight, Christmas morning. Until his advent, I had always slept close to my mother. I remember now the chill of disappointment, if I ever, on waking in the dimly-lighted room, put out my hand to feel for her and found her bed empty and cold, as on some night when she had stayed out late. The desolate sense of her absence at first overwhelmed me; than came a shiver of fear of the dark corners of the room, inhabited by a strange breed of nocturnal foxes.

I did not speak till I was two years old, never so much as saying "mama"; then suddenly I pronounced a complete sentence, "See that little dog." To help me learn to tell the time, my father contrived a large white cardboard dial with movable hands, like the face of a clock. This soon solved the mystery of hours. It must have been at about this period that some malicious governess taught me a bitter adage, which to this day I repeat, as a penitent plies the scourge on his lacerated back:

Lost, a golden hour, set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward is offered, for it can never be recovered!

Neither of my parents believed in the saying, "Spare the rod, spoil the child." They had both been rather strictly brought up and, as so often happens, in avoiding the extreme of severity they themselves had known, they perhaps went to the other extreme of indulgence with their children. On second thought, and to be quite honest, I was the only spoilt child in the family; the charge cannot fairly be brought against the others. When the youngest child dies, and the next youngest

becomes the baby, as in my case, everybody knows what happens! Not only the parents but the older children are as wax in those baby hands.

Of the little anecdotes every mother treasures about every child, the following was the one that Mama liked best to tell of her "stormy petrel." One day, in that blessed period of silence before I had begun to talk, she found me eating the wild cherries that grew at Lawton's Valley. Taking the forbidden fruit from me, she showed me a little stick and said:

"If you eat those cherries again, I shall slap your hands with this stick."

The next day I came up to her, at about the same hour, one hand grasping a fistful of wild cherries, the other holding the switch. Looking her squarely in the eyes, I put the cherries in my mouth, handed her the stick, and held out my hand. The whipping? She only caught, kissed, and hugged me to her bosom.

My earliest friends were all more or less connected with the Institution, where my first years were passed. My father was a good judge of character, and the teachers and attendants he chose to help him in his great task were all rather exceptional people.

Daniel Bradford, the Institution steward, was my father's right-hand man, and my most intimate friend. When young, he had been a ship's carpenter; the flavor of the sea was in his talk, the roll of it in his legs. He was a short, stout man, full of a merry friendship for all mankind. On Sundays he wore a gorgeous, flowered velvet waistcoat, a full set of false teeth, and the most brazen scratch wig I ever saw. On week days he was frankly bald and toothless as a new-born baby.

"Bradford, come and make the rounds!" my father

called out one morning, looking into the office, where the steward sat, laboriously making up his accounts.

They started on their tour of inspection, my father striding ahead, Braddie trotting after him, two steps to his one, and I tagging on behind. I kept very close to them that day, for Braddie needed my sympathy. Had he not that very morning confided in me?

"Old Turk, I'm going to get married. The Doctor 'll take on like the Old Scratch. You get your Ma to put in a word for me."

I told my mother; she looked grave.

"Yes, your father will feel the loss of his faithful Sancho Panza."

"Braddie's not going away," I protested; "they 'll live right on here —"

"It won't be the same; he can't be ready at five minutes' notice to start for the ends of the earth at any hour of the day or night!"

There was a good deal of "taking on" about the lady who had "caught" the old steward, and in order to get it over and done with, the marriage was promptly arranged. It took place in our rooms and I was one of the wedding party. There was another guest, Laura Bridgman, my father's famous pupil. I can see her white intense face, the sightless eyes hidden by a green silk shade, the delicate fingers — that saw more than some eyes — touching the bridal gifts, hear her plaintive cry of pleasure, like the note of some forest bird, as she felt the large blue cut-glass vase that she and I admired far more than such useful presents as butter knives and pickle forks.

"Laura Bridgman — and who was she?" some one is sure to ask.

Who could have believed then that such a question would be possible? In those days her name was known all over the civilized world. Laura was the blind deaf mute for whom my father devised the marvelous scheme of education which redeemed her from the awful loneliness of her isolation, taught her language, and made her a happy and useful member of the human family. Her education was hailed as a miracle all over Europe, and to this day teachers and thinkers are still amazed by the patience and ingenuity of the man to whom Helen Keller and scores of other educated blind deaf mutes owe their deliverance from a living tomb.

Thursday was always "Exhibition Day" at the Institution. Boston people took great pride in their School for the Blind, and by eleven o'clock the visitors' seats were filled. The pupils, dressed in their best, gathered in the great hall, the boys on one side of the big organ, the girls on the other. They occupied benches placed in tiers, one above the other, so that you saw their faces rising row behind row; between them shone the tall gold organ pipes, with the name of the donor on a blue scroll: "The Gift of George Lee." A blind musician sat at the organ; sometimes it was my friend, Joel Smith, and sometimes William Reeves, the leader of the band. The exercises opened with an organ solo, while the visitors settled themselves in their places, facing the pupils. As the deep organ tones thundered through the hall, Laura Bridgman sounded her little ecstatic note of pleasure. She felt the vibration from the organ and was thrilled by what she called "hearing the music." The exercises included reading aloud from the raised type of books, printed in our own press; singing, violin and piano solos by the most gifted scholars; and "selections"

by our brass band, made up of the larger boys. The finale was a chorus of all the scholars. The organist struck a soaring melody, the blind boys and girls rose to their feet, their young passionless voices ringing out:

"From all that dwell beneath the skies, let the Creator's praise arise."

If there were a stranger present — there usually was — he was sure to be deeply moved, often to tears. Music, their greatest earthly pleasure, brings to the blind a supreme delight, whose reflection can be caught in the rapture of those upturned faces.

My father's was a restless temperament; as far back as I can remember, our family life was diversified by frequent "movings." "Green Peace", our own home, was only five minutes' walk from the Institution in which we lived part of the time; in these early days I am trying to recall, we moved perhaps every six months from one habitat to the other. There was, besides, the regular hegira to our summer home, Lawton's Valley, in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. At that time few Boston people moved out of town before July. I can date our own summer flitting by the fact that it immediately followed the Fourth. I find a confusion of the most exquisite memories connected with this day, beginning with an early waking to the sound of bells, whistles, guns, and firecrackers. The bells were our own South Boston bells; the guns, from Fort Independence, which we felt in some special sense belonged to us. Next comes a dim memory of the procession of the "Antiques and Horribles" and the dreadful fright produced by those grotesque masks. I was allowed all the torpedoes I wanted, but forbidden firecrackers — vainly forbidden,

alas! I have the feel of them yet in my fingers — those small, furry scarlet crackers with their white string fuses — and smell the good acrid smell of the gunpowder, as they popped, popped, in those early morning hours, when Papa was taking his ride, and Mama slept beside the baby that had kept her awake till all hours. After these early adventures of the pearly dawn came scorching midday hours on the wide yellow sanded paths of Boston Common. Here we bought bunches of fragrant water lilies, holding their long cool stems in our hot little hands, as we stood watching the parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The drum major struts like a glorified turkey cock, swinging his great staff. The band! Oh! the band! How our spirits rise to the crisp notes of "Yankee Doodle"; how our hearts melt within us as the gay tune changes to a minor air:

> We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground, give us a song to cheer,
> Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp ground!

It is afternoon. We have moved with the crowd to the lower end of the Common, just above the old cow path, where men I have known remember driving their fathers' cattle along the way now called "Charles Street." The balloon ascension is set for five o'clock; we are in good time, together with hundreds of other eager spectators. We catch our breath as the immense pink silk globe, in its coffee-colored network, sways above our heads, the daring aëronaut striking an attitude in the car, a straw basket which hangs four or five feet below.

"He 's off!"

No attitudinizing now. Very carefully the gallant aëronaut lowers the grapnel over the side of the car, as the great balloon rises slowly, slowly, into the burning blue. We watch it until it becomes a speck over our heads. I am so filled with forebodings about the perilous journey that my nurse seeks out a man who has helped prepare the balloon for the ascension.

"This little girl," she says, "is afraid that Mr. Wise will never come down alive."

"Not a mite o' danger, miss, on a day like this. Did n't you see all them bags of ballast? And the valve rope? When he wants to go up, he chucks out a few of the sand-bags. When he wants to come down, he pulls that there valve-string and lets out the gas, see? Just you look in the *Boston Advertiser* to-morrow morning and that will tell you where the balloon landed."

There is an interval between this thrilling experience and the final rapture of the day. I am in the house of my Uncle and Aunt Wales, on Boylston Street, opposite the Public Gardens, where I am put to sleep in a big four-poster and later fed upon strawberries and sponge cake. This quiet interlude between the excitements of the day seems a sad waste of time. At half-past eight, thanks to the rest, I am fresh and eager for the crowning event, "Fireworks on the Common." I can hear now the hiss of the rockets, the long-drawn "Ah!" of the multitude that follows each fresh display. How clear it all is! Our elders' fear of the crowd is a slight shadow on our ecstatic happiness.

"Don't let go the child's hand!" seems a useless warning — the crowd is so friendly, so cheerful, so full of an almost solemn excitement. How we cheer the portraits of George and Martha Washington! When the

last set piece goes off, the final bouquet flares above the elms of the mall, how quickly the great crowd melts and flows off in dark currents and eddies, and how tightly now I cling to my nurse's hand, lest I be swept away and lost!

How cleverly Papa marshals us out of the crowd and down the side street, where Billy Glass, our coachman, waits with the carryall to drive us home, a tired happy crew of young patriots, who have survived the dangers of firecrackers, giant torpedoes, and skyrockets. The latter fear was ever present with Mama, who shuddered at the thought that one of us might be blinded by a falling rocket stick. Papa made light of her terrors with the epitaph:

Here lie I
Killed by a sky
Rocket in my eye.

It was not by accident that Papa kept us in Boston over the Fourth. He must have longed, as elders do to-day, to be out of the hot city on Independence Day. He knew the risks of city streets to his "young barbarians", and made it his business to minimize those risks, because he also knew the value of those early impressions upon a child's imagination. Whatever his children might or might not turn out to be, he took good care that they should all grow up red-hot patriots.

Looking back upon the first six or seven years of my life, I find myself in a dim enchanted land, which I have come to think of as "The Twilight of the Gods", for the figures that peopled it were, indeed, heroes and demigods. They drop easily apart into two groups, Mama's friends and Papa's friends. Mama's friends — we called them "The Owls" — were poets, philosophers,

and theologians, speculative men who sat long and discussed abstract things. Papa's friends were statesmen, soldiers, militant philanthropists, men of action whose time was too precious for long visits, but who came and went with a certain tense purpose in strong contrast to those others. Such scraps of their talk as one overheard one understood more or less; one at least had some idea of "what they were driving at", whereas the Owls talked rank nonsense, "about objectivity and subjectivity, Kant and 'Dant' and all the rest of them!"

Theodore Parker with his "hammer of Thor" was friend to both parents. I cannot remember him; he lives for me in a sort of dim limbo behind the Twilight of the Gods, peopled by men and women whom my parents had known before I was born and of whom I had heard them talk. Here lives Lafayette, who had signed himself in a letter to Papa (still preserved) "your forever friend", and Thomas Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, Maria Edgeworth, Florence Nightingale, and a host of others. To this day I am linked to these great shadows by my parents' friendship, as with some subtlest bond of sympathy and understanding. If I ever meet them, I shall surely know them.

John Brown is perhaps the most real of all these shadowy figures. My mother tells in her Reminiscences of her first meeting with him. My father had warned her of his coming to our house, with these words: "Do you remember that man of whom I spoke to you — the one who wished to be a saviour for the negro race? That man will call here this afternoon; you will receive him."

The old house at Green Peace holds no more vivid memory than of that visitor who must be secretly admitted by its mistress lest some gossipy servant whisper. She stands, a slight gracious figure at the threshold, gazing

earnestly at the stranger, "A Puritan of the Puritans, forceful, self-contained, with hair and beard of amber streaked with gray."

In "The First Martyr", one of the best of her patriotic poems, my mother tells the story of an incident of which I have no memory, but which has had its influence upon me for all that.

Returning from a visit to John Brown's wife, a few weeks before his execution by the Commonwealth of Virginia, my mother came into my nursery and took me on her knee, hoping to distract her thoughts by playing with me. Some sense of what she was suffering was borne in upon me, for I questioned her closely: Why was she so sad? Where had she been that afternoon? Who had she seen? Bit by bit, I got the story from her. The poem, from which I quote the following verses, may be found in "Later Lyrics":

My five-years' darling on my knee,
Chattered and toyed and laughed with me;
"Now tell me, mother mine," quoth she,
"Where you went i' the afternoon?"
"Alas! my pretty little life,
I went to see a sorrowing wife,
Who will be widowed soon."

"Now, Mother, what is that?" she said,
With wondering eyes and restless head.

"He lies upon a prison bed
With sabre gashes on his head;"

"But, Mother, say what has he done?
Has he not robbed or murdered one?"
"My darling, he has injured none.
To free the wretched slaves
He led a band of chosen men,"

"O, Mother! let us go this day
To that sad prison, far away;
Some comfort we can bring him, sure:
And is he locked up so secure,
We could not get him out?"

"No, darling, he is closely kept."
Then nearer to my heart she crept,
And, hiding there her beauty, wept
For human misery.

So it is something to be thankful for, that at the age of five I volunteered for active service, in the forlorn hope of rescuing John Brown.

Charles Sumner, dear as a brother to my father, is a very distinct figure in the Twilight of the Gods, towering in mind, character, and stature above other men.

Some ancestral trait of worldliness must have "got by" my parents (the most unworldly people I have ever known) and down to me, for I was rather a mundane youngster. I was much impressed by a certain dignified splendor in Mr. Sumner's bearing and clothing, which, together with his single eyeglass, like those of "swells" in *Punch*, made me regard him as the social superior of most of our intimates.

What a contrast to Charles Sumner was John Albion Andrew, the great war governor of Massachusetts and one of Mr. Lincoln's firm supporters in the darkest days of the Civil War! To me, he was "Edith Andrew's father", the cherubic, adorable parent of my intimate friend. The mention of his name evokes memories of the Andrew house at 110 Charles Street. The living room, with its worn leathern sofa where the children were always welcome, was on the ground floor next the dining room. The drawing-room was up one flight; it contained some

fine old pieces of colonial furniture, some good pictures, a strong charcoal drawing by William Hunt, a brilliant painting of a troubadour by Babcock, a genre by Elihu Vedder, a number of Japanese cabinets and bibelots.

There were four Andrew children: Bessie, who looked like her father, a studious girl and a good musician; Forrester, a slender blond youth, who later married Hattie Thayer and died young, leaving two charming daughters; Edith, my friend and playmate, who looked like her pretty mother; and a younger son, Harry. Governor Andrew was short and stout, with very curly brown hair and a florid complexion. He had round eyeglasses, from behind which shone kind blue eyes like a baby's. He wore a black soft felt hat and a black Inverness cape, with a military cord and tassel that took my fancy. I shared many privileges with the Andrew children, among them Sunday-morning excursions to the School Ship, a training ship for juvenile offenders, where we looked curiously at the young sailor boys and wished it was not forbidden to make friends with them. We had the run of the State House, where we spent happy hours romping in the Senate Chamber, under the big codfish. The Seal of State was familiar to us; and one long rainy afternoon, when we waited while the Governor and my father held an endless conference with other serious looking men, we made free with the official pencils and notepaper and made archaic drawings of men and horses. How lightly we flitted and frolicked about the halls and corridors! And yet we had a certain sense of the tense situations which every day faced the Governor and those who labored with him for State and country. Andrew had no easy task, for the pacifists were busy in those days as in these. A letter to "Frank" Bird from my father, written at the

time when war was imminent but not declared, contains this sentence:

"Andrew is like a noble horse, harnessed in with mules; how long he will retain his virility, I know not."

On the thirteenth of April, 1861, the day when the news came that Fort Sumter had been attacked, my father wrote the Governor:

"Since they will have it so, in the name of God, Amen. Now let all the governors and chief men of the people see to it that war shall not cease until Emancipation is secure. If I can be of any use, anywhere, in any capacity (save that of spy), command me."

I remember the thrill of horror that shook my small person on hearing my father say:

"The Rebels have sent a box of live copperheads and rattlesnakes to Andrew, but fortunately there was something suspicious looking about the box, and no harm is done!"

On another occasion I was shocked at hearing of a case of clothing or bedding, infected with yellow-fever germs, that had been sent to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. Libby Prison seemed very real to us when Alexander MacDonald, D.D.'s son, came home an exchanged prisoner, a shadow of himself, wasted to a skeleton, and with a cough which soon proved fatal. He brought with him a napkin ring made from a piece of meat bone by one of his fellow prisoners. I took this in my hands with a sense of awe; it seemed like a relic.

The Governor took full advantage of my father's offer of service, and during the next four years he was constantly going back and forth between Boston and Washington. Among his many labors of that time was the work of the

Sanitary Commission, of which he was one of the founders and most earnest workers.

His own experience as a young man, when he fought with the hardy mountaineers of Crete in the campaign for Greek independence, fitted him particularly well for the work. It made him, also, rather impatient at the well-meant efforts of the Boston people who, in the kindness of their hearts, sent cargoes of superfluities to the embarrassment of the ill-prepared commissariat department. He writes to Andrew from Washington, soon after the departure of the first Massachusetts regiments:

"You may depend upon it that when our boys come back, they will laugh heartily at the recital of the fears and sorrows excited among their papas and mamas by the stories of their privations and sufferings on their first march to Washington. The invoice of articles, sent by the *Cambridge* and other vessels for our troops, contains articles hardly dreamed of even by general officers in actual wars. Hundreds of chests of Oolong tea, tons of white crushed sugar, and then a whole cargo of ice! Many of these things will have to be left behind when the troops go into the field. Their principal value (which is priceless) is as a testimony of the patriotism, zeal, and generosity of the men and women, who felt that they must do something for the cause."

In speaking of the health of the troops, he writes:

"There is more need of a *health officer* than of a chaplain; but the U. S. knows no such officer. Soap! Soap! Soap! I cry but none heed. I wish some provision could be made for army washerwomen; they are more needed than nurses."

I ought to remember far more about the Civil War than I do, for I was six years old when it was declared. On the

nineteenth of November of the same year my mother, before dawn, received the inspiration of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", but I never heard of this till many years later. Two strong impressions of the war-time remain with me. Coming into the breakfast room one morning, I found my brother Harry standing on his chair, fluttering the newspaper over his head, the rest of the family waving their napkins and crying:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Vicksburg has fallen!"

Harry was then going to Boston Latin School and held a commission in the school regiment.

I shall surely never forget a certain Sunday morning, when I was walking with my father across Boston Common, to get the mail from the post office. It was a lovely spring day; the elms on the Mall wore the softened look that just precedes the time of leafage. We had stopped to scatter some nuts for the squirrels, when a perfect stranger ran up to my father, grasped him by the arm and panted in his ear:

"Doctor Howe, they have killed the President!"

My father staggered as if he had been struck and sank down on a bench, with a cry:

"God Almighty!"

The anguish of his face and voice impressed me quite as much as the fact that President Lincoln had been murdered.

CHAPTER II

The Owls

Among my mother's welcome visitors was Henry James the elder, father of Henry, the novelist, and of William, the philosopher. She thought Mr. James Senior a greater man than either of his more famous sons and was a little jealous for her old friend's reputation. Henry, Junior, understood this and loved her for it.

Mr. James ranked among us as chief of Owls. He was very lame and used a great cane with a yellow ivory handle. He had a long gray beard, piercing eyes that looked you through and through, and a laugh so hearty, so contagious that it healed the stab of the too bright eyes. I was at once fascinated and frightened by him. My mother was in terror lest I should find out that he had a wooden leg, for he often took me on his knee and quizzed me. Once when I had been haled in from a romp in the garden with a torn pinafore and a general devil-may-care look about me, Mr. James said quite seriously:

"Maud, you are the wickedest-looking thing I have seen for a long time."

I took this literally, brooded over the affront, and gave him a Roland for his Oliver:

"You are the ugliest man I have ever seen!"

Mr. James was hurt; this troubled my mother; but my own feelings had been outraged. Wounded in my

self-esteem, I had instinctively "struck back", as a child or savage does. He was so wise, so tender, that I believe he forgave me, though I have never forgiven myself.

In these early memories, the "James boys" figure as the friends of my older sisters. I have no recollection of them in connection with myself till much later. I have, however, a clear impression of their cousin, Minnie Temple, with whom Henry James, the younger, was said to be in love. I think of her delicate face, luminous eyes, and expression of haunting melancholy, as of things seen in a dream. Willie and Wilkie; Henry and Bobby; their names fit into the picture of this time, because my elders talked so much of them. Two went to the war, Wilkie and Bobby; one was wounded.

It probably was about this time that Henry and Willie were studying art in the Newport studio of William Hunt, with John La Farge and Theodora Sedgwick for fellow pupils. This studio still survives. It stands back from Church Street, just behind what is now the Hill Top Inn, then the home of the William, and later of the Richard, Hunts. Until quite lately, I should have said I had no recollection of Mrs. James, wife of the first Henry and mother of the second, but I happened to pass a night at Concord, in the house of Mrs. Robertson James, and there I recognized a portrait of Mrs. James. The face is calm, motherly, and, above all, aristocratic.

The Radical Club, which met on the first Monday of every month, was one of the chief gathering places of the Owls. I remember my mother's interest in these meetings, and little bits of her talk about them:

"To-day Mr. Emerson read a paper on Religion. He told this anecdote: 'Somebody said to the Reverend Dr. Payson of Portland, "How much you must enjoy

religion, since you live always administering it," he replied that nobody enjoyed religion less than ministers, as nobody enjoyed food less than cooks.'"

William Rounseville Alger, prince of Owls, was tolerated by me as the father of my dear friend, Kitty Alger, a handsome girl, with fine black hair which she wore "down her back" in three thick braids. She was like her mother, gentle and domestic. The elder daughter, Abbie, was more like her father. She was intelligent, with a gift for languages, which she put to good account in translating foreign books for the Boston publishers.

Children take grown people for granted, accept them as fixed facts like the earth, the heaven, and the stars. They do not analyze them as they do their contemporaries. It was only in later years that I gained a sense of the incongruity of the union between Mr. and Mrs. Alger. They had a large family, and their marriage was, I believe, a happy one in spite of — perhaps on account of — the strong contrasts of tastes and character.

Mr. Alger was a pedantic Unitarian clergyman, and a student of metaphysics. He never, if he could avoid it, used a word of less than five syllables. I remember him at his own house, silent and abstracted; when he was at our house, consorting with other Owls, his language was splendid and free, if a thought paradoxical. A favorite word of his was ratiocination, which Mother once caricatured, exclaiming:

"Ours is indeed a ratty 'orssy nation!"

I was once at the Algers' when a company of the elect gathered to hear him read from his latest work, "The Poetry of the Orient." A few of us juveniles sat on the stairs, waiting till the reading should be over and the vanilla ice cream and escalloped oysters appear. Among

the grown-up guests were the brilliant Choate sisters, Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Pratt, cousins of Mrs. Alger's. In discussing the reading with Mama, Mrs. Pratt exclaimed: "Brother Alger has his *limités* and his *extensés!*" A phrase my mother quoted all her life.

I learned one lesson from "Brother Alger" that I never forgot. I was dining with them one Sunday and, as Mr. Alger plunged the carving fork into the breast of a prodigious turkey, he asked me what part of the bird I preferred. Meaning to be polite, I said I had no choice.

"Then you shall have the drumstick," was the carver's answer.

At one time Mr. Alger preached on Sunday mornings at the Music Hall, as years before Theodore Parker had done. He had large audiences — there was too little of ritual to warrant the term "congregation" — chiefly of men. I often went with Kitty to these services; though I did not understand much of what the speaker said, there was something democratic in the large Sunday gathering that appealed to me.

Mr. Edwin Whipple, the brilliant essayist and lecturer, was held to be a very important Owl; because he looked more like Minerva's bird than any of the others, his solemn expression and round eyes gave him, above all, a claim to the title. There was nothing derogatory in being an Owl; indeed, it was rather "swell" than otherwise. Not all of Mama's companions were Owls; some of the most learned of them were quite outside the group. The jovial Louis Agassiz, for instance, genial James T. Fields, our dear minister, James Freeman Clarke: these were all intimates and intellectuals, but they lacked *something* that Frederick Hedge, for example, possessed

to a very high degree; just what this essential quality was, I despair of making any grown-up person understand. Though I have mentioned Mr. Emerson as being present at a meeting of that resort of Owls, the Radical Club, he too lacked the subtle characteristic and, though he might at times consort with Owls, he was not of them.

The only female Owl I remember was Miss Elizabeth Peabody, called the grandmother of Boston, one of the most guileless human beings that ever lived. Everybody loved Miss Peabody and, loving her so much, everybody talked about her. Some of the things they said were tender, some were funny, but none were slighting, none bitter.

There was the tradition that Miss Peabody had been affianced to the great romancer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who soon after their engagement discovered that her younger sister, Sophia, was his true affinity. With perfect sweetness and generosity, Elizabeth yielded her lover to her sister and, as long as they lived, devoted herself to the Hawthornes and their children.

It takes a pretty big woman to do that!

A friend of Miss Peabody's once dreamed that she had a baby, which she soon mislaid, finding it long after shut up between the pages of a big volume, where she had put it for a bookmark. In her later years, she looked like a female Pickwick; you could read the record of her blameless life in her benign face. Though she was a hard worker, she was never able "to put anything by", probably because so much of her work was for the causes and reforms she served so whole-heartedly. In her last years, when she was too feeble to work, my mother was very anxious about her future. Miss Peabody reassured her, however.

"My dear friend," she began, "I have been thinking to-day how much better off I am than Croesus (a well-known millionaire). He and I left the country town where we were both born, on the same day, and came to Boston to seek our fortunes. Croesus made a great deal of money, but in such a questionable manner that he no longer finds it pleasant to live in Boston and has moved to a distant state where public opinion does n't trouble itself about the origin of his fortune. I, on the other hand, live on happily in Boston, supported by an income provided by my old scholars."

Croesus probably would not have agreed with her summing up of the case, but, as their two faces rise out of the limbo of these early memories, old Elizabeth's, all alight with innocence and enthusiasm, smiles at me, while Croesus looks coolly and cannily at me, with the hard eyes and tight mouth of a miser.

The Hawthornes were very poor in their early married life at Concord. They could not afford to keep a servant, and divided the housework between them. One day Mrs. Hawthorne, happening to be near the pantry, where her husband was doing his share of the morning's work, heard him exclaim, as he threw down the knife he had been cleaning:

"Thank God, that's the last of those damned knives!"

This impressed the young wife so much that she managed soon after to employ a domestic. Shortly after, Pegasus, released from the butcher's cart, spread his wings and carried Hawthorne far above household drudgery, for not long after this "The Scarlet Letter" was written.

I do not remember ever having seen Hawthorne, but I have a strong impression of how he looked, from my

mother's description of him. She spoke of his great reserve and shyness, of his beauty and especially of his eyes, "like blue-gray sapphires."

The spell he cast over my childhood is strong as ever. He first introduced me to the friends from Hellas and made me free of the enchanted circle of Greek mythology. For many years I held the absurd belief that his genius created the characters in Tanglewood Tales, where I first read of Midas and the Golden Touch, of Perseus, Medusa, the Graiae, and Bellerophon. Nowhere, I still believe, is the story of Baucis and Philemon and their immortal guests more beautifully told than in Tanglewood Tales. These two volumes, in Ticknor and Field's familiar brown bindings, were in the nursery bookcase, and made me early familiar with Hawthorne's name. Chancing upon "The Scarlet Letter" one day in my father's library, I read the great romance with the same avidity with which I had devoured the children's stories. I was too young to understand the significance of the Letter itself; the story held me no less entranced because I missed the inner meaning. It is a great mistake to think that children must understand things to enjoy them; mystery, above all else, appeals to them.

Una Hawthorne, the eldest daughter, once made us a visit at Lawton's Valley. She was tall and handsome, with a skin like alabaster and masses of red-gold hair. Julian, the only son, was of the same type. He was one of the handsomest young men I ever saw, — tall, athletic, romantic-looking, with a touch of unconventionality in his dress that was very becoming. Later in life, I met Julian Hawthorne, when I visited my sister Florence in Plainfield, where he lived for some years. One remark of his I have always remembered. We had been speaking

of the elder Hawthorne, and Julian said, with a sigh: "My father is the worst enemy I have. It would not be so bad if I had chosen a different calling, but whatever I write must always be compared with what he wrote!"

I felt a certain sympathy with him; a great name is very hard to "live up to."

The mention of the nursery bookcase recalls certain priceless volumes I do not often find to-day in the nurseries I visit. As our books were chosen by my mother with greatest care, I hope by mentioning some of my earliest book friends to hand on a good tradition:

"The King of the Golden River" by Ruskin; Hans Andersen's "Little Rudy"; "The Huggermuggers and Kobbletozo" by Christopher Cranch; Grimm's Tales; Mrs. Barbauld's Poems; Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"; Edward Lear's immortal "Book of Nonsense"; "Alice in Wonderland", "The Bab Ballads", the Franconia Stories, and Kingsley's "Water Babies"; to the authors of every one of these books I owe an imperishable debt. If you have never read them there is still time, for they are for every age and condition!

CHAPTER III

Green Peace

"This is green peace!" Mama exclaimed that July day she took possession of our South Boston home. The title clung, like many of her nicknames, snapped out on the spur of the moment.

What other six acres ever held such wonders as Green Peace? The house, full of odd turns and stairways, was "built on" piecemeal to the original cottage, as the family increased. The big living room, with the conservatory on the south side, had a mighty fireplace on the north, where for nine months of the year cannel coal sputtered or pine knots flared. Papa was a fire worshiper; the flame on our hearthstone was rarely quenched. The floor was covered by the Gobelin carpet from the old Joseph Bonaparte house at Bordentown. The central medallion inclosed a profile portrait of a royal couple of that short-lived dynasty; in the corners heraldic fishes disported themselves, surrounded by a pale strawberry ribbon on a ground of soft gold. Near the fireplace stood the tall sixteenth century cabinet from the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, purchased by our parents on their wedding journey, together with the Roman cabinet and the oak and ebony prie-dieu, and brought home from Europe to set up housekeeping in South Boston; this was in the year 1844, before the craze for old Italian furniture had struck our country.

A few rods from the house, halfway across the garden, gleamed the white columns of the greenhouse and bowling

alley. Here reigned Mr. Arrow, guardian of Muscat and Black Hamburg grapes, Maréchal Niel and Banksia roses, starry jasmines, camellias white and red and mottled. At Green Peace time was not reckoned by weeks or months, but by the successive blooming of tree, plant, and flower.

"When did we have the first party last year?"

"The day the pink hawthorn came out."

There were many parties for us, especially in the spring, when city folks like to go into the country.

The hawthorns, pink and white, were first to blossom, closely followed by the scarlet pyrus japonica, the snowballs, yellow laburnums — sweet as honey — acacias, lilacs, syringa, and spiraea. The beds were filled with old-fashioned flowers, — roses, mignonette, peonies, verbenas, love-lies-bleeding, mourning bride, and lilies, lilies, lilies, from the early lily-of-the-valley to the latest hardy variety. What strawberries grew here! Papa quoted with the opening of each season the bishop's saying:

"Doubtless God might have made a better berry; doubtless He never did!"

What cherries he raised for us, black hearts and white hearts. What peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, — especially pears; Green Peace pears were famous. The fruit room at the top of the house was a pleasant place in the autumn when the pears were gathered, sorted, and placed on narrow shelves to ripen. Has my memory kept their sequence aright? Bartlett, Seckel, Beurré Bosc, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Louise bonne — prized for its single scarlet cheek — Winter Nelis — they lasted into spring — and the Vicar of Wakefield; I could not like the Vicar, he was so ugly!

Mrs. George Sage, a friend of these days, lately said to me:

"Your father gave me the most delicious pear I ever tasted, in the Green Peace garden. Do you remember the Chinese junk?"

Do I remember!

Listen to the song of the junk, as its great hulk swings faster and faster, back and forth, back and forth, while the passengers, twoscore tatterdemalions, sing riotously:

"Here we go up, up, up; now we go down, down, downey!"

The junk creaks and grumbles a minor accompaniment, accentuated by Friskey's staccato "Bow, wow, wow!"

Friskey was a short-haired Irish terrier, with an expressive stump of a tail; Fanny and Lion were big Newfoundlands, and Brownie was the great St. Bernard, bred at the famous Hospice and educated at a Swiss dog school. These are the Green Peace dogs I best remember. Brownie was not of this time, but of many years later; I speak of him now, lest I forget. He was the handsomest, best, most intelligent dog I ever knew. Compared to other dogs, he was what a highly polished university man is to a rough day laborer. Brownie was a hero, too; he saved the life of Honey-pot — but that 's another story.

In the cow barn lived the red cow and her calf. She was a famous milker, giving her sixteen quarts regularly. In the stable there were horses. Papa rode like a centaur. To see him mounted on his black mare Breeze, cantering along Bird Lane, was a revelation of grace and skill I have yet to see surpassed by Bedouin of the desert or Hyde Park dandy.

My little brother is closely linked with these memories

of Green Peace. Can I remember it, or do I remember my mother's telling me of this conversation between her and me?

"Mama, I am sorry you are so old!"

"Why, darling?"

"Because you cannot play with me!"

This was just before little Sam's birth, when she, nimblest of playfellows, was weary with carrying her precious burthen:

"The hyacinthine boy, for whom Morn well might break and April bloom."

His little life, four short years, has been told by his mother in what I believe to be a unique biography. He was a large handsome boy, full of vitality and charm. His death of diphtheritic croup, at the age of four, brought a desolation to our house, which, after all these years, I recall as if it had lately happened. My clearest memory of him is lying surrounded by flowers, a beautiful little marble figure, with lovely, half-closed violet eyes. A portrait preserves this last look. It always hung, framed by a wreath of thorns, in his mother's room. There is frequent mention of him in her diary; until the end of her long life, she saw him in her dreams. Her poems show the closeness of the bond between her and —

> The love that never leaves me,
> The child that never grieves me.

We had been three pairs; Julia and Flossie, Harry and Laura, Maud and Sam. I was now left an odd number. The elder children seemed much older; later the dividing years shrank to nothing. They were all precocious; I was the reverse. My mother used to comfort me by saying, "The oak is a tree of slow growth!"

They all talked glibly together in Sdrawkcab ("Backwards") a language I could not understand. The compensation for all this was that I was a great deal with both parents and their friends, though I remember Mama's sometimes "borrowing a child" to play with me. The earliest letter I have from my father is written in sdrawkcab. To this day I am unable to understand the words, but the thought is plain: he was trying to help his youngest to enter into the elder children's play. A letter from him to my Aunt Annie Mailliard written in 1864, describes us at this time.

"Julia does not grow older.

"Dudekins (Julia Romana) is in perfect and brilliant health and has grown so affectionate and loving to me that she seems more angel than human. Flossie grows in grace and good sense, and is as ever an upright and downright honest soul. Harry is a hobbledehoy — *que voulez vous* — of one who is neither man nor boy? Laura is not so robust as the others, but she is very handsome, graceful, intelligent, and good. Maud the Flibbertygibbet is a nugget — solid, heavy, elastic, indefatigable. She promises to be the brightest, handsomest, and wildest of all. There, dear Annie, I have mentioned all — all but the one who has gone before us, the best beloved; of whom I never think without suffering anguish: you and those who know the same mystery of sorrow understand — but which to all others is inexplicable."

In these early years I knew nothing of my mother's people, but was on good terms with my father's. His sister, my aunt Jeannette, and her husband, Thomas B. Wales, lived at the time I am writing of at the Tremont House, a sober granite building, on the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets, whose windows looked out on the Old

Granary Burying Ground on one side, and the King's Chapel graveyard on the other. Aunt Jeannette was a large handsome woman, with blue eyes like Papa's, thick, classically waved, gray hair, and a closely corsetted figure. She was a shy and silent person. When Papa took me to see her on Sunday afternoons, there was little conversation between them. She kept a supply of brittle molasses and pink cinnamon candies for visiting nieces and nephews. If I were left alone with her, she would startle me with the question:

"Do you love your father?"

I adored my father; the question was nettling as implying doubts, I could not be made to answer it.

The Howes are reserved and silent people, little given to talking of themselves or their concerns. How sorry I am that I did not learn more about my father's youth and ancestry from Aunt Jeannette. When my sister Laura came to write my father's life, she gathered some interesting facts concerning his descent:

"His grandfather, Edward Compton Howe, was one of the 'Indians' of the Boston Tea Party. His father, Joseph Neals Howe, was a maker of ropes and cordage, and had a large ropewalk near the site of the present Public Garden. This business was, at one time, extremely profitable, and my grandfather prospered in it; but in the War of 1812 he had the misfortune to supply the United States Government with large quantities of ropes and cordage, for which he was never paid. . . . His mother was of the family of Jeremy and Richard Gridley, the former attorney-general of the royal province of Massachusetts Bay, who served at the taking of Louisburg, fortified Bunker Hill the night before the battle, and, under Washington's orders, aided in pre-

paring the siegeworks which finally drove the British from Boston." [1]

My father's only living brother was Joseph Howe, spoken of as Uncle Hpesoj (the h mute as in hour) according to the rules of Sdrawkcab. He was a tall fair man who wore a high collar, an imposing stock, ruffled shirts, elaborate waistcoats, a handsome fob and seals attached to a great gold warming-pan of a repeater, which rang the hours with a delicate chime. He was a successful merchant, and at this time president of the Sandwich Glass Company. He lived in a fine house, Number 4 Ashburton Place, where he reigned supreme over Aunt Eliza and "the girls", my three Howe cousins, Anjie, Eliza, and Maria. Martha, his eldest daughter, by a former marriage, was the wife of the genial Austin Parks and the mother of the dear Parks cousins: William, known as Mungo; Maud, my particular crony; and Lilian, then a baby. Uncle Hpesoj lived in far greater state than the rest of the family. His house, his dress, everything that was his had the stamp of sober wealth. He owned a pew in King's Chapel; his wife and daughters took their exercise in a fine barouche, drawn by two stout horses. The atmosphere of the house at Ashburton Place was as different as possible from our own *ambiente*. The storeroom was an impressive cave; the upper shelves laden with neatly labeled jars of jams, syrups, and preserves. On the lower shelves stood japanned boxes containing stores, and large blue paper cones called sugar loaves. Saturday morning the week's supply of loaf sugar was cut up with a sharp little saw and the house was filled with the aroma of roasting coffee.

[1] Journals and letters of Samuel Gridley Howe.

This was a perfectly kept house, where the domestic arts were carried to a high degree of perfection. My father coveted for his daughters all these niceties of housewifery and tried — oh, how he tried — to have us learn them! Julia Romana, our eldest, would have learned these things, had it been possible for her to do so; there was no sacrifice she would not have made for her father. Her nature was a straight blend of her parents; poet and philanthropist. Like Mama, she was a passionate student, wrote verses, plays, romances, because she could not help it. Like Papa, she devoted her life to the education of the blind. Watch a mother duck with her brood, and you will see how the young get their education, by imitation. The children of eagles are eaglets; eagle parents cannot hope to raise a brood of doves!

On Thanksgiving we dined at Ashburton Place. The extension mahogany table filled the great room, for the family gathering was a large one. After the opening course of oyster soup, an immense roast turkey was placed at one end of the table before Uncle Hpesoj, a twin bird, boiled, with white sauce before Aunt Eliza. The third course, like the third act in a play, brought the psychological moment; a lighted silver blazer was placed before each guest, who proceeded to cook his own venison, with currant jelly and other condiments to taste.

The table was decorated with glass flagons and goblets, rose, ruby, pale and dark green, some covered with gold arabesques, triumphs of the Sandwich Glass Factory. With dessert came the thin pink finger bowls; the children dipped their fingers and rubbed them round and round the rims, producing a faint elfin music I never hear

without a vision of the Ashburton Place dining room, my tall dignified uncle, his little silver-haired mate, and Eliza, the beauty of the family.

A few years ago, motoring from Newport to Buzzard's Bay, the way led through a fine old town, full of colonial houses and wide streets lined by magnificent elms.

"What 's this place?" I asked.

"East Sandwich", the name blew back from the lips of our host, who drove the machine. Soon we passed a huge brick factory, with broken windows, smokeless chimneys, deserted, forlorn, yet with something that spoke of past greatness.

"Uncle Hpesoj's glass factory!"

Whirling along the sand dunes, I have no eyes for the scenery; I see the old factory alive again, with smoking chimneys, glowing forges, swarms of swarthy Bohemians. A dark-eyed hairy man dips a blowpipe in a molten mass, twirls it quickly in both hands till a sort of blob forms at the end, puts the tube to his mouth and blows a rainbow bubble, to show a group of wondering children how Bohemian glass is made.

Uncle Hpesoj was a stockholder in the Boston Theater and often allowed our family the privilege of using his excellent seats. Mama, who as a child had been forbidden the theater, took great pains that we should see the best plays and best acting of our time. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at the Boston are among the most vivid memories of these years. The splendors of the great theater were still undimmed. The drop curtain, representing the Lake of Lugano, gave me so high an idea of Italian scenery that when I saw the real Lake of Lugano I was, somehow, disappointed.

My first play was "Jocko, the Brazilian", a pantomime,

acted by the Ravels. Jocko, the hero, a wise brown ape, saves the heroine from drowning, only to be rewarded by a careless bullet that ends his life. When dear brown Jocko fell mortally wounded to the ground, his life blood — a bunch of scarlet cotton wool — ebbing from his side, I fell into such a paroxysm of weeping that I still remember the pain of it, when some real sorrows are forgotten. My first opera was "Norma"; all I remember is my amazement when the stout Italian prima donna, over whose death I had shed such bitter tears, came before the curtain at the end of the performance to receive her share of the applause. I have had many such shocks since and have still to be convinced that anything so inartistic is pardonable.

My first tragedy was "The Iron Chest", with Edwin Booth in the part of Edward Mortimer. I have seen most of the great actors of my time, and I have never seen one who equaled Booth, in tragedy, comedy, or melodrama.

"I do remember an apothecary — and hereabouts he dwells!"

Orlando Tompkins, the intimate friend of Booth, kept an apothecary shop at the corner of West and Washington streets, close by the Boston Theater. Booth was then the matinée idol; and the young ladies, who wrote him poems and letters, often left them at the apothecary's, where he usually dropped in after the play. One day a silly woman sent him a gold chain in a letter, telling her messenger to wait outside and see what happened. Booth strolled in at the usual time, found the letter, broke the seal, read the contents, tossed the letter into the stove; twirling the chain in his hand for a moment, as if puzzled what to do with it, he strode across the shop

and fastened it round the neck of the great Maltese cat that lay asleep in the window.

Next to Green Peace and the Boston Theater, I felt more at home at the Boston Music Hall than in any other place of my small world. To-day Boston has a fine Symphony Hall, an admirable Opera House; to some persons of my generation, neither compares in importance to the Music Hall, built two years before I was born, by that pioneer society, the Harvard Musical Association. The same year, 1852, Dwight's Journal of Music was founded. In both enterprises the leading figure was John Sullivan Dwight, president of the association, editor of the journal. There is a certain romance connected with the very inception of Music Hall. Jenny Lind was coming to Boston; the city had no fitting auditorium for so great an artist. A few lovers of music got together, raised the money, and built the hall in what was then "record time."

Between the ages of six and twenty years, I haunted the Music Hall, in company with my adopted son, John Dwight. At the time of his adoption I was seven, and Mr. Dwight was fifty years old. We celebrated the event by going to the dedication of the great organ at the Music Hall. For me it is still the greatest of organs, though I have been to Haarlem and Freiburg. I recognized in the crowd that filled the hall some of the "founders"; Charles C. Perkins, blue-eyed, golden-haired, seraphic in temper as well as face; Doctor Baxter Upham, Mr. Robert Apthorp, Mr. George Derby, and the architect, our friend, George Snell, an Englishman who lived many years in Boston.

For months we had watched the slow upbuilding of the organ, seen the golden pipes unpacked, tested, and laid

EDWIN BOOTH

in a row on the stage. Now everything was in place, the mouths of the painted singing women seemed ready to breathe out music. A pair of mighty colossi bore the weight of the massive front on their bowed heads and shoulders. Before the organ stood the bronze statue of Beethoven, now in Symphony Hall.

"Crawford's statue seems to be listening to the music," my mother whispered, as the organist struck the keys and a lovely air of Palestrina's rolled from the organ, shaking the souls of the men and women gathered in this temple of the arts. Music must have its commercial side, like all other arts; but in those days, if it were there, it was hidden. The men who built the Music Hall, and who made Boston the musical center it still remains, were true servants of Apollo.

Mr. Dwight had access to Music Hall at all times. So devouring was his thirst for music that it was not enough to hear all the concerts by the Handel and Hayden, Harvard Musical, Cecilia, and other societies; he must hear all the rehearsals too. Not finished performances, like the so-called Friday afternoon rehearsals of the present Boston Symphony orchestra, but the working rehearsals, when Carl Zerrahn, our favorite leader, schooled his musicians, scolded his chorus, and made them repeat difficult passages over and over again. Mr. Dwight's attitude towards his fellow man was one of gentle toleration, with one exception, — for those who set up false gods in the house of music, he had no mercy. He drove them from the temple with the scourge of his bitter pen. *Dwight's Journal* arrived at our house every Saturday; its contents were discounted by those who had sat beside the oracle at the week's concerts and already knew his opinion of artists and composers. It developed, even

to my intelligence, that the oracle was but yet a man. When he wrote about a pretty woman, like that bewitching girl pianist, Adelaide Topp, his style showed a warmth that was lacking when he spoke of the black-a-vised Fraulein Osterauer, with nothing but her technique to recommend her. During intermissions, or at close of concerts, we went to the greenroom, to meet the artists. In this way, I have shaken hands with most of the great artists of the time. To see Christine Nilsson close, and catch the strange glint in those eyes of heavenly blue, was an unforgettable experience. Her pale gold hair was more beautiful even than on the stage; her beauty, like her voice, spoke of her own northland, gleaming ice peaks, frozen fiords, diamond-bright winter stars, moonlight upon snow.

Madame Essipoff — Russian, I think — though not beautiful, had a sympathetic personality.

"No woman ever had such a left hand for the piano," our Nestor said of her. We highly approved of Camilla Urso, then in her early fame, and Theresa Carreño, a beautiful young woman, who fingered her instrument with the grace of a Fra Angelico angel. The oracle set his face sternly against certain male virtuosi; musical fireworks were not tolerated by *Dwight's Journal*. When I hung entranced upon Ole Bull's playing of some composition, written expressly to show the amazing dexterity of his bowing, the oracle frowned and exclaimed, "Claptrap!"

Mr. Dwight was severely classical in his taste and admitted new composers grudgingly. He lived in a world created by the early composers and loved, I think, above all others, Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. To opera, he was not only indifferent, but hostile; unless it was

"Don Giovanni", "Fidelio", the "Magic Flute", or "Orpheus and Eurydice." He spoke of the opera as the "siren." Ravenously as I devoured the immense store of musical knowledge he so generously shared with me, I could not stop my ears to the siren's voice. He never forgave me for going to "Ernani", when he had invited me to Bach's "Passion Music." As an exception to his rule, Mr. Dwight took the keenest interest in a performance of "Oberon", at the Music Hall, with Madame Parepa in the soprano part. We went to all the rehearsals. In the overture, "the horns of elfland faintly blowing" are heard, first at a great distance, then nearer, and last, just outside the castle gate. To produce the effect of distance, the trumpeter was sent to a remote part of the building to sound his horn. At the first rehearsal there was a pause at this point; Zerrahn looked up to the part of the balcony where we sat, and asked:

"How was that?"

"Not quite faint enough," said the oracle. "No, no, not half faint enough," murmured his adopted mother, much puffed up with pride.

There were other occasions at Music Hall even more exciting than the oratorios and symphony concerts, — the prize drills and declamations of the Boston Latin School. As my father and my brother Harry were both Latin School boys, we felt bound to uphold this institution and look down upon its upstart rival, the English High School.

On the floor of the Music Hall, the boys in blue presented arms, carried arms, shouldered arms, wheeled and marched, and wheeled again. I see their shining schoolboy faces, set and serious, their slim young bodies strained and alert, moving in perfect rhythm to the word of

command. The galleries bloomed with schoolgirls in fresh Easter finery, gazing eagerly down at the marching lads. The battalion had four companies that drilled regularly during the autumn and winter, in the armory over the old Boylston Market. In the spring the drilling took place on the Common. The Prize Drill of the year 1871 was of especial interest on account of the officers. The Colonel was Lester W. Clark; Adjutant, George Monks; First Lieutenant, Francis Dumaresq; Second Lieutenant, Henry Warren. The Colonel had borrowed, for the occasion, a gold-mounted sword and a crimson sash; I well remember how becoming they were!

Girls who had brothers sometimes attended the monthly Public Saturday at the old Latin School on Bedford Street. At the end of the hall stood an allegorical figure by my friend, the sculptor, Mr. Richard Greenough, commemorating the graduates who fell in the Civil War. The speaker's platform was just in front of this memorial. Parents, friends, and girls occupied the benches, facing the rostrum. I remember one of the Saturday mornings, when Lester Clark recited Mrs. Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine" and Frank Dumaresq gave, with great effect, the Tower Scene from "King John."

A program of the Prize Declamation of May 27th, 1871, has been preserved. The opening number was "Harold the Dauntless", given in great style by "Carty" Fenno. My kinsman, Morton Prince, recited William Everett's "Themistocles." The "Daughter of Herodias" was sympathetically interpreted by Dumaresq; and the "Burial of Dundee" by Colonel Lester Clark. After the award of prizes, Gilmore's Band played "Fair Harvard."

We sometimes condescended to attend the Chauncy Hall School's "Declamations", to hear George Riddle's

fine recitations. Riddle was a beautiful boy, with a poetic face and fiery brown eyes. I was present when he won his first prize by his recitation of the Dagger Scene from "Macbeth." Riddle became a professional reader later on, and I never missed an occasion to hear him recite. As an actor he had no success, with one great exception: his acting in "Oedipus Tyrannus", at Harvard, was a notable dramatic achievement.

The chief figure at all public functions of Latin School was the head master, Francis Gardner, tall, thin, spectacled, with eyes that looked a boy through and through and an uncanny flair for mischief. It was said that he ruled "with a rod of iron and a cotton umbrella." Though the boys feared, hated, and talked flippantly of him as "Old Gardner", after they left school they were apt to confess to a sneaking fondness for their old master. When they had sons of their own, they have been known to declare that they loved and honored him. William Hunt's portrait shows the man exactly as I remember him, — tall, gaunt, severe, lovable too, and at the first glance recognizable as a splendid specimen of the schoolmaster of fifty years ago. The modern educators, I know, have many qualities that he lacked; but they have lost something that Mr. Gardner possessed. They rule with the olive branch, where he ruled with the birch rod. Boston Latin School, under Francis Gardner, was a very different place from the Happy Valley of Rasselas schools, where to-day most of my young friends receive their education. These schools are delightful places for parents and aunts to visit; but are they not a trifle "soft" to fit a youth for the rough and tumble of the great world?

CHAPTER IV

Schools and Teachers

My first school was the pioneer Kindergarten of America, established and taught by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, in a house on Pinckney Street, near the corner of Joy Street. Miss Peabody was an enthusiastic follower of Froebel, and did much to introduce his system of education into this country. My fellow pupils were many, but I only remember Kitty Alger and Frankie Watson, later the distinguished surgeon, Doctor Francis Sedgwick Watson. We sat on tiny chairs, around a fascinating low table, where we modeled birds' nests in clay and filled the nests with tiny eggs. Another useful art was the weaving of patterns with narrow strips of colored paper. My first lessons in arithmetic were had at the Kindergarten, with the help of a frame strung with red, green, and yellow beads. The system by which addition and subtraction were taught has passed from my mind, but the pleasure of juggling with the pretty colored balls remains.

My sister Flossie, trying to help me with my arithmetic, set me a simple sum, using as a textbook "Greenleaf's Arithmetic." After a stormy argument, the ink bottle was hurled against the nursery wall, with the passionate exclamation:

"Greenleaf is a liar!"

On leaving Miss Peabody's Kindergarten, I went to Mr. Henry Williams' school in Temple Place. The

entrance was extremely mysterious to me. To reach the classrooms, we passed through a paved inclosed court and up a long flight of stairs, to a shadowy corridor that always depressed me. I was not exactly afraid of it, as of the passage outside my room inhabited by the foxes, nor did any hairy beast lurk there, as under the staircase at Number 13 Chestnut Street, but it was uncanny and I took care not to pass in or out alone.

I remember little of what I learned at the Temple Place School but a deal about Mr. Williams, a commanding figure, in spite of such personal defects, as a lump on his forehead and a missing forefinger. He had a musical voice and a sort of masterful sweetness that won the heart of every child. On Sundays he led the singing at the "Indiana Place Chapel", the first home of the Church of the Disciples, where my mother's beloved friend, James Freeman Clarke, was the pastor. The older girls were taught by Mr. Williams, but I was in the primary department, presided over by Miss Paul, a little lady who looked more like a brown wren than a schoolma'am.

For me, the school of schools was the Hilliards' at Number 113 Mount Vernon Street, kept by Miss Julia and Miss Miriam Hilliard. Their mother, one understood, had met with "reverses." Whatever their nature, they had left her dependent on her daughters. Mrs. Hilliard was super-stately, remote, kindly, and painstaking in her dealings with us. She wore stupendous corkscrew ringlets that must have taken hours every morning to arrange. She gave me music lessons. Half-past nine found me in the Hilliard "best parlor", seated on an embroidered revolving stool before the square piano, with the metronome tick-tacking beside me.

"One, two, three — keep the wrists low, raise the

fingers high; *one*, two, three; *one*, two, three!" I can feel the touch of the bamboo rod now, as she places my hands in the proper position above the keyboard.

After the music lesson came arithmetic.

"No, Maud, seven times nine do not make fifty-four. Try again!"

This from Miss Julia, firmly holding my wandering gaze with her great smoldering eyes. I can only look and look, with almost a lover's gaze, at the glorious wave of her dusky hair swept back from the perfect brow, and calculate the weight of the great shining coil at the nape of her neck. When she smiles, the sight of her small perfect teeth, and the dimple that breaks the oval of her olive cheek, stir me to a mighty effort. For her — not for Greenleaf — I master the multiplication table; for her bend the full force of my will to make a fair copy of the wise sentences, written out in her neat pointed hand. On Saturday mornings, I am the first to arrive and place my little chair close to hers for the sewing lesson.

"There is no choice; the thimble *always* on the third finger of the right hand. Do not pucker the cloth; hold the two edges firmly together, the stitch not too deep." So Miss Julia exhorts, while I bend my obstinate fingers in a desperate effort to sew a fine seam; and in the end learn, after a fashion, to hem, over and over, stitch, backstitch, buttonhole, darn, — all, all for her!

"Half-past eleven. Recess. Have a good play; bring me back some roses in your cheeks!"

So she dismisses us to those quiet streets of Beacon Hill, where we are safe in our romping as in a walled garden. Those in funds rush round the corner, to break breathlessly into Marm Horn's tiny shop on Charles Street; she is waiting for us, her eye on the clock. The

Marm wears shining brown side curls, that fit neatly into the hollows of her sallow cheeks. She is slim and rather elegant in her stiff alpaca apron and black silk half-mits.

"What 's the good word to-day?" Her invariable greeting.

The best word was "Jessups", but that implied five cents in your pocket, which purchased a very thick stick of candy, done up in brown paper, stamped chocolate, lemon, or strawberry. For two cents, you got a stick of black molasses candy and a pickled lime from the big bowl, like a goldfish's, in the window. It took courage, as well as bravado, to eat that bitter lime, bought solely because at home all pickled "abominations" were forbidden.

Our pennies safely invested, the whole troop rushes headlong uphill, to Louisburg Square, the nerve-center of the great game of "I spy." The first to arrive takes possession of the granite doorsteps of Number One (the Russell house); the others stand on the pavement in a circle, to be "counted." As soon as "*It*" is chosen, she takes her place on the doorsteps, and, with closed eyes, recites in a loud singsong:

"Eeny meeny mony my, Barcelony bony stry, kay, bell, broken well, harryky, warryky, we woe, wack!"

While these words are slowly chanted, the other children scatter and hide. The moment "*It*" pronounces the final "wack", the chase begins. Never were such wonderful houses for hiding as those in Louisburg Square and Mount Vernon Street. The Thayer, Sears, Hemenway, Warren, Paine, and Gray houses have fine vestibules, with outer doors hospitably ajar, or at least unlocked.

Their owners are ranked as public benefactors. It is a matter of honor that their hospitality must never be abused, and no crumb of bread or scrap of orange peel be allowed to drop on their immaculate steps. One child in one hiding place is the rule of the game, and the competition is keen for certain favorite "hidey holes."

Up and down the steep streets, we tore and ramped, in all weathers, gathering Miss Julia's roses. On zero days, when the sidewalks were sheets of glare ice, sliding in a row, with hands on each other's shoulders, took the place of all other games. When spring came, and the melancholy black trees in Louisburg Square broke out of bounds and waved their slender branches in the world-ecstasy of the new birth, skipping ropes appeared, as if by magic, governed by the same occult law that on a certain day produces marbles among men children. With April, when the streets were finally clear of ice and snow, mysterious hieroglyphics in white chalk were sketched upon the sidewalks, and hop-scotch became the only sport worthy of the name.

I am often asked in these days to subscribe money for a playground, attendant guardians and new-fangled apparatus for play. At such times I am glad that I was young when I was! No playground could ever make up for the splendid freedom of those old Boston streets, where the children of my time were turned loose to amuse themselves. When the old games, played by the girls of Athens and Rome, grew stale, we invented new games of our own.

Certain bolder spirits formed a secret society, called "the Rovers of Boston." Dinner, at this time, was commonly eaten at two or half-past two o'clock, though some "fashionable" families dined at three. After dinner

the Rovers met at the Joy Street entrance of the Common, to plan the afternoon adventures. At the time I am now speaking of, we were living in Boston in one of the various houses my father either rented or owned. The elder children were growing up and, for their sakes, he reluctantly closed the Green Peace home and moved into the city, which my mother greatly preferred. We enjoyed for several seasons the Sargent house, Number 13 Chestnut Street, for many years the home of the Radical Club.

As founder and leader of the Rovers, I had a sense of responsibility for the afternoon's fun. Life has brought me few sensations more thrilling than the peculiar musical sound that, on certain cold winter mornings, roused me from sleep. Metallic, muffled, rhythmic, all-pervading, a solo under my window, and a distant chorus thundering from every street and alley on Beacon Hill.

"The Snow Shovels!"

Out of bed in a flash and to the window, to see if it has stopped snowing yet; or whether the snow is coming down in sharp small crystals, which mean intense cold, or in great kindly flakes that settle gently upon the earth and transform it into a wonderful white paradise. The little spiteful flakes make the best sleighing and coasting, for they pack harder and firmer; but for fortifications, snowballing, snow statues, and snow ice cream, give me the big gentle flakes, that oftenest bring a peculiar bracing ecstatic thrill to the air, without the sting of extreme cold. On such a day as this, the Rovers' best sport was to see how many "rides behind" they could coax from the good-natured hackmen, as the great booby-hucks swung slowly up and down the hill of Chestnut Street, a secluded thoroughfare between Mount Vernon

and Beacon streets, which the children were allowed to make their very own. The people who lived there seemed all to be parents, or grandparents, and mothered and fathered each other's children.

The Reverend Cyrus Bartol, of whom Phillips Brooks once spoke as "that little old moth-eaten angel", lived just below us, and Mr. Patrick Grant a few doors above. On the opposite side of the street was the fine old double house, with wide brownstone steps, divided by the families of Mr. Patrick Jackson and Doctor Luther Parks. Doctor Lothrop lived a few doors off, and the Jere Abbotts next door but one. The Grant boys, Pat, Harry, and Bob, probably had no idea with what longing eyes the little girl at Number 13 watched them, wishing above all else to be invited to join their play. They took no more notice of me than if I had not existed, looking through me as if I had been glass. They were merry lads and famous snow architects. The moment the snow stopped, they were out with their shovels, clearing the steps and the sidewalk. That duty over, they were free for snowballing, building snow bastions, coasting on great "double-runners", or hiking off to Jamaica Pond with their skates under their arms. Like many other little girls, I wanted to be a boy and play with boys. I did not like dolls, doll houses, or any of the pleasures which at that time little girls were supposed to content themselves with. Later in life, I grew to have a pleasant acquaintance with Judge Robert Grant, distinguished as a jurist and author.

My mother felt an old-fashioned obligation of courtesy toward her neighbors. Just because they were neighbors, they had an almost sacred claim that must never be neglected. They were always included in her entertain-

ments; and as they often had little in common with the other guests, it came about that there was great variety in the people who came to our parties. We did not belong to any set, while people from every set came to our house. I have always been grateful to my parents for this catholicity, for I have felt at home in whatever company I have found myself. I had a smiling acquaintance with most of the neighbors, not only in our own, but in the adjacent streets. One figure, however, filled me with a blind panic, a pale man, who wore black-rimmed spectacles and used two stout canes when he walked. I can see him now, tramping with a sort of desperate energy for a few blocks, and then sitting down to rest. To come upon him unexpectedly, lying in wait for me on a doorstep, or walking along at a terrific clip as if some demon were after him, curdled my blood. I have never feared any mortal as I feared that pale specter. The terror lay far too deep for words, like that other fear of the hangman that haunted my youth. One day, walking with my mother, my heart stood still, for she stopped and spoke to the sinister figure.

"I am glad to see you out again, Mr. Parkman. You look much better than when I last saw you."

They shook hands, he remaining seated, she leaning over him with gentle friendliness in face and voice.

"You know him?" I whispered, as we walked on together.

"Very well. That is the father of your friend Katie. He has been so ill that he can only walk a little distance without resting. He is writing a very important book, but he can only work at it twenty minutes at a time."

Years afterward, I learned that the man with the two sticks was Francis Parkman, the great historian, who at

that time was at work upon his "Pioneers of France in the New World."

At the time I am writing of, the early sixties, the houses of Beacon Street extended only a short distance beyond the Public Garden. We went for long walks, across what is now the Back Bay, to the Milldam. The Brighton Road was the stretch where the Boston horse fanciers showed the paces of their famous trotters. When the sleighing was good, it was crowded of an afternoon with stately family sleighs, filled with young people, old people, and children. A prettier carnival scene it would be hard to imagine than a bright Saturday afternoon on the Brighton Road in sleighing season. Up and down the middle, the jaunty cutters raced back and forth, to the delight of the youngsters, and to the scandal of the elders; for many of them were driven by sporting characters, who had no relation with good society, as represented by the wealthy merchants and manufacturers and their families, who kept demurely to the outer edges of the "Road." I owe these glimpses of the sleighing carnival to kind Mrs. William Gray, the mother of my playmate, Ellen, who sometimes took me in her handsome sleigh, filled with buffalo robes and children. I never remember taking a mere pleasure drive with either of my own parents. We kept horses and were all taught to ride; my father rode every day for his health, taking one of his daughters with him. He found that he could get the greatest amount of exercise in the shortest time on horseback. When he drove, it was to get somewhere, to accomplish some specific thing. I have been thankful all my life that I was not born of the class to whom the afternoon drive is as much a part of life's daily routine as eating or sleeping.

"The Rovers of Boston" was not a long-lived society; its membership was fluctuating, but it was extremely active during the few years of its life. How the city streets belonged to us! How jealously we watched any change or innovation! How we raged when the noble old Hancock House was torn down. How faithfully we reported to our elders any over vigorous pruning of city trees, or any abuse of city property. We had a sense of citizenship, of holding a stake in the community, sometimes lacking in "grown-ups." Arlington and Berkeley streets already existed, and we waited impatiently for the naming of the other streets, which were to follow an alphabetical sequence. To us, there was something romantic in the plan. We hailed every new name as each street came into being, — Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Hereford, Gloucester; each one brought a new thrill. They were such distinguished names, familiar too, if one had studied English history, and so well suited to the population that was to inhabit them.

On Monday and Thursday afternoon, I went to Papanti's dancing school, on Tremont Street, nearly opposite the old Boston Museum. You entered a narrow door, walked past a dentist's showcase filled with dreadful grinning false teeth, mounted two flights of stairs, and made your way into the ladies' dressing room. Here you took off your wraps, hung them up, put your snow boots in the locker below, and waited your turn before the long cheval glass to see if your curls were in order, your *guimpe* straight, your sash properly spread out. I remember my first dancing lesson well. Clinging to my mother's hand, I was led into the most magnificent ballroom in the world. It was surrounded on two sides

with raised benches; the third was filled with long gilded mirrors, the fourth by a "Minstrel's Gallery." The benches and hangings were neatly covered with brown holland, the great crystal chandelier veiled by a bag sheer enough to give a glimpse of its glories. Kitty Alger held my hand as we were presented to that distinguished Neapolitan *Maestro di Ballo,* Signor Lorenzo Papanti.

He was in evening dress, with black silk stockings, patent-leather pumps, and his historic snuff-colored wig. He laid his hand on his heart, as he bowed low to my mother, greeting her in Italian:

"*Signora, è un honore di farla, la benvenuta!*" Then turning to the two trembling children, he said:

"And these I shall call my leetle vite mice!"

One little white mouse was frightened as she rarely remembers having been.

If Papanti's biography has not been written, it should be. He was the Czar of dancing masters, a stern but beneficent despot; the inventor of the classic Boston waltz, the best of all round dances. While he lived and ruled, Boston girls and boys had the name of being the best dancers in the country; he taught at least five generations of us, and is gratefully remembered by many elderly beaux and belles. With shy, heavy-footed, or awkward children, he was satirical to the verge of cruelty, — a cruelty that was really kindness, for he labored with that biting satire of his to make the children committed to his care little ladies and gentlemen with good manners, as well as twinkling feet. I cannot remember Mr. Papanti without the fiddle, on which he played for us beginners. I can feel the tip of his bow against my toes, as he tapped my feet into the "first

position." How he labored to teach Kitty and me to make a proper courtesy.

" 'Eels together, slide ze right foot to ze right, left foot out be'ind, one, two, t'ree; one, two, t'ree; one, two, t'ree!"

We were taught the waltz, galop, polka, lancers, and quadrille. The best dancers learned the gavotte and shawl dance, to the secret envy of the others. The Burgess boys, Sydney and Edward (the famous yacht builder) and one or two more brothers, wonderfully turned out lads, with immaculate clothes and tightly curling hair, were the champion dancers among the boys; Annie Merwin, Susie Spring, and Fannie Bartlett among the girls. On the wonderful "last day", the dancing class was transformed into a real party. The boys wore white kid gloves — on ordinary days only the girls sported them. The brown holland disappeared from benches and wall hangings, revealing a handsome dark-blue brocade. The crystal chandelier came out of its chrysalis and became a blaze of glory. There was a real orchestra in the "Minstrel's Gallery"; the mysterious double doors leading to the supper room were thrown wide, the boys coerced into offering ice cream and cake to their partners before falling-to themselves. The benches were crowded with admiring parents; some, to encourage the youngsters, "took a turn" with the dancing master or his assistant, Miss Hunt, a correct lady in brown silk, gloves to match, and bronze slippers!

Most of the children came from the exclusive quarter known as "Beacon Street" and belonged to the conservative class called by the Young Whigs, "Hunkers." On a certain afternoon, soon after my introduction to

Papanti's, I came running home, weeping bitterly, and threw myself into my mother's arms, crying out:

"Mama, Mama! What is an abolitionist? Are we that sort of thing? The big girls at the dancing school would n't speak to the Andrew children and me; they said we were nasty little abolitionists."

This was the first, but not the last time that I have been made to suffer for holding a minority opinion. I connect this incident with General McClellan's visit to Boston, in the year of emancipation, 1862. Feeling ran very high over the question of McClellan's loyalty. My father, Governor Andrew, and Charles Sumner thought little of him, but the Hunkers made much of him, invited him to Boston, where they held a great reception for him and presented him with a sword, though he had but lately been relieved from his last command in the Union Army; and from a military point of view, at least, his career was over.

My last school was Miss Wilby's, on Bowdoin Street. During my time, the old régime changed, Miss Wilby retiring, full of honors, after a long useful career, and Miss Hubbard taking over the school. The teacher I remember with the most affection here was Mr. Theodore Weld, with whom we read Shakespeare. We prepared for our lessons by marking in the text lines that, for us, contained passages of especial beauty, or references we did not understand. Among my fellow students were Effie Bird, later Mrs. Linzee Tilden, and Alice Kent Robertson-Quimby. Alice Kent became a professional reader and Effie an amateur of distinction. Often in after years, while enjoying the acting of these two friends, I have remembered our old master with gratitude.

Mr. George Bradford, who taught me history and

astronomy, was a Transcendentalist and, I believe, a member of the Brook Farm Colony. I once overheard my mother say that he was "Bourbon faced." His features certainly did suggest an affectionate sheep. His clothes were unlike any I have ever seen. On reading Thoreau's account of a conversation between himself and his tailoress, the mystery of Mr. Bradford's garments was explained; I believe that, like Thoreau, he employed a tailoress. The dear quaint old pedagogue succeeded in interesting me more in my work than most of my teachers. His method of teaching ancient history had one feature that I hope survives in some educational backwater.

"You will find in this," he said at our first lesson, handing me a long, narrow, green volume, "charts of all the centuries. Each page stands for one century and is subdivided with a space for every year. After each lesson you will make an illustration in water color, with the tints indicated, of the events that have most impressed you, using your own fancy and judgment."

At our next lesson I submitted the book to Mr. Bradford, who ran over my illustrations encouragingly:

"Here we have the siege of Troy, 1180 B.C., a walled town well indicated. This illustrates the Passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea, quite clear, well colored and striking. This marks the year when Tiglath-Pileser was at the height of his power and suggests Hosea's bribe of gold and silver talents, happily thought out!"

If I were asked to name the man with whom I had most enjoyed "star-gazing", I could not hesitate for one moment, — George Bradford, of course!

With great patience he strove to give me some knowledge of astronomy, and, because he so loved his subject,

succeeded in imparting a rudimentary understanding of the science. The indoor lessons, with books and plates of the firmament, had a romantic interest; we believed in the Nebular Hypothesis then; it has doubtless long since been superseded. Mr. Bradford was at his best in the lessons in practical star-gazing. At night he wore a curious close-fitting cap. If the weather were cool, he wrapped a green knitted scarf about his neck and buttoned the tailoress's coat over it. Walking by his side, up and down the garden at Green Peace, I made those lifelong friends, Sagittarius, Corona, Aquila, Cassiopeia, the greater and the lesser Dipper.

In spite of my affection for several of my teachers, I did not love my lessons; life was so tremendously interesting, such great affairs were always going on about me! Much as I regret the wasted hours, I cannot think it strange that I began to live at a period when I ought to have been learning how to live.

Writing of his own childhood, Henry James the elder says:

"I am satisfied that, if there had been the least spiritual Divine leaven discernible within the compass of the family bond; if there had been the least subordination in it to any objective or public and universal ends, I should have been very sensitive to the fact. But there was nothing of the sort. Our family righteousness had as little felt relation to the public life of the world, as little connection with the hopes and fears of mankind, as the number and form of the rooms we inhabited, and we contentedly lived the same life of stagnant isolation from the race which the great mass of modern families live, its surface never dimpled by anything but the duties and courtesies we owed our private friends and acquaintances."

Our home was the exact opposite of this. A swift current of the world's life flowed through our house. Great public questions, the causes of freedom, education, and the succoring of the weak and afflicted of our own and other lands took precedence over all private affairs. Among our guests were distinguished European travelers, political exiles, Greeks, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, who had sought refuge in our country and were made welcome at our table.

"To ride the errand of the hour," is a phrase my mother used in speaking of my father's restless activity. Whether the errand took him to President Lincoln in Washington with a message from John Andrew, or to Crete with a shipload of food and clothing from Boston to help the Cretans in their fight for liberty, he was ready, booted and spurred for action. In his youth, he was given a Greek decoration, carrying the title of Chevalier. His friends gave him the nickname of "Chev"; I never heard my mother address him by any other name.

In thinking back over my first decade, I realize that my best teachers were my father, my mother, and my sister Julia. One of my early memories is of an evening when I was allowed to sit up to see Julia dressed for a party. She wore a white tarletan dress; Madame Canagalli, the Italian hairdresser, and my mother had a discussion as to which camellia they should place in her beautiful black hair, fine as a baby's and softer than any other! I remember noticing that the white camellia was the same color as her smooth forehead "that looked like marble and smelt like myrrh", that the red camellia matched the color in her cheeks and lips. This is the first impression I have of personal beauty. The vision

persists, clear-cut as it was that night, when I first realized that some people are better to look at than others.

Julia read me all the Waverley novels and all of Dickens. I have often read them since, but that first impression remains the strongest. Julia, who introduced me to this company, was the intimate of my childhood, but I remember a curious withdrawal the moment my feet touched the threshold of girlhood. She had been the beneficient and adored elder sister of my childhood, but when I braided my tawny mane and "put up" my hair like a big girl, I lost something that had been an intrinsic part of our comradeship. I understand it all now, I could not then.

In the evening my father read us the poems of Byron, Scott, and Macaulay. He had a fine voice and read — recited rather, for he knew them by heart — many a stirring poem in the hour of rest he allowed himself after the evening meal. I can hear his voice now, reciting a line he always gave with great spirit:

"Roderick Vich Alpin Dhu, ho ieroe!"

While my father was teaching me to love poetry, my mother was teaching me to love good music. At dusk we gathered around the Chickering grand piano, while Mama sang to us. She had a beautiful, cultivated voice, and the flexible hands of the trained pianist, which she kept to the end of her life. Her repertoire was immense; she sang the florid arias of Bellini, the grand recitatives of Handel, folk-songs of France and Italy, Scotch and English ballads, German *lieder*, plantation melodies. We all joined in the chorus of these polyglot songs, — Irish, Polish, and Russian!

Beside a taste for poetry and music, the most valuable life asset I acquired in these days was a love of art. Our

house was filled with pictures and statuary. While I do not remember either parent talking to me about them, their influence was none the less powerful. A copy of the Greek Clytie stood on the stairs; I loved her so much that on going up to bed, after having kissed all the family good night, I would pause and, if nobody were looking, reach up and kiss the cold lips of the marble woman. A set of engravings of the Greek temples hung in my father's study; long before I knew what they were, I had learned to love the Parthenon, the Temple of Victory, the Erectheum, so that when I first saw the Acropolis at Athens I was well prepared for its glories. Mama had inherited a number of old masters from her father's gallery, remembered as the first private picture gallery in the country. Of these I liked best the Velasquez portrait of the Little Prince. There were a dozen good Italian and Dutch pictures, all of which I studied thoroughly, if unconsciously, for when I went to live in Italy, I found no difficulty in attributing these pictures to their proper schools.

CHAPTER V

Uncle Sam Ward

While proud of being a Bostonian, I had from the beginning a sort of sneaking affection for New York. My mother, though of mixed New England and Southern descent, was born and bred a New Yorker. Some consciousness of these different strains of blood made me resent equally the disparagement with which Bostonians spoke of New York, and the condescension with which New Yorkers mentioned Boston. Like Annie in Enoch Arden, I wanted to be "little wife to both."

My first visit in New York was in the spring of 1863. My mother and I stayed at Number 8 Bond Street, the home of her uncle, John Ward. Bond Street was already unfashionably downtown, though still dignified; its stately houses had immaculate white doorsteps. The rooms of Number 8 were large and high, the doors of heavy Santo Domingo mahogany, the furniture Georgian, in keeping with the rest.

Uncle John was adored by my mother and her sisters, to whom he was a second father; to me he is but a shadowy memory, not so distinct as his brother, Uncle Richard, who lived with him. Both were very tall men; Uncle Richard was slender, Uncle John heavily built, with a clean-shaven face, rare in those days when the moustache was almost universal. He was the President of the New York Stock Exchange, where his portrait by Wensler may still be seen. Did I hear Uncle Richard

say to my mother, speaking of himself and his five brothers, all men over six feet tall?

"They were fine men, dearie! I am the least of them!"

"The Corner", the house Grandfather Ward built on the corner of Bond Street, with the picture gallery extension running along Broadway, was still standing, a handsome house of soft-toned brick with white marble "trimmings." The gallery had no windows, the lighting being from the top. The other day a gentleman said to me *à prôpos* of the extension:

"When I was a boy, I thought that was the city treasury and that all the money in New York was kept there, because there were no doors or windows for robbers to break in!"

"The Corner" was now owned by Mr. Sampson, from whom my mother got permission to show me the home of her youth. I received an impression of greater state than I had before known; it pleased me to think of my mother as a girl receiving her guests in the long drawing-rooms, one hung with blue, one with yellow, brocade. I admired the mantelpieces, with graceful sculptured figures, the work of Thomas Crawford, while still the marble cutter's apprentice. There was ample space in the entrance hall and well-balanced stairway, that might have been planned by our own Boston architect, Bulfinch. We were not asked to go upstairs; I never saw the room where my mother sat "tied to her chair", studying hour after hour. Was she thinking of that time of severe study when she wrote?

> Who sows in tears his early years
> May bind the golden sheaves;
> Who scatters flowers in summer bowers
> Shall reap but their withered leaves.

At Number 23 Bond Street lived Aunt Henry, widow of my mother's uncle, Henry Ward, and mother of Cousin Henry.

"Mis' Henry Ward will be pleased to see ye, Mis' Julia," the old negro butler exclaimed, as he opened the door, grinning until he showed all his ivories. In the darkened parlor I was startled by a savage cry:

"Good-by!"

"You shut up," said the darkey, raising the blind. "It's only the parrot, Missie; dat bird is most one hundred years old."

There was something depressing about Number 23 — the gloom deepened when I saw Aunt Henry — it is all too intangible to put into words. I was to hear much about her later, and to read in her biography that she was "noted for a remarkable talent for painting, intellectual power and great benevolence!" I never heard her spoken of by her own name, she was always "Aunt Henry" the widow of Mama's Uncle Henry. *He* must have been a delightful person; whenever the Three Graces of Bond Street, my mother and her two sisters, wanted to dance or sing, they always sent across the street for Uncle Henry to play for them. All that was long ago, when the parrot, the butler, Aunt Henry herself were young. Uncle Henry had long been dead; Cousin Henry, his son, now lived with Aunt Henry at Number 23. I was curious enough about him. I had heard him spoken of as a "club man"; none of the people who came to our house were exactly "club men", and I wanted to see one badly. Mama, who was possessed to nickname all her intimates, spoke of him as "poor dear Hutie."

Did I ever see the heroine of Number 23? I cannot be sure! She was the affianced of Cousin Henry. Their

union was opposed by Aunt Henry, though some people believed them to be secretly married. Every day at two o'clock Cousin Henry called upon the lady and passed the afternoon with her. For many years, twenty — perhaps thirty — the lovers were faithful to each other. In Spain such romances are common enough. Cousin Henry was more like a Spanish *novio* than an American lover. I have known one other such case, of two lives that should have been passed together, divided by the opposition of the lover's mother: in both cases the mother was able to control the son's action, not his affections!

When Aunt Henry died at the age of eighty-five the family supposed the lovers would marry, but Cousin Henry, as if still controlled by the stronger will, followed his mother almost immediately. He left Number 23 and all his property to the lady. Then a strange thing happened. My uncle had kept open house; even after he was gone Number 23 was a friendly house, like all the Ward dwellings, — the family has strong traditions of hospitality. The day the house came into the lady's hands, the family and friends were refused admittance. The old servants were kept on with the parrot and the lap-dogs; everything was maintained exactly as it had been in the lifetime of Aunt and Cousin Henry. At two o'clock, every day in the year, the lady came to the house and spent the afternoon alone there. She lived to be an old woman; when she died she left Number 23 and all the property — even the family miniatures — to her own relations. Perhaps it is not wonderful that to a child, Number 23 was already, in 1863, a house of mystery with a certain creeping sense of hidden secrets, perhaps half divined, between mother and son.

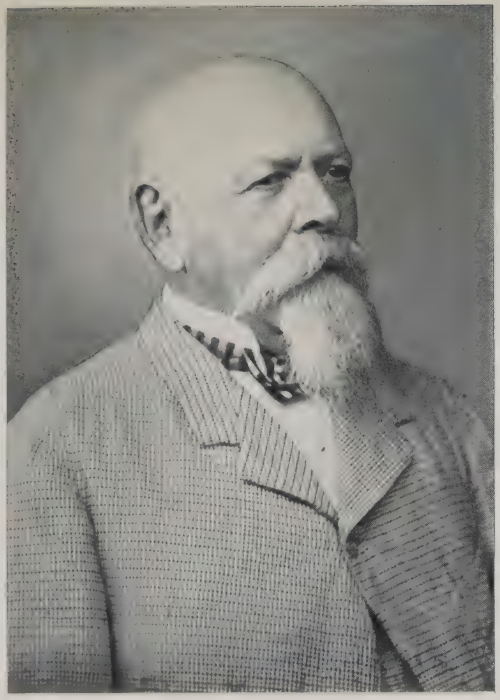
The figures of my grandfather's generation — even

those I have known — glimmer faintly in the background of my memory; they are hardly more real than Grandfather Ward himself, who died before my mother's marriage and was the most important personage in the family. He was a banker of the firm of Prime, Ward and King, founder and president of the Bank of Commerce, patron of artists, literati, political exiles, and poor relations to the third, fourth and fifth degree.

In calling up the memories of this, my first visit to New York, I touch more solid ground, for I now met for the first time in my memory, my own uncle, Sam Ward, my mother's only surviving brother, "uncle to half the human race", as some one once called him. He was so universal and generous a soul that I long confounded him with that greater national figure, "Uncle Sam", and applied all references in the comic papers to him. My chagrin was poignant on finding out my mistake.

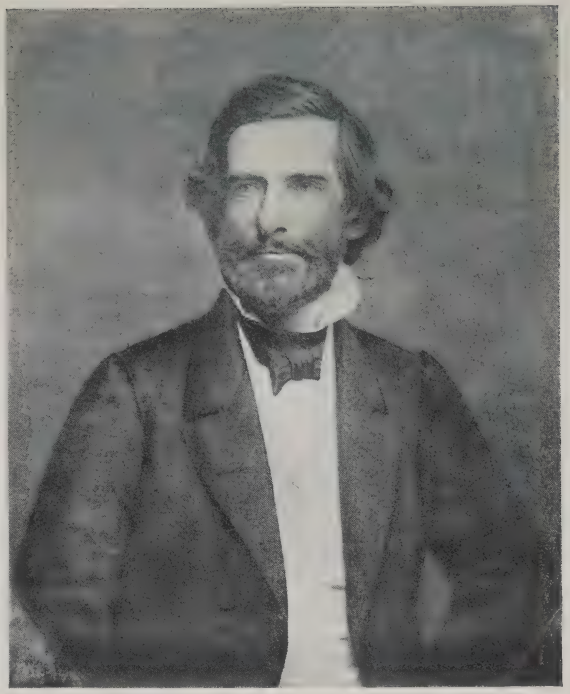
My first impression of Uncle Sam is characteristic of the man. We had come to New York in the hope of distracting my mother from the black grief that consumed her after little Sam's death. She received a message from her brother that we must all be ready at a certain hour when he would call for us and take us down to Islip, Long Island, to pass a few days at an hotel, — a new experience for me!

Punctual to the minute he arrived in a smart carriage, with a large bouquet for Mama and a small bouquet for me. I have forgotten the name of the hotel, but I remember certain splendors of the table, certain luxuries in the way of handsome carriages, fine horses, and a confusing number of servants. All these seemed in some magical manner to be attached to Uncle Sam, to come and



UNCLE SAM WARD

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey



MY FATHER, DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

From a photograph by Whipple

go at his nod, purvey flowers, afternoon tea, sparkling wines, and other luxuries unknown at home, which give to this memory of my first hotel a rich flavor of careless expenditure in strong contrast to the New England thrift I knew.

Uncle Sam was the most agreeable man I have ever known. He threw a spell over me in those days at Islip that still holds, though he has been dead more than thirty years. I knew, even then, that on most subjects his views were directly opposed to my father's. He was suspected of having southern sympathies, and if not an out-and-out "copperhead", he was equally far from being an abolitionist.

He was rather French than American in appearance and manner, sparkling, effervescent, full of laughter, motion, gesture. His dress was striking. He wore handsome rings and scarfpins, checked trousers, superb waistcoats, an overcoat of pale gray box cloth with large white pearl buttons, unmistakably from London. I have heard men of fashion say that his brilliant cravats suited him to a T, but could not have been worn by any other living man.

On the train a gentleman spoke to him, calling him by name.

"You must excuse me, Sir," said my uncle, "if I cannot remember your name."

"I am ——, to whom you were so kind in London."

Still Uncle Sam could not remember.

"But, Mr. Ward, you must remember me — you saved my life!"

This was no help. Embarrassed and annoyed, the stranger pulled a gold watch from his pocket.

"If you don't remember me — you may remember this watch that you gave me."

Uncle Sam patted him on the shoulder and nodded with his wonderful smile:

"Well, well! I shall know you next time: may it not be so many years between meetings."

"I can't remember anything about that man!" he told us later. The scene was characteristic of Uncle Sam: he seemed under some compulsion to give, give, give, — expensive watches to strangers, jewels to all his female relatives, flowers to every pretty woman he met, golden smiles to all the world!

Uncle Sam was twice married. His first wife was Emily Astor, with whom he lived happily during her short life. She died soon after the marriage, leaving him one daughter, Emily Margaret Ward. Later he married Medora Grimes. At that time I am now writing of, he was already separated from his second wife, who with their two sons lived in Paris. I knew vaguely that here was a mystery and unhappiness I must not ask about. The two boys died young; I never saw either of them. My mother neither criticized nor tolerated criticism of Uncle Sam's second wife. The marriage had not been happy — it was a case of incompatibility; that was all there was to say about it. His first wife's death was his greatest misfortune. For posterity that brief union with Emily Astor was a fortunate one, for from it sprang the Clan Chanler, those interesting younger cousins of ours, Uncle Sam's only descendants, who have inherited much of his charm, many of his gifts, and are among the marked men and women of their time. Their mother, my Cousin Maddie, married Winthrop Chanler, and became the mother of eleven children, eight of whom are now living. I remember Cousin Maddie as a gracious, delightful woman and can see her now in fancy with her fine, red-

gold hair and beautifully shaped head, her little brood of children clustered about her, at their Newport villa on the cliffs overlooking the first beach.

Was it on this, my first visit to New York, or a later one, that some reckless New York relative took me to Niblo's Garden to see the "Black Crook"? It was a dazzling performance, revealing undreamed-of theatrical possibilities. The shame which, I afterwards learned, I should have felt at the sight of the lightly clad *corps de ballet* was entirely lacking. I only felt wonderment at their agility, at the flexibility of their pink satin toes. The normal healthy child recognized instinctively the art, the labor, the long training that enabled those nymphs, fairies, and amazons to fly from wing to wing, rise on tiptoe, sink to earth, whirl on one foot, the other extended at right angles! Far from being shocked, I was delighted and spent hours in trying to copy the agility, the poetry of motion of those poor *coryphées* of the "Black Crook." My fixed resolve to become a bareback circus rider was shaken. Would it not be even better than vaulting lightly through paper rings held up by a clown, to shoot up from the stage in an enormous rose, descend lightly and caper to hidden music?

There was a flying trip to Washington during the New York visit. To have been in the Capital and have no memory of the great events and famous men of the time is distressing. What I do remember is so trivial. We stopped at Wilmington, Delaware, where a powerful negro dressed in white boarded the train and passed through the cars calling out:

"Here 's your hot fried oysters! You, Miss? You, Sah?"

At home we had our oysters stewed or, as a rare con-

cession, escalloped. There was something worldly, sophisticated even, about these crisp fried oysters that sustained us on our trip to Washington. This, like the visit to Islip, was "seeing life."

We arrived at night. Congress was in session; my mother pointed out from the train the great dome glowing, its welcoming windows all aflame. The next morning I received my first impression of the Capitol. Mixed with awe and admiration was the sense that it was all mine, as no other Capitol, palace, or temple could ever be mine.

"Look up!" said Mama, pointing to the Indian on the summit of the dome. "That statue was made by your Uncle Crawford, whose fireplaces you saw at the Corner."

Either on this visit or a later one, my mother, going early to some function at the Capitol, was obliged to stand for some time before the closed doors. A panel of sculptured bronze in one of the doors caught her eye.

"Why, this is my family!" she exclaimed. "That is Louisa with Frank, Annie, and Mimoli."

In the bronze bas-relief Crawford had put portraits of his wife and children. Frank was later to become famous as Marion Crawford the novelist.

The contrast between the fine government buildings and the shabby Washington streets and down-at-heel houses was startling, even to a child. The manners and dress of the law-makers of the land were not those of Mr. Sumner or Governor Andrew. The hotel was thronged with men in black frock coats and tall hats worn at an acute angle. The corridors and even the richly furnished parlors were provided with spittoons, which were in constant use. The man who did not chew tobacco smoked long black cigars. We stayed at Wormley's Hotel, where

Uncle Sam seemed more at home than any one else, ruling the proprietor, an intelligent mulatto, the servants, and the guests, with his persuasive authority. Though at home we heard constant talk about the negroes, my parents being forever busy in their interests, I had until now seen very few of them and was much interested in the black servants at the hotel.

Uncle Sam's rooms were near Wormley's, and here I passed the happiest hours of that Washington visit. My father, who had joined us, was occupied with Sanitary Commission business, leaving my mother free to enjoy Uncle Sam's companionship.

"What do you think I saw?" a sharp-faced woman was heard to say to a friend, "Mrs. Howe — *the* Mrs. Howe — being kissed in the parlor of Wormley's hotel by Sam Ward — what is more, she kissed him back. What do you think of that?"

"I think that if Sam Ward were my brother, I should have done the same thing!" was the answer.

The gossiping woman did not know of the relationship between the two well-known figures, though she knew both by sight. I have often remembered this incident, which justifies the wise old saw:

"Believe nothing that you hear, and half that you see!"

Uncle Sam had the remains of a lovely tenor voice. He and Mama sang together the songs of many countries. We owe to him the Heidelberg *lieder*, the Polish drinking song, and the Russian chorus which still resound in the nurseries of my nieces and nephews.

On one of our visits to his rooms Mama took with us a pretty young friend, who sang for Uncle Sam. He applauded generously until she began the song,

"*Si tu savais comme je t'aime.*"

"That song again!" he cried. "I have heard it once too often."

It must have been on this trip that I made my first visit to Bordentown, the home of my mother's sister Annie Ward, married to the handsome Frenchman, Adolph Mailliard, called by us children "Uncle Do." They lived on a large estate in Bordentown with their four children, — Louisa, Joseph, Cora, and John. Uncle Do raised thoroughbred colts and race horses and grew the finest peaches that could be raised outside of Green Peace. He was a man of great beauty and charm. His eyes were among the most remarkable I have seen, and I did not wonder that my aunt had a miniature painted of one of them which she always wore in a locket. I was afraid of Uncle Do, but from first to last Aunt Annie was a loving and loyal friend. She was a saint, but such a witty, gay, unconscious saint that nobody could hold her sainthood against her. We had family prayers at Bordentown, a new experience to me. I gave some offense by refusing to repeat part of the Lord's Prayer. My aunt asked my reason for this.

"I do not forgive those who trespass against me, and I will not say that I do!" I exclaimed. My aunt somehow made my scruples disappear.

Bordentown is associated with some of our most cherished family possessions, the Gobelin carpet at Green Peace and the pair of bronze candelabra at Oak Glen. Some years before the time of which I am writing Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, lived here in such state as an ex-king could then find in the United States. When he returned to Europe the house was broken up, the furniture sold at auction, and these articles were secured for us by my aunt. Uncle Do's father, *Père Mailliard*, had been

attached to King Joseph's suite at Madrid and followed him into exile; that is how the Mailliards came to settle in Bordentown.

At my aunt's house were many Bonaparte relics, — Napoleon's camp equipage with gold knives, forks, and spoons, a locket with some of his hair, and most precious of all, a manuscript diary kept by his physician at Elba, giving a minute account of the daily happenings. One of the members of the suite contrived a process by which ice cream could be made. Napoleon was very much interested in the experiment, and for many days the chronicler puts down what the emperor said on the subject. The pathos of this deeply impressed me, that the mind that had planned the subjugation of Europe should occupy itself with the petty contrivances of an ice-cream freezer!

Inextricably confused with my reminiscences of Bordentown and the Mailliards are memories of the Gilder family, their friends and neighbors. Did I really see Richard Watson Gilder there, a romantic looking boy in a short jacket with a round collar, or is the impression received from an old daguerreotype? I can't quite recover this faintest impression, but it will not "down." The Gilders, Richard, Joseph, and Jeanette, were the playmates of my cousins, and in the chance meetings of later years the word "Bordentown" opened for them and for me a long vista peopled by the same figures; my aunt with her white teeth and smoothly parted dark hair, Uncle Do, and the lovely Louisa, one of the most distinguished looking girls I ever saw. The atmosphere of my aunt's house was unlike any other. The children were repressed and demure, the language was French, the point of view European. Slight as was my

contact with Uncle Do, he gave me fresh ideas, and my experience under his roof threw out a new wing to my house of life. It is fortunate that aunts and uncles, especially "in laws", rarely realize their influence upon nieces and nephews. It would be more than they could bear. It is bad enough to be responsible for your own children; to be responsible for other people's is out of the question. And yet, next to our parents, some of us are influenced more by uncles and aunts than by any other people.

When I returned to Boston after this wonder trip, I had gained a deal of experience and had opened two accounts in the bank of family affection upon which I was henceforward to draw heavily. One stood in the name of my Uncle Sam Ward, the other of my Aunt Annie Mailliard.

During the World War I received from a stranger a request for an autograph letter of Uncle Sam's for a private collection. I chose one from my treasured correspondence full of the warm charm of the man. It described a breakfast he had given for Sara Bernhardt and dwelt on his last gift to me, a certain web of glimmering yellow satin, reminding me that a blonde need not fear to wear yellow, as Paul Veronese and Rubens both painted fair-haired women in golden satins.

Shortly after I sent the letter off, I received two epistles from England, both bearing coronets. I quote from one of them.

27 Old Burlington St. W.

Dear Mrs. Elliott

I have just received from Mr. Louis C. May the very interesting autograph letter of Mr. Samuel Ward that you have so kindly given for the collection of His Majesty.

It is a great addition and is greatly appreciated by Sir Dighton Probyn, who has been interesting himself in getting the collection together. Out of 1600 signatures there are only seven now outstanding, which will give you an idea of the success Sir Dighton has met with.

He has just written me that he is sending you a line of thanks for your courtesy. I take the opportunity of adding my own and remain,

Yours sincerely,
Fairfax.
June 13, 1917.

I was pleased that dear Uncle Sam's letter was wanted for King George's collection, impressed with the good manners that prompted the two gentlemen to take the trouble to acknowledge it, and cheered by this side light of the way the English "carried on" their peaceful avocations during that year of chaos, 1917.

CHAPTER VI

A Stay at the White House

The year 1867 brought changes. Hellas once more called my father to her aid. The insurrection of the Cretans against the Turk in 1866 was one of the most courageous struggles for freedom the world has seen. The American hero of the Greek Revolution kept in close touch with all that concerned Greek freedom. With Byron he had "dreamed that Greece might yet be free"; during his long life he never lost the vision, never failed to lend a hand to every effort for emancipation. The failure of the insurrection brought awful suffering upon the Cretan refugees, largely women and children. My father raised a considerable sum of money to invest in clothing and provisions, and in the winter of 1867 sailed for Greece, once again as Boston's almoner to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. My mother, Julia, and Laura went with him, leaving Harry, a sophomore at Harvard, Florence, and myself at home.

The only kind of rest my father ever knew was change of activity; he took his rare vacations strenuously. We went to East Boston to see the travelers off on the *Asia*, one of those small Cunarders of the sixties that took thirteen days to cross the ocean. Having never seen an ocean steamer, I examined minutely every part open to an inquisitive child.

I was left in the charge of Flossie, who having lately become engaged to David Prescott Hall, elected to stay

at home, yielding to Laura the opportunity of going to Europe. Flossie's task was no easy one, for I bitterly resented being left behind; her devotion was the beginning of a close bond between us.

The next seven months brought strange experiences. I had never been separated from my parents and supposed them indispensable to my very life. For the first few weeks I mourned passionately. Gradually there came a dawning sense of individuality; I found I could live without either parent and get through the days not too uncomfortably. I began to understand my mother's dictum,

"We come into the world alone, we go out of the world alone; there is nothing to us but ourselves!"

When after seven months' absence the travelers returned we went down the harbor to meet them. The passage had been a severe one; the red funnels of the *Asia* were caked with salt from the spray that had constantly dashed over them. I found my father on deck, warming his back against the smokestack, and remember his showing me the hole burnt in his new London overcoat by the heat. When they saw me, my father and mother exchanged a significant glance: they had left me a child, they found me a half-grown girl.

The unpacking of the trunks was attended with breathless interest. There was a pink silk dress made in Paris for Laura, a charming silk of a shade called Bismarck, with crystal trimming, for Julia, and a blue silk for Florence. There was no Paris dress for me. I was still growing rapidly, and outgrew my frocks every few months. In our family silk dresses must last a long time, and it would have been the height of folly to order one for me, but girls of thirteen are not always reasonable.

Laura, the "comforter", soon consoled me, and also I was too happy to have the dear ones back to brood long over my disappointment.

Two large new trunks contained the spoils of the family's pilgrimage, — photographs of Greece and Italy, ancient vases from Athens, a bronze lamp from the Roman catacombs. These things set my imagination rioting, were a part of my education, worth more than twenty silk dresses!

I remember something of my elders' talk of affairs in Europe. They had seen the Paris Exposition of 1867, where William Hunt's pictures were prominent, and works by Bierstadt, Church, and Kensett. Both parents loved France; my father had been the friend and helper of Lafayette in the Polish Relief Work of 1831; my mother from her childhood had been much in touch with the French. At her father's house several French exiles were employed, a hairdresser, a teacher, a marquis who came to dress the salad for dinner parties. There was a sort of sorrowful apprehension for the future of France in all the travelers said. I heard of the follies of the beautiful Empress Eugénie, of the political crimes of Louis Napoleon, of the lowering of standards in taste and manners. People said, "Go to the theater, but do not take your daughters!" In writing of this period later my mother says:

"In Bismarck's mind even then the despoiling of France was pre-determined."

This was the mating season for my sisters and brother, the serious business of life for the young. That day, when I went down the harbor to meet the returning family, I saw for the first time Michael Anagnostopoulos, the young Greek my father brought from Athens as his

secretary. I see now the dark bearded face, the brilliant oriental eyes of Anagnos, so we afterwards called him, as he stood on the deck of the steamer, wrapped in a black and white plaid shawl after the fashion of his country. Pale from the long voyage, the dreadful seasickness, his great eyes dwelt pensively now on the fast approaching shore, now on the face of Julia. There was no one in our circle wise enough to foresee what the next few years were to bring about. Anagnos taught my mother Greek, served my father faithfully, ended by marrying "our eldest", and becoming the assistant and successor of my father as Director of the Institution for the Blind. While he became an American citizen, he ranked as leader among the Greeks of Boston.

Flossie's engagement was a boy-and-girl affair. When David Hall was fourteen he declared he would marry Flossie Howe. The news of their engagement was broken to me during the family's absence. I took it hard, as Flossie now represented home, family, all I held dear. In the shock of discovery, I felt a desperate sense that I had lost my last friend, but as I was very fond of David, I soon made up my mind to accept the new order. As long as he lived he was my stanch friend, one of the people I leaned upon, one who never failed me in any difficult moment.

In the winter of 1868 we were living in our Boylston Place house, Number 19, when the family fire occurred on the coldest night of the year. All the household had gone to bed save Mama, who, just as she was about to put out her light, "thought she smelt smoke." She roused my father; he soon discovered that this time the house really was on fire. Harry now came in from a dance and ran out in his dress suit, without an overcoat,

to give the alarm. Laura and I dressed quickly and came down from our room at the top of the house. There came a violent ringing of the doorbell; Laura ran to answer it. I can see her now flying down the stairs, her long dark hair, a dusky veil, hanging about her. She opened the door to find our neighbors, the five Richards brothers, who, having smelt the smoke, came to give the alarm. They were all fine looking men, Frank the paper miller, George the lawyer, John the soldier, Robert the scientist, and Henry the youngest, a Harvard student in our own Harry's class.

What follows is confused. I see one of the Richards brothers whirling an ax above his head, smiting asunder the dividing wall; see all of them serviceable and energetic in saving our house and their own from destruction. I remember best the boyish face of Henry the youngest. It is impressed upon my memory that the night he and his brothers put out our fire, a flame was kindled in his heart that has kept it warm and tender from that day to this.

Among the pleasures of this time were frequent journeys with my father to the public institutions which, as Chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, it was his duty to visit. I have slept in almost every poorhouse and insane asylum in the State. Our visits were unannounced. As his days were so busy, we left Boston when work was over, took an afternoon train, arriving at our destination in the early evening. This gave my father the chance to see the institution in its lying down and getting up, a time when shortcomings are more evident than during hours when trustees and visitors may safely be expected. I have the pleasantest recollection of these trips and the institutions visited.

Tewkesbury Almshouse was a source of a good deal of worry to my father; we were there often and at the Asylum for the Insane at Taunton. While Papa was inspecting buildings and talking with the inmates, I was left with the matron. I knew every scholar at the School for the Blind, was on familiar terms with all the inmates of the School for Idiots, of which my father was director. He kept me from contact with the inmates of these other institutions, for two reasons, I fancy. First, for their own sakes, he would have shielded them from a child's frank brutal curiosity; secondly he would avoid my receiving any painful impression from forlorn paupers or tragic lunatics. It was different with the idiots: they were his special charge; that was a family matter. When people who know little of my father ask me to tell them about him, I hesitate and stammer; there is so much to tell, the story of his life and his service to God's weakest creatures is almost phenomenal! Of all his manifold services to humanity, for me the greatest was his care for the feeble-minded children of New England, a care from which only death released him.

Among certain faded old papers I came lately upon a sheet in my own immature handwriting, kept all these years by Laura; it proved to be the first article I ever wrote for publication. I am quite sure, however, that it never saw the light. The article is an appreciation of a certain English opera company playing in Boston during the season of 1867.

I think it must have been in the year 1871 that I spent a week at the White House during the presidency of General Grant. At this time my father was much in Washington to consult with the President touching the proposed annexation of the Republic of Santo Domingo

to the United States. The proposal of annexation had come from the Dominican President, Baez, in the year 1869. Grant favored the plan and appointed a commission to visit the island and report to Congress upon its condition and the feeling of the people about the proposed annexation. The three Commissioners were my father, the Honorable Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, and Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University. My father was the leading spirit of the trio, and it was he who wrote the interesting report of their investigations.

I had accompanied my parents to Washington, and Mrs. Grant kindly invited me to stay at the White House, where I played happily with Nellie Grant, who was about my age. The experience was deeply interesting. Unfortunately I have preserved no notes of this visit and have only my memory to depend upon. What comes back to me was the kindness and simplicity of General Grant, the simple wholesome family life I found at the White House. Nellie was a pretty and charming girl. I have only the pleasantest memories of her. A day at Mt. Vernon was one of the interesting experiences. General Horace Porter was at that time the President's private secretary; he was very kind in helping to arrange various expeditions which I greatly enjoyed.

My clearest memory of General Grant is of one rainy evening which he passed quietly at home. He sat at a desk smoking a big cigar, and I noticed that he kept continually writing what seemed a short sentence on a series of cards which he placed in a box before him. Mrs. Grant explained to me that whenever he had a spare moment he wrote his name, so that his secretary always had a good supply of autographs to send to people who

asked for them. He was very tired that night; his strong, kind, shy face showed lines of deep fatigue; faithful even in little things, he wrote card after card for the relentless autograph fiends.

The honest collector is a useful person, but let all distinguished people, especially in old age, beware of the dishonest one. During my mother's last years she was systematically "worked" for signed verses of her "Battle Hymn", which I have since seen offered for sale. When I remember the labor with which she painfully wrote out the verses in the years when her waning strength was so precious, I grow savage against the whole sponging tribe.

Shortly after my father arrived in Washington, Charles Sumner arranged a large dinner party in his honor. A few days before the dinner an invitation came for the same evening to dine at the White House. The letter was brought to my father at Mr. Sumner's house. I remember my surprise when the great Massachusetts senator said,

"You must go to the White House; I shall have to excuse you. An invitation to dine with the President cannot be declined."

While my father was working for the Dominicans, my mother was making her appeal to women throughout the world to hold a great International Peace Congress. She wrote an appeal, had it translated into French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Swedish, and sent it far and wide. Some of the correspondence of this time has been preserved. A letter from William Henry Channing has a fresh interest to-day.

London, February 8th, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Howe;

The truth is that this horrible war has made me ill, soul and body, and for the first time in my existence I have lost hope for humanity.

The prospect brightens, doubtless some sort of a treaty will be patched up between Germany and France, and no immediate attack on Belgium will probably compel Great Britain to interfere. The atmosphere of Europe will be temporarily serene. Yet, I hold that the present so-called "Peace" will prove to be a very transient one. You see how very low my hope for Europe is. For the time being, Militarism is rampant. If Germany with all her past illumination, culture, aspiration, can be guilty of such absolutely infernal cruelty as she is perpetrating against fallen France, where can we look on the Continent of Europe for any stable policy of peace? The one encouraging sign of the times, — and gloriously encouraging it is, — is the overflowing charity that is now seeking to alleviate in some degree the indescribable suffering occasioned by this devastating contest. But when, on the other hand, one reads the reply of the Göttingen Professors to the appeal of Dublin University, or the letters of Strauss and Mommsen, or consider what is implied in the treatment of Jacoby, — is not there the strongest ground for apprehending that Continental Europe is to pass under a sway of a mightier military despotism than the world has seen since the days of Macedon and of Rome?

More and more I feel that the hope for Humanity in this age has made its home in our Republic. And it lies with you, women of our Free and United Nation, to open the new era for our Race!

In the year 1871 my three sisters were married and my brother left home; after graduating from Harvard and the Institute of Technology, he went out into the world and began his long service to Science, which from the first called him to her ranks.

DR. HENRY MARION HOWE AND HIS SISTERS

From an old tintype

He became a student in the steel works at Troy, and here he met his fate. Our cousin, Mary Ward, gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Willard Gay, a leading banker of Troy. The Gays received him hospitably at their pleasant home over the bank where Mr. Gay was the presiding genius. It soon became evident to him that young Howe and his elder daughter, Fannie, had become interested in each other. Mr. Gay wrote to his kinsman, Doctor Gay of Boston for advice. Doctor Gay answered somewhat in this fashion.

"I don't know the young man, but I know his father. If Doctor Howe's son wanted to marry my daughter, I should say 'yes.'"

Speaking of my brother at this time, Doctor Rossiter Raymond said in a recent address, "His father was Doctor Samuel G. Howe, famous for his service for Greece in her war for independence, from 1824 to 1830, and later for his labors in the instruction of the blind. His mother was Julia Ward Howe, author of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and leader in many reforms. It was a good stock on both sides, making him heir to intellectual keenness and refinement, the capacity for both enthusiasm and perseverance, a passion for the pursuit of knowledge, and a gift of clear and felicitous statement."

In 1874 Harry Howe and Fannie Gay were married and have lived happily together ever since.* Our parents held that the only "prudent" marriage is a love match, and were well satisfied with their children's choice of life partners. At this time the husband of an unattractive daughter of a rich man said to me:

"Take my advice, Maud, marry for love. You may get something out of it. If you marry for money,—you won't!"

*Dr. Henry Marion Howe died in May, 1922.

We all married for love, and we all have got as much happiness out of life as our several natures allowed. The third generation followed the same rule. To-day there is not a criminal, a degenerate, or a slacker among my parent's descendants; not one who is not straight and sound in wind and limb.

In 1871, when I was left the only bird in the nest, I was seventeen. For several years Florence had relieved Mama of housekeeping duties; these cares now devolved upon me. We kept open house for relatives, friends, and distinguished travelers, few of whom came to Boston without breaking our bread. No one can have as keen a sense of my shortcomings as a housekeeper as I have myself; I did the best I could with the means at my disposal, and however conscious of my defects our guests were, I do not think my dear mother was troubled by them.

My father, for whose sake I learned to make bread, to care for the milk, and make the butter for the table, did his best to help me. While I wanted to be a good daughter, to make my parents happy, mine was a pleasure-loving nature. Mama was indulgent, accepted her youngest as she was. A sentence at this time expressed her attitude:

"Maud, you are frivolous; but your salads are divine."

My poor father was much troubled by my frivolity. His letters are full of warning lest by late hours and close rooms I should lose the first bloom of youth which to loving parents is apparently so much more precious than to young people themselves. Besides arranging for my lessons in cooking, he had me taught bookkeeping. While I was not altogether successful with double entry, I learned enough about keeping accounts to be of great use to me in later life. He writes to me on August 1, 1871:

I enclose some bills for you and Mama to look over and approve, if right. You are not aware of the amount of care and perplexity occasioned by the habit of having things charged instead of settling for them on the spot. The habit is not only a source of perplexity and often of dispute, but it involves trouble to both parties and is in some sense demoralizing, because it tempts one to buy things which would not be bought if one had to pay cash.

I know that you, dear child, are without that practice in the stern training which is so very important for every girl who intends to become the responsible head of a family. You must, my darling, reflect, and shape the course of your practical education to a high and noble end; remembering ever that while you ought to have a reasonable amount of the pleasures which youth and high spirits crave, you are to prepare for the stern duties of this life and for those of the life to come, for even heaven will have its serious work and its stern duties.

Don't phoo, phoo, my precious darling, because the time is close at hand when your loving Papa can neither praise nor scold you; though he trusts he will be blest with spiritual vision enough to watch over you and to rejoice in your joys and mourn for your sorrows.

A small precious packet of letters in my father's neat handwriting has somehow survived the endless movings of my wandering life. I choose one to close this rambling chapter, because it shows him so exactly as he was, "A Knight like Bayard, without reproach or fear."

Hall's Hall
208 Second Ave., New York.

My dear Maud;

I was much gratified by hearing from Mama that you had declined to attend a pigeon-shooting match upon grounds of humanity.

There are few phases of my life upon which I look back with so much of self-reproach as upon that during which I

was a sort of sportman. Several incidents came to my knowledge which finally made me leave it off entirely. After shooting game it happened that I ran up and found the poor wounded bird or rabbit, bleeding, struggling, and looking up with fear and trembling as I approached to extinguish its life and its pain. Three days after a hunting party on an island, a splendid deer was found dying beside a brook, with a bullet through his jaw which had prevented his eating, and he had lingered in starving agony all that time. I could never shoot a deer after that and I finally renounced all sporting, all shooting and fishing for mere recreation. It changes matters somewhat if one pursues sport for mere purposes of health; though it is hardly conceivable that the same end could not be gained without killing animals.

I was no better than other men; but I was led to reflect, and concluded that all and every kind of sporting for mere amusement is selfish, cruel and demoralizing in its tendencies. The sentiment of kindness and good will to others should be cultivated and extended as widely as possible, and not restricted to our own race. These sentiments are violated and stunted by indulging in any pursuit for our own pleasure, which carries terror, pain and death to any animal.

Stick to your resolution, dear Maud. Cultivate in every possible way those sentiments which are to the human character what wild flowers are to the earth. They adorn, beautify, and refine a woman and add a fragrance to life which without them is comparatively blank. . . .

Papa.

CHAPTER VII

Santo Domingo

My father was greatly disappointed when Congress, under the whip of Charles Sumner, quashed President Grant's plan for the annexation of Santo Domingo by refusing to ratify the treaty signed by Grant and the Dominican president, Baez. The friends of annexation, however, still had hopes of bringing the little republic under the eagle's wing; it was probably in this interest that President Baez invited my father to revisit Santo Domingo in the winter of 1872 and bring his family with him. On the ninth of February, the day of a terrible blizzard, I sailed from New York with my father, mother, and a gay company of girl cousins and friends. Our steamer, the old *Tybee*, was a small crank tub; the twelve days' passage was more uncomfortable than any ocean crossing I have ever made. My journal records that on the second day out I had not yet taken off my boots, and that on the fifth I was undressed for the first time since sailing. The captain, a quaint Yankee skipper of the old school, was so touched by my suffering that he sent two sailors to carry me from the "Black Hole of Calcutta", six feet by eight, where three of us languished, to his own breezy deck cabin. Here I soon began to pick up. My strongest impression of the voyage is of the beauty of the Gulf Stream, crossed in cloudless weather. The intense blue of the sea, the golden gulf weed, the dazzling color of the sky were my first taste of tropical splendors.

"I am sure that water really is blue," I said to the captain. "That color cannot be merely the sky's reflection."

"Here, boy! Fill a bucket over the side and show it to the young lady."

The water in the bucket close at hand looked like any other, save for a strand of floating gulf weed.

"They do say," the captain volunteered, "that the yarns about mermaids grew out of some sailor's mistaking that gulf weed for a girl's hair."

Among the passengers were several interesting people; Colonel Fabens of Salem, an idealist, interested like my father in the uplift of the Dominicans and convinced of the future importance to our country of the splendid harbor of Samana Bay; Judge O'Sullivan, a mysterious man, who either was, or assumed to be, very deaf, and yet knew everything that was whispered on the ship; and whose interest in annexation was more practical and not quite so disinterested as Colonel Fabens' and my father's. Germany was even then plotting against American influence in the island, and a few years later German intrigue brought about a revolution that sent Baez into exile, and placed a very inferior man in his place. A group of young naval officers on their way to join their ship, the *Nantasket*, at Puerta Plata, were pleasant additions to the company. One of these, George W. DeLong, later became famous as an Arctic explorer. At this time DeLong was twenty-eight years old, tall, blond, with a firm, underhung jaw, the veiled blue eyes of a dreamer, and a spirited bearing that somehow set him apart from the other young officers.

The twelfth day after leaving New York the *Tybee* dropped anchor in the harbor of Puerta Plata. Lieuten-

ant DeLong was in the boat that took us ashore. I remember his sympathy with our delight at the picturesqueness of harbor, landing place, and town. Mount Isabella rose steeply from the shore, its lower slopes fringed with fan and coconut palms, the upper reaches dark with the rich foliage of the mahogany, satinwood, mango, and logwood trees. The color of the sea was now like molten emerald, sapphire, and turquoise. In spite of these shifting jewel tints, looking down from the little boat the water was crystal clear. It seemed as if I could reach out my hand and pick up the coral on the yellow sands, fathoms below. The white belly and cruel jaw of a shark appeared below us, and the hand was quickly withdrawn.

Three days later we sailed into the harbor of Santo Domingo, to find midsummer weather, a land breeze scented with the perfume of unknown fruit and flowers. Our captain pointed to the mighty stump of an ancient tree on the bank of the Ozama River.

"The folks here claim Columbus tied his boat to that tree first time he came ashore. He set great store by this island, gave it the name of Espanuela, which, I reckon, means little Spain."

I remembered my father's writing me, a year before:

"This is one of the most beautiful islands of the world, ever warm, ever clad in rich foliage, ever abounding in luscious fruits."

A white handkerchief fluttered between the iron bars of a seaward-looking window, high up in an old gray stone building:

"A welcome from the prison," the captain murmured. "Poor Peynado, he always salutes the *Tybee* when she

comes and as she goes; he 's shut up for some political business, I 'm told."

"Do many ships touch here?" I asked.

"Only a few coasting craft like the *Alice* there; you 'll get no news, neither letters nor papers, till I bring them to you six weeks from now; not even a telegram; there 's no cable!"

This gave our adventure a delightful tinge of aloofness. We slept on board that night, and the next morning watched our belongings carried ashore, — trunks, band-boxes, tables, chairs, beds, mosquito nettings, and a grand piano. My father did not love music, but it was part of the family creed that Mama could not exist without a piano. "She shall have music wherever she goes!"

Our arrival had a quasi-official character; we were the guests of the President, who had lent my father one of the presidential palaces for our residence. The palace was built Spanish fashion around a patio. A wide corridor surrounded the court on the second story, from which opened our living rooms. A guard of honor, half a dozen ragged soldiers and their horses, were lodged on the ground floor. I still remember the strong impressions of this, my first day in a foreign country. I can see the picturesque streets of the oldest European city in the new world, for many years the most important place in the Western hemisphere. Its character and language are Spanish, its people of mixed blood are of every shade of complexion, their manners truly Spanish, courtly, grave, and kindly.

We landed on the morning of the twenty-second of February; that evening we celebrated Washington's Birthday by a dinner at the hotel. There were speeches,

red fire, toasts, and a general jollification. The *Tybee's* officers and passengers were all present, as well as the few Americans established at Santo Domingo, among whom were a Mr. and Mrs. Shumacher and a couple by the name of Gabb. The men all wore white linen, the women white muslin.

The two months that followed were among the most delightful of my life. We enjoyed a series of calm summer days, only broken by an occasional violent thunder shower in the afternoon. Very quickly the old palace became homelike with flowers, birds, and friendly visitors at every hour of the day and evening. Grave men, like Don Leonardo Delmonto, the land agent, Señor Gauthier, the Secretary of State, Curriel, the Minister of War, who came to consult with Papa; lonely men, exiles from every corner of the world, who came to talk with Mama, and a shoal of girls and boys who came to play and dance with "las muchachas" (the girls)!

Our day usually began with an excursion to the bathing beach. The first trip was made in an antediluvian hack, the only vehicle in the city; after that we rode our little Dominican ponies, Arabians with the *paso Castiliano*, a sort of delicious canter, the best imaginable gait for a warm climate. The bathing place was a beautiful little basin under a beetling crag; the sands were fine and gold-colored, the water warm as the Lido in August. We might not venture to swim outside this basin on account of sharks. On the way home we halted at a coconut grove, where a tall, barefoot boy swarmed up a palm tree and brought down fresh green coconuts, still cool with the night's dew. He bored a hole in the rough outer shell with a gimlet; the fresh coconut milk glug-glugged into the tiny calabash I carried at my

saddlebow, and I drained a draft that is the nearest thing to nectar I have known.

There were often guests at the eleven o'clock breakfast, where many native dishes were served. We came to like the cassava bread, the rice cooked in coconut milk, the fried plantains, and the orange wine. The cuisine was a combination of Creole and Spanish cookery, much to my liking. The long table was spread in the open corridor with the big columns, between which swung gilded cages with bright plumed birds and porous earthenware jars in which our drinking water was cooled. Ice was a luxury, reserved for great occasions. Every day some of our new friends sent a basket of wonderful strange fruit, sapotes, custard apples, caweelias, endless varieties of bananas; the best of these I have never seen since, — a tiny yellow kind, called the fig banana.

After breakfast came the Spanish lessons; indeed these went on most of the day, for our young friends could speak no other language and we were soon all chattering like magpies. In the evening Papa read Don Quixote aloud, so it was in a truly Spanish atmosphere that I first learned to love the great Don and all his company. At four o'clock, when the sea breeze sprang up, the horses were brought round and the whole party rode out into the country, attended by a large escort. Whatever else our Dominican friends lacked, they had plenty of time to devote to us. There was always at least one Cabinet officer in our group of cavaliers.

Our longest expedition was to the little town of San Cristoval, five hours distant from the capital. We started at four in the morning by bright moonlight and rode through the sleeping town. At the city gate a sentinel challenged:

"Who goes there?"

"*Amigos.*"

"What is your errand?"

"We escort the *convita* of American visitors to San Cristoval."

The sentinel seemed dissatisfied. Just then Señor Curriel, the fiery little Minister of War, rode up and gave the watchword. The sleepy soldier called his two companions from the guardhouse, and the three oddly equipped figures, dressed in seersucker, with palm-leaf hats, stood at attention as we clattered through the gateway and out to the bridle path that led to San Cristoval. The journey was full of small adventures; we were caught in a violent thunder storm and drenched to the skin, my saddle girth broke, my reins gave out and were replaced by a pair made from a clothesline borrowed at an *estancia*, where we halted for a few minutes. So much stands out clear, in the full limelight of memory; the rest of the trip is dim and shadowy. I remember that San Cristoval was a poor little place, with a miserable apology for a hotel where we ate; that we slept in hammocks in a native *bohie*, a hut made of palm wood and thatched with palm leaves; that we were enchanted with the beauty of the country, the friendliness of the people, and the glory of the tropical moonlight nights.

During Holy Week we haunted the old gray stone cathedral, where for centuries the body of Columbus had lain beneath the chancel. The ceremonies of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday were full of interest, for I had never before been inside a Catholic church.

Shortly after our arrival, the *Nantasket* came to Santo Domingo, bringing Lieutenant DeLong and the other

young officers whose acquaintance we had made on the *Tybee*. We gave a ball for the officers and the townspeople, the large rooms of the palace serving excellently for the festivities. The American officers danced with the pretty Dominican girls, who wore fireflies in their dark hair for jewels; for ribbons garlands of flowers twined about their waists and shoulders.

The day after the ball I experienced my first earthquake. It was a breathless afternoon, and I was taking the inevitable siesta. As I lay asleep under my mosquito bar, I heard a low rumbling sound, unlike anything I had ever known before. I recognized it as instinctively as the horses screaming in their stalls below. I sprang up and rushed to the open corridor to see the great stone columns shaking like palm trees in a wind. That night I saw visions; the figure of a nun stood for a moment at the foot of my bed, looked at me intently, then vanished. Her place was taken by a young soldier with a mass of blond hair blown back like a plume; he too looked hard at me, then melted from my sight; last I saw the face of a friend lying in her coffin. When the *Tybee* arrived with mails from home, she brought the news that this friend had died.

We said good-by to Santo Domingo very regretfully. We had fallen under the spell of the Antilles. There was something almost virginal about the island with its primeval forests of precious trees, mahogany, logwood, and many another whose name I have forgotten. The population was of the scantiest; whole tracts of forest land had never known a woodsman's ax. There were very few foreigners. We had stumbled by chance upon this happy isle; it had no place in travelers' tales or guidebooks; its silver sands knew no tourists. We had found

a bit of Spain transplanted in the fifteenth century to an enchanted isle of the Caribbean Sea. The founder, Bartholomew Columbus, brother of Christopher, died here in 1515. Sixty years later the great English adventurer, Sir Francis Drake, sacked the city, which from that day to this, save for the inevitable revolutions and the perennial squabble with its big, black, half-savage neighbor, Hayti, has known a slumberous existence. The Spanish language has absorbed the dialects of the gentle natives, so dear to Columbus, and the Spanish blood has kept the mixed population from relapsing into the semi-barbarism of Hayti.

When I think of the people I knew there, the kindly Dominicans, the American planters, and business men thrown together in that remote corner of the world, one figure stands out, clear-cut and apart from all the rest, — George DeLong, the arctic explorer. He was a vigorous, ambitious man, full of discontent with the small chance of advancement the navy then offered. Dissatisfied with the slow promotion from rank to rank, he was already casting about for a chance to distinguish himself. The next year brought his opportunity. He obtained permission to join the arctic exploration expedition led by Captain Braine, in 1873, and proved himself so capable that in the year 1879, when James Gordon Bennett fitted out the ill-fated *Jeannette* for her trip to the arctic, DeLong was given command of the expedition. The cruise of the *Jeannette* is one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of arctic discovery. The ship sailed from San Francisco for a three years' voyage, and proceeded to Cape Serdze Kamen in Siberia, whence she steamed northwards until beset by ice. For two years she drifted in the terrible ice pack, always farther and farther north,

until she was crushed by the ice, and the party were forced as a forlorn hope to take to their sledges and make a long journey across Siberia. In the last extremity they took refuge in a cave, where DeLong and his fourteen men slowly starved to death. The story of every day's trial is told in great detail in DeLong's journals. The men died like heroes, dominated to the last by the courage and spiritual superiority of their leader. The story is a magnificent example of discipline and devotion to duty in the face of the most cruel suffering. When DeLong felt he was dying, with his last remaining strength he threw the precious journal in which he had made his last record over his head far into the interior of the cave, where it was protected, and found by the relief expedition he knew would be sent in search of him. They found him lying with his arm still above his head, his hand pointing to the journal that gave his story to the world and won for him that fame for which he had so hungered!

Before sailing for his first arctic trip DeLong came to see us at our house in South Boston. I still remember his enthusiasm for the adventure. What is the magnet that draws so many high-spirited, courageous men to the doom that still awaits the majority of arctic explorers, in spite of Nansen and Peary? I have talked with DeLong, Shackleton, Peary, and the Englishman, Leigh Smith, of their arctic experiences, and in each case have felt a certain quality they all possessed in common, something remote and stellar that seems to set them apart from their fellows and makes them, perhaps, sensitive to the steady pull of the polar magnet.

Admiral Schley, in describing his expedition for the relief of Greeley, once told me that during the last lap of his voyage, in order to make greater speed, he blew

his way through the ice with dynamite. When he found Greeley and his men, there was not twenty-four hours' life in any of them. If he had not put on that extra spurt of speed, he would have come too late.

"What made you think of using the dynamite?" I said.

The Admiral answered with an inscrutable look. I saw that I had touched the edge of one of those mysteries men do not talk about to a chance acquaintance, even a young lady, at a dinner party.

From Santo Domingo we set sail for Cuba, then a province of Spain, ruled by a despotic Spanish governor, who was cordially hated by the Cubans. All the offices of trust or power were held by Spaniards, who had come to Cuba bent on making their fortunes and caring little for the development of the beautiful island intrusted to their care. The Cubans to whom my father brought letters were mostly planters, farmers, or lawyers. With the exception of a few navy officers, I do not remember having made the acquaintance of a single Spaniard.

I was fortunate in making friends with a famous Cuban belle under whose protection I caught some glimpses of the *beau monde* of Havana. In the afternoon I drove with her in a *volante* on the fashionable *paseo;* in the evening we drove again through the gaily lighted plaza, the center of the city's social life. The *volante* would draw up outside one of the chief *cafés;* here ices were served to us as we sat in the carriage, which was quickly surrounded by a group of young men. A certain handsome officer, named Antonio Sarabria, paid us distant and respectful court in true Spanish fashion. For several afternoons and evenings he followed our carriage in a cab, and when we stopped for ices sent us each a

bouquet of gardenias with his compliments. We visited a Spanish warship, the *Saragossa*, lying in the harbor near the Moro Castle. Though the officers were friendly and hospitable, the visit proved a disappointment, for I had vainly hoped to find Antonio Sarabria on board! The same afternoon we were made welcome on a Prussian man-of-war, where a pompous young German officer did the honors. He spoke English fairly well but had an irritating habit of answering every remark with, "Why, of course they are," or "Why, of course it is!"

I remember a visit to our fair friend at her own house. She received us in a perfumed boudoir where the toilet apparatus, basin, pitchers, mugs, as well as combs and brushes, were of handsome wrought silver. The Cuban beauties, with their *mate* skins and languorous eyes, dressed in the latest Paris fashion except on Sundays, when at mass the mantilla took the place of the bonnet. The only religion tolerated by the government was the Roman Catholic. With my friend I visited the cathedral, where for a second time I stood beside a tomb of Columbus; this mausoleum really contained the Great Adventurer's dust, brought here from Santo Domingo in the year 1796. In Havana I saw my first convent, where the nuns showed me a *crêche*, and explained the working of the cradle, which at night was turned outward into the street to receive the little foundlings committed to their care.

My father meanwhile was making a thorough study of the work of the newly formed *Sociedad Economica*, whose object was the improvement of public education and popular industry. I remember his saying that not a tenth part, even of the children of free parents, received any education whatever. Current literature can hardly

be said to have existed in Cuba at this time. There were a few daily and weekly papers, rigidly censured, and as far as we saw, little other reading matter.

We made several expeditions from the capital, visiting Matanzas, where we stayed at the Golden Lion, a pleasant hotel, and were shown the sights by Mr. Hall, the American Consul. The visit to the great caves whose entrance lies three hundred feet below the earth's surface made a deep impression upon me. The stalactites hanging from the roof of the cavern, the stalagmites rising from the floor to meet them, were of the color and texture of yellow alabaster. I dreamed so often of this cavern that it is now inextricably confused with my childish ideas of Aladdin's Cave. At Matanzas we saw a large plantation worked by Chinese coolies whose condition, little better than slaves, roused my father's indignation. Of an expedition to Toledo Marinao I remember little save the visit to the sugar factory. The slender record of my journal says:

"Our *cicerone* was kind Mr. Salmon. We saw a great many Chinese, as well as negro slaves; the former are much the best workers and are, I believe, more valuable. We saw the whole process of sugar-making, from the grinding of the cane to the final packing of the white sugar."

Our departure from "the Havana" was hastened by an incident, for which I was to blame. I accompanied my father on a visit to the prison. Here we saw huddled together in a miserable cell a group of boys of about my own age; one indeed was much younger, being only fourteen years old. These poor lads were under a sentence of death for a trifling offense, the desecration of the grave of some official who had oppressed

the people. The boys had broken or overturned the tombstone on one of the Cuban holidays, as their part of a political demonstration against the tyranical Spanish officialdom. I was so much wrought up over the fate of these youths that I talked unguardedly about them to my friends and later managed to send to the prison a gift of tobacco and fruit. In consequence of this expression of sympathy, my father received a warning from the Cuban authorities, and without waiting for a second hint, he bundled us out of Cuba and over to Key West, much to my regret. Havana, with its bull-fights, cock fights, Spanish officers, languid beauties, water ices, and guava marmalade, was an attractive place to a young traveler on her first journey!

My journal reads:

Key West, May 9, 1873.

Arrived here at about five A.M., after a nearly sleepless and utterly wretched night. Passed the flagship *Worcester* and three other navy ships, the *Canandaigua*, *Bache* and *Terror*. Papa had important business with Admiral Lee, and we were very much afraid the flagship was about to sail as she was getting up steam. It proved she was only coming up to the wharf. Papa was much relieved.

My journal makes no further mention of my father's business with the Admiral. It gives a list of every officer on board the ships, from the captain to the youngest midshipman, and detailed accounts of the hops and other festivities the hospitable officers arranged for us on board and on shore. Reading over the record all these years after, certain phrases suggest to me that my father's business with the Admiral was connected with those poor boys under death sentence in the Havana prison. I know he never forgot them, and I believe that he made

an effort to secure American intervention on their behalf.

We had turtle steak for dinner at Key West, turtle stew for supper, turtle hash for breakfast! That is all that I remember of the place, at this time our most important naval station in southern waters.

After leaving Key West we stopped at Cedar Keys and broke the journey to Boston into several stages, stopping at Savannah, Charleston, and Norfolk. At the latter place we visited the *New Hampshire*, described in my journal as, "A splendid old line-of-battleship, with four decks. I rang the fire quarters, and was alarmed at the rushing and scattering of the officers and men. They all tore about the ship, putting out the supposititious fire. The first stream of water came from the hose just two minutes after I sounded the alarm."

We called the journey from the South to the North "Our jaunt with Spring", for we traveled hand in hand with her, halting when she halted, pushing on with the first roses and strawberries all the way from Florida to Massachusetts, to find the best of both in our own garden.

This, my first experience of foreign travel, was doubly precious because I was thrown so much with my dear father. During our four months' absence from home we were constantly together. He taught me how to travel, to take the open road with an open mind and an open hand, not a bad rule for the journey of life and an invaluable one for a young traveler, who like Kipling's soldier, takes as his motto;

> For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide —
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried!

CHAPTER VIII

Newport

My mother sailed early in the spring of this year — 1872 — for England to hold her famous Peace Crusade, and until her return in August, my father and I were alone together. As usual I resented her absence, believing, with the egotism of youth, that I had a prior claim on every moment of both parents' time, while holding myself perfectly free to give them as much or as little of my own company as I found convenient. As an illustration of the working of the law of compensation, those months brought me a close companionship with my father that only the *solitude à deux* can give. I date from this period my increased interest in world politics, for while my father was the most ardent American imaginable, his life had inevitably given him the wider outlook of world citizenship.

I remember something of his talk about the Boundaries and Fisheries dispute, which twenty years before had loomed so large among the questions of the day. He impressed it upon me that while our differences with Great Britain had all the acrimony of a family quarrel, when all was said and done, despite the behavior of a certain portion of the English people during the Civil War, despite Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets and other irritating utterances, Americans should recognize Great Britain as our nearest of kin in the family of nations, to whom we are bound by ties of blood, tradition, and a

common language. I am thankful to have escaped the anti-British sentiment so carefully cultivated by certain interests in this country.

An anecdote touching the Boundary dispute seems worth preserving; it was told me years after the event by an Englishman.

At the time when the boundary between British Columbia and Washington Territory was under discussion by the two governments, a commission was sent out from England to report on the value of the land. One of the commissioners, a famous sportsman, made the following comment:

"This is a rotten country; the fish won't rise to a fly!"

When I visited Washington State and saw the beautiful country awarded to us at that time, I wondered if the dictum of the young angler had carried much influence in the decision.

Perhaps the sharpest memory I have of this year of 1872 is that of the great fire, when sixty acres of buildings in the heart of the business quarter of Boston went up in smoke and flame. I watched the terrible conflagration from the window of the room in the Institution for the Blind, where eighteen years before I first saw the light. Hour after hour passed, as I sat at the open casement watching the flames devour whole blocks of the city. The crimson sky was reflected in the black waters of South Boston harbor; the white spire of Park Street Church was often threatened; over and over again we lost sight of it in the clouds of sooty smoke, the curtain of leaping flame. Each time that the wind blew back the smoke and fire, and I caught a glimpse of that white finger pointing heavenward, fresh hope sprang up; so long as the steeple stood, we knew that the fire had not

crossed the Common, and that Beacon Hill and the State House were safe. At this time my Aunt and Uncle Wales had moved into their new house on Brimmer Street, their son Thomas living at his farm in Wayland. During the night my aunt more than once called her husband's attention to the unusual noise in the streets, the constant ringing of the fire alarm, the toot of engines flying by. His only answer was:

"Be quiet. Go to sleep!"

The next morning, as Aunt and Uncle Wales sat at breakfast, Cousin Tom came in, bearing some large ledgers in his arms.

"What brings you to Boston so early?" demanded his father.

"I came in to save the books. Your office and half Boston burned down last night."

"I thought there was a good deal of disturbance!" Aunt Jenny placidly remarked.

The fire occurred on a Saturday night. Sunday morning Miss Elizabeth Peabody was found trying to make her way across one of the danger zones roped off and guarded by the police.

"Where did you want to go, Ma'am?" asked a policeman.

"To Sunday school! Please let me pass — my class is waiting."

"Nary a scholar is waiting for you, Ma'am. There ain't no church, nor yet no Sunday school."

The presidential election of this year was one of the most exciting I remember. General Grant was running for his second term; he had been first elected in 1868 with Schuyler Colfax as vice president. In 1872 Colfax withdrew in favor of our friend Henry Wilson. My father was a Grant man, and our house was, as usual, the center

of much activity as the election drew near. My mother gave a reception for General and Mrs. Grant, where there was a great gathering of the Republican clan, and my father was constantly receiving committees and delegations. A section of the Republicans, dissatisfied with party politics during Grant's first term, "split off" and nominated Horace Greeley for president, with Gratz Brown as his running mate, the Democrats indorsing the nomination. Greeley was then sixty-one years old. Judging by the portraits, he must have been rather rustic in appearance, wearing old-fashioned chin whiskers. The campaign was a bitter one. Greeley was unmercifully caricatured by Thomas Nast and other cartoonists. My parents, who had great respect for Greeley, resented the ridicule to which he was subjected. I remember, among other instruments of torture, an absurd portrait of him on a paper fan with a long white cotton fluff representing his beard. This was widely circulated. Greeley's death, a few weeks after his defeat at the polls, was said to have been caused by the suffering he endured in this cruel campaign. As founder and for thirty years editor of the *New York Tribune*, as a patron of artists and men of letters, he might have hoped for better treatment at the hands of the press. The very papers whose ridicule broke his heart were full of handsome obituary notices after he was gone. It was deeply impressed on me at this time that to run the gantlet of a presidential election, a man must have more than common courage.

In Boston it seemed as if every waking hour of my father's and mother's existence was filled with labor for city, state, or nation. At Portsmouth the pressure was somewhat relaxed. I remember both parents as steadily at work here during the morning, but there were delicious

afternoons when they were free to play with us. Those were the palmy days of the Newport catboats, small, steady, centerboard sloops, the best craft for pleasure sailing I have known. Memories arise of delightful summer days when a gay party of us drove to town in the old carryall, which was "put up" in the shed of the Newport Reading Room, of which my father was one of the founders. At Bannister's wharf, if we were lucky, we engaged Cap'n Anthony and his boat, *The Two Sisters*, for the day. The ecstasy of the motion of that little cockleshell as she danced over the water is something unforgettable. If the wind were light, we steered our way out of the harbor towards Beaver Tail for a taste of the ocean; if there was too much sea on, the course lay within the landlocked waters of the bay. At high noon we landed at Conanicut Island just below old Fort Dumpling. Conanicut now goes mostly by the more prosaic name of Jamestown. Sometimes, when a householder of this pleasant summer resort drives me about the island, pointing out this or that view, a miracle happens! Some wind of memory blows Jamestown, with its hotels, its nice comfortable houses, clean away, and gives me back the bare rocky Conanicut of my youth that I loved as I can never love Jamestown. The commodious ferry boat from which I have just stepped disappears, I am sitting once more at the masthead of *The Two Sisters*, flying over Narragansett Bay, the salt taste on my lips, the salt wind in my hair. I am climbing the steep rough path to the old ruined fort, a lunch basket in one hand, a camp stool in the other. On the farther side of the Island is a little sheltered silver stretch of beach where one day, when the party is small and intimate, we make out to rig a shelter to shield us in our undressing

and to slip into the delicious cool water. The joy of such a stolen sea bath, where there is no curious crowd to watch, can hardly be known to the ladies and gentlemen who now disport themselves on summer mornings at Bailey's Beach.

These joyous outings were often shared by the young people from Vaucluse, where every summer "Shepherd Tom" (Thomas Hazard) gathered about him the clans of Hazard and of Minturn. Mr. Hazard's wife, dead long before this time, was one of the beautiful Minturn sisters; from her Shepherd Tom inherited a large family connection, to every branch of which he showed endless hospitality. Beside the five Hazard children there were relays of Minturns, Mayers, Halls, Blacklers, Birckheads, and Hunters, who came and went in dazzling succession. Taken altogether, they were the handsomest family I have ever seen. Beside their beauty and charm, they had certain characteristics that set them apart from the rest of us. They seemed to hold some secret knowledge of and communion with nature that gave them a power over animals; they understood the language of horses, dogs, even insects; they had no fear of any living thing, — knew snakes, bees, spiders, toads, for their friends. They seemed more like a race of fauns and dryads than mere flesh-and-blood boys and girls. The four slim, graceful Hazard girls were overshadowed by their father, a rustic, vigorous man, who left his mark on his generation, and is remembered to-day by a volume of essays, "Johnny Cake Papers", later handsomely reprinted by a nephew of the Peacedale branch of the clan. The Hazards were Friends: when I first remember him Shepherd Tom went regularly to Quaker Meeting. He was rough in manner, careless in dress, and thought too little about his

appearance. One Sunday morning on his return from meeting, he was seen to go hurriedly to a mirror, where he gazed hard at his reflection. He quickly saw why the folks at meeting had looked at him so curiously. He had a thick crop of tiny blond curls. The mirror showed each of these curls tied up with a bit of scarlet wool. While he slept on the porch before going to meeting, some of the younger children had played this scurvy trick upon him. If it were meant as a lesson, perhaps he deserved it, for the relatives of his beautiful young wife remembered her mortification when he came into the drawing-room where she was receiving guests from Newport, fresh from killing a sheep, his white smock showing the telltale scarlet stains.

Mr. Hazard took some pains to win great influence in the Rhode Island Legislature. This was a puzzle to his friends till they learned that his object was the abolition of capital punishment in the State. He did not rest until the death penalty was done away with, after which he retired into private life, and, as I think, never again meddled with public affairs.

Vaucluse, originally laid out by a French landscape architect, was in those days the finest country seat I had ever seen, although already a good deal fallen from its high estate and not maintained as it should have been. The remains of a labyrinth could still be traced by the windings of its box-bordered paths. The long alley leading to the summerhouse was bordered by a neglected box hedge higher than a man's head. The trees here seemed larger and handsomer than all other oaks, elms, or maples, and in the month of May two superb specimens of *Magnolia grandiflora* were covered with enormous creamy white blossoms, whose perfume haunts me still.

The house was of colonial design, with very large white columns at the entrance of the main building, flanked by two wings used in the olden time as servants' quarters, but now devoted to seeds and bulbs and all sorts of quaint garden tools. Before the entrance a graveled path swept round a circle of greensward, in whose midst stood the old lichen-covered sundial, clasped by a scarlet honeysuckle. It was here one breathless midsummer afternoon that we gave the memorable amateur circus. As the crowning event, Sultan, the Mayers' old Arabian pony, trotted round and round the ring, while Esther Hazard, in a blue bathing suit and scarlet cap, balanced lightly on his venerable back!

Mr. Hazard was a confirmed spiritualist. He read "The Banner of Light", if, indeed, he did not contribute to that journal, then the chief organ of the spiritualists. I often went with him to *séances*, which had a great interest for me, though I was never for a moment shaken in my belief that the manifestations and materializations I witnessed were vulgar shams. Fannie Hazard, the eldest daughter, a girl of great sweetness and a good deal of will power, refused to allow mediums at Vaucluse; I remember some battles royal on this point. After her death, however, the mediums came, and a cabinet was arranged in one of the summerhouses, where the *séances* took place. Once Frederick Myers of the London Society for Psychical Research was present with me at a *séance*. The medium was a dull one, the grossness of her manifestations, it seemed to me, could not deceive the veriest child. They deceived Mr. Myer, however, who was deeply impressed with all that he saw and heard. Later, when I read accounts of the impartial manner in which the investigations of psychical phenomena

were carried on by the society of which Frederick Myer was the leading spirit, the testimony left me quite cold.

At the close of the evening sessions, Mr. Hazard used to walk in the mysterious old garden where, he told me, his dead wife often joined him, walked with him, leant upon his arm. On one occasion she allowed him to cut a small piece from the spirit lace drapery in which she was arrayed. He showed me the fragment the next day; it proved to be the same "wash blonde" I had bought at Edward Lawton's shop in Thames Street. The materialized spirits allowed Mr. Hazard to cut off locks of their hair for remembrance. The last time I was in the parlor of Vaucluse, there hung on the wall a glass case with strands of hair of every shade and degree of fineness: the name of the friend or relative from whose head it had been cut while the medium was in trance was written beside each. I remember that in the glass case the hair of Uncle Jonas Minturn was dark red, though my impression is that in life it was of another shade!

Among the young faces that look at me from the old garden at Vaucluse, the fairest is that of my "Twin", Edith Blackler, a tall girl with skin like a sunburnt peach, eyes like a clear brown brook, teeth like fresh peeled almonds, and a laugh that made the old feel young, and the young feel immortal. We were as nearly inseparable as the four miles that lay between Lawton's Valley and Vaucluse allowed: together we tramped the country roads, swam the waters of Narragansett, waded the streams and sailed the seas that bound our island home. When I was not at Vaucluse, my Twin was with me at Lawton's Valley. Here Mama was mistress of the revels,

and here young and old, grave and gay, fashionable and unfashionable, gladly gathered when she waved her fairy wand. One afternoon when all Newport, both the "intellectuals" of the Point and the frivolous of the Avenue, mingled in a friendly crowd in the Valley for afternoon tea, we had some famous charades. The final scene represented Blondin crossing Niagara Falls. A plank was laid across the summit of the waterfall just below the old mill, the "middle fall", we called it, for at that time there were three falls in Lawton's Valley. A tiny camp chair was placed in the middle of the plank, and here one of my mother's familiars (was it William Hunt or Hamilton Wilde?) proceeded to compound an omelette, while the brook sang, the silver birch rustled, and the insects trilled their evening hymn. Henry James was of the company that day; something of its magic always lingered in his tenacious memory, as it does in my random recollections.

At this time Newport's summer colony was in the wooden age. Bellevue Avenue was thickly settled with pleasant, substantial cottages, some of which still survive. The word cottage was, however, always a misnomer; these commodious, well-furnished houses should more properly have been called villas. The first symptom of the impending change was the sudden transformation of the cottage from a simple, medium-sized country house to a large ambitious structure like the George Francis Train villa in the atrocious style of the early seventies, the darkest period of American architecture. After the wooden age, the brick, stone, and marble ages followed in quick succession.

The Emperor Caesar Augustus "found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble." Richard Hunt

might well have said, "I found Newport a town of wood; I left it a town of marble." At about the time I am writing of, Hunt built Linden Gate for Mr. Henry Marquand and the John N. A. Griswold house on Touro Park, now the home of the Art Association. While maintaining something of the cottage characteristics, both these are far handsomer and more substantial than the earlier houses, and mark the summer colony's second stage of architectural evolution.

I spent part of one season with my mother's friend, Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, in Newport, and entered more fully into the social life of the place than I had done before. Compared to our life in Portsmouth, Newport seemed formal, dull, cut and dried. Everybody bathed then on the First Beach, except the few people who lived near "Bailey's." The ladies' hour was from ten to twelve. At noon a flag was run up on the bathing pavilion, announcing that the "gentlemen's hour" had begun, when women and children were banished from the beach, and the men were free to take their swim dressed or undressed as they pleased. Most people dined early, though the seven or half-past seven o'clock dinner parties were beginning. In the afternoon society took its drive up and down Bellevue Avenue from five to seven. The horses, harnesses, carriages, lap dogs, ladies, and toilettes were the handsomest that money could buy. While I admired the style of it all, the artificiality fretted me, and after a few days of Bellevue Avenue I was glad to scurry home to Portsmouth to embrace my parents and go for a tramp with my Twin. The introduction of polo by James Gordon Bennett was a great boon to the colony. I can see him now on his swift broncho, tearing across the polo field after the ball, the blood streaming from a

cut on his forehead, made by the mallet of one of the opposing players.

Among the distinguished people of summer Newport at this time were the George Bancrofts, old friends of my mother's. Every summer we were invited to see Mr. Bancroft's roses, held to be well-nigh miraculous. There was a tradition that Newport was not a good place for flowers, and beyond the formal blue hydrangeas that fashion demanded, few people made any attempt to grow them. Mr. Bancroft's roses and artichokes became famous, people were quick to follow the fashion he set, and now Newport is rich in beautiful gardens.

In the early seventies my father bought Oak Glen. He had sold our beloved Lawton's Valley a few years before, partly on account of the endless difficulties of transportation.

I think he regretted this lovely place, and partly because my mother grieved so for it, bought the small estate of five acres a little higher up on the stream that runs through the valley. He improved the property and built a large addition to the house, where he spent the last summers of his life. As long as she lived my mother made Oak Glen her summer home, and after her death it passed into our hands.

CHAPTER IX

Some Painters and Poets

I would as soon listen to a lecture on Art as to smell music, or to eat the receipt of a plum pudding.

W. M. Hunt.

William Hunt is the first artist I remember to have known. I have visions of him mounted on a tall hunter, galloping over the Newport beach, and on the Brighton Road, driving a fast trotter in a racing buggy. My clearest early impression, however, is of the day I went with my mother to visit the Hunts at Readville. We were shown into the coach house, a large airy room fragrant of new pine. An easel stood in one corner; opposite was the grand piano; the third corner held a table with a Persian bowl filled with roses; in the fourth, hung saddles and a rack full of riding crops. Mr. Hunt had built his stable before his house, and here the family lived for at least one summer.

Mrs. Hunt, tall and graceful in white muslin, with scarlet flowers in her dark hair, came forward to meet my mother, exclaiming, "My dear friend, how glad I am to see you!" Her voice, deep as an organ note, had a peculiar musical timbre.

Each of the Hunt children occupied a box stall fitted up as a bedroom. They made me welcome and took me to see the farm. It was a hot July day; Mr. Hunt had left his work to lend a hand to the haymakers. He stood on the top of a fragrant load, vigorously pitching

hay into the loft. He had thrown off his coat and worked in his shirt sleeves. He wore a soft felt hat and a scarlet sash like an Italian *vignajuolo's.* I saw his keen face, with the hawklike aristocratic nose and piercing eyes, through a storm of long gray beard and yellow hay as he worked feverishly, while hardly brighter than his eyes, the big diamond on his finger flashed in the sun.

This must have been soon after the Civil War, for his work at this time breathed the spirit of that struggle. The best of his war pictures is "The Bugler", a virile figure of a trumpeter on horseback in the dress of the Union army. The handling of the horse recalls Henri Regnault's "Steeds of Achilles" at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Another of Hunt's popular war pictures was "The Drummer Boy", a lad with torn shirt and bare legs, rolling out with his drumsticks the call,

"To arms, Freemen!"

A pretty sketch of the artist's little girls playing "hospital nurses" was a prime favorite of mine. In the dining room at Oak Glen hang signed lithographs of "The Bugler", "The Violet Seller", and "The Woman at the Fountain." Hunt himself made these faithful reproductions.

Years later I saw Hunt's masterpieces, "The Discoverer" and "The Flight of Night", in the Albany State Capitol before they were destroyed by the settling of the foundations. The designs fortunately are preserved, but not a vestige remains of the two magnificent frescoes that once glowed in the spaces above the windows of the Senate Chamber.

Hunt's "Talks on Art" were taken down by his scholar, Miss Knowlton, as he flung them out, walking about

the studio and criticizing his pupil's work. The first volume opens thus:

"Drawing?"

"Yes, or trying."

"All anybody can do is to *try!* Nobody ever *does* anything! They only try!"

Boston was proud of Hunt, declared him one of the greatest, if not the first, living artist. Did not William James, when he decided to become a painter, turn his back upon Paris and return to America to study with William Hunt? Yet it sticks in my memory that Hunt did not realize how much he was beloved and admired. He felt a certain impatience at Boston, expressed in such phrases as:

"When anybody in Boston sees a picture he likes, instead of buying it, he goes home and tries to paint one like it."

The "Talks on Art" close with this paragraph:

"I was thinking of this subject of Eternity the other night, when I looked at the moon, and saw before it a church spire, a finger pointed upward into space. Next the spire, the moon. Beyond the moon a fixed star. Next, — what? Eternity. A ripple closes over us."

The words were prophetic.

Unlike William Hunt, George Fuller had to die before Boston accepted him at his real worth. Everybody knows to-day that Fuller was a true artist, that his pictures have the unique quality called originality. This was not so when Lucy Derby took me to his Tremont Street studio, where I saw for the only time our Deerfield genius. He had a great head with a shock of iron-gray hair, ruddy complexion, and eyes at once shy and kind. He had just finished his masterpiece, "Winifred

Dysart", a lovely picture of a young girl standing in the sort of glorified mist with which he envelops his figures. Soon after, Mr. Montgomery Sears went with Miss Derby to the studio and bought the picture; it hung for many years in his Arlington Street house.

There is a naïve charm about Fuller's "Arethusa" and his portrait of Mrs. Kimball's daughter that increases with the years. To come unexpectedly upon a picture of his in some western art gallery or private collection brings a warm glow of pleasure, like meeting an old friend.

Lucy Derby, who had been of the Santo Domingo party, was a favorite with us all. The Derby house, Number 166 Charles Street, was a pleasant one, where I remember delightful entertainments. Lucy's father, Mr. Elias Derby, was one of Boston's foremost lawyers. Two of her brothers, Haskett and Richard Derby, became well known, Haskett as a leading oculist of Boston, and Richard of New York. Both were uncommonly handsome men. Richard, who shared Lucy's social gift, was very popular on account of his professional skill and his great charm. He looked like his maternal uncle, Mr. George Strong, whom I remember as one of the interesting figures of the New York of that time, a collector of Greek coins and a man who labored for the cause of music.

I met the elder Sothern at Lucy's house, where he was a frequent guest. His chief rôle was Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin", a part Sothern practically created, developing it from the forty-seven lines in the play as originally written. His impersonation of the foolish, indolent British "swell" was one of the cleverest bits of character acting I have ever seen. He told us that one night just as he began the "birds of a

feather" story, the actress who supported him gave him an agonized glance and whispered: "You have told that once already!"

He always welcomed an opportunity to play David Garrick as a rest from Dundreary. Sothern was a man of great personal charm, beloved by his friends and that dearest of the actors' friends, the public. An extract from my journal will show in what high favor he was held by young women devoted to the drama.

March 1st, 1874.

I have to write about one of the most charming people I ever met, Mr. Sothern. I first saw him at a lunch at Lucy Derby's on February 17th. We arrived at the same time, he opening the door for me. After lunch Miss Ellen Derby asked him if she should introduce him to me.

"To the young lady in the little blue hat? With pleasure."

I was only able to have a few words with him when L. hurried him away to meet some one else. He is scarcely over forty, about five feet, ten inches tall, a full intelligent head, heavy masses of clinging wavy hair silvered by sorrows. A very fine delicate skin through which the blood mantles at the least excuse, handsome, well-marked features, and eyes with clear blue whites such as one rarely sees except in children, the iris the most sparkling blue I ever saw, great wells of color like nothing in the world but the blue of the Gulf Stream, as we seasick wretches saw it from the old *Tybee*. Heavy, not too heavy eyebrows and moustache. Friday night we dined with Mr. Tom Appleton and went afterwards to see Sothern as Dundreary; he was funnier than ever. The following Thursday I dined with Millie Townsend to meet him. He remembered me. A charming little dinner; Mr. Sothern was wonderful, but Mr. Appleton, with his utter egotism, usurped too much of the conversation. Sothern did some tricks with a silver water pitcher, which he made

EDWARD ASKEW SOTHERN
From a photograph by Sarony

heavy or light at his will. He asked Lucy to lift it, which she did with ease. He then placed his hand over it and Lucy only just managed to lift it from the table. Saturday afternoon to see Dundreary again, better than ever. That night Mr. Sothern kindly sent me his box for "David Garrick." Our party was Doctor and Mrs. Townsend, Lucy, Porter, Munzig, Arthur Clark, and Frank Abbott. David Garrick was the most wonderful piece of acting I ever saw. Mr. Sothern and his son came into the box; he gave me the rose he wore and I gave him my boutonnière, which he wore in the next act. He came again after the play and took us behind the scenes. There was an enthusiastic house; he was called out four times and made a speech, bowing low to our box as he left the stage. Sunday Lucy had a farewell dinner for him. In evening dress he looked handsomer than ever. We were all sorry enough to say good-by to him for eighteen months, when he returns to Boston.

In these years we were again living at Green Peace. South Boston was now more accessible than when my mother first went to live there. My sister, Laura Richards, lived in the next house, where three of her seven children were born. There was much coming and going of Halls, Howes, Parkses, Wards, McAllisters, and Francises, with the newly added clans of my brother-in-law's people, Richardses, and Gardiners. The journal gives glimpses of a gay household with the "young marrieds" next door and flocks of young people coming out for high tea on Sunday. One day's record shows the varied character of the guests at Green Peace.

"Gorham Bacon came to dinner, Mr. Burgwyn, Richard Mansfield, Porter, Munzig, and Mr. Dwight for supper. Mr. D. took me to the opera last night. The Italian tenor, Tamberlik, is wonderful. He has been singing since 1841, yet his voice is perfectly strong and clear. Dressed the flowers in both houses, made cake. Mama

came home from church bringing Marion Gray. As we were crooning over the fire at twilight, the dining-room door opened and Uncle Sam walked in with a young Lord Rosebery. Later came Charlie How with Gus Gurnee."

It must have been in the early seventies that I first met Benjamin Curtis Porter, destined to have a successful career as a portrait painter. At this time he had quarters in the Studio Building on Tremont Street, opposite the Old Granary Burying Ground. It was the pleasant custom of that simpler era for artists to receive on Saturday mornings. Friends, patrons, strangers even, were free to knock at any studio door and were pretty sure to be admitted. Mr. Rowse, whose crayon portraits were "all the rage", lived in the same building, as did also our friend George Snell, the architect, who gave pleasant luncheon parties at his rooms. I do not know that Porter actually studied with Rowse, but his early work shows the influence of this artist.

Porter made a crayon drawing of my mother for the New England Woman's Club, and I fancy that it was while he was having the sittings for this that he became a familiar visitor at our house. There is an early sketch of me at about this time in my sister Laura's possession, for which I have no recollection of sitting. He made a charming little oil painting called the "Blessed Damosel" for Laura's wedding present, and though taking some liberties with her coloring — he made her nut-brown hair the color of corn silk — it is the best existing likeness of my pretty sister at this time. I think it must have been in the winter of 1875–1876 that Porter painted the portrait of me that made his reputation. It was shown at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition under

the title, "Portrait of a Lady." It is a charming composition: the lady stands by a chair on which is seated a pug dog. The contrast between the girl's fresh face and the little dog's pugnacious mug is very piquant. The "Portrait of a Lady" soon became one of the most popular pictures in the exhibition. While almost everybody else liked it, Porter was not satisfied and wished to paint another. This time he used a larger canvas and made a full-length seated portrait. He was better pleased with this and sent it to the Paris Exposition of 1879, where it was much noticed. The portrait with the dog is now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, while the larger portrait is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. I am very familiar with the latter, for during my mother's life it hung in her Boston house. It has lost nothing and gained much in richness of tone since it was painted. Porter made in all four portraits of me. The one my mother liked best is a crayon profile, of which she used to say:

"It is as if my Maud had passed and left her shadow on the wall!"

Porter was a witty man, with a keen sense of humor. He talked well and was much in demand in society, which now took him up vigorously. He was overwhelmed with orders and drew or painted many of the belles of the day. A painting of Mrs. Moses Williams with her young son at her side was, I think, his favorite portrait of this early period. He had now moved to a larger studio in Boylston Street, which he fitted up in picturesque style. Here he gave receptions and musicales to the ever-increasing circle of his friends.

I have forgotten, if I ever knew, why he gave up Boston and moved to New York, where he lived all the rest of

his life, painting a great number of portraits of well-known society men and women. He was at his best with children or young girls. He often introduced dogs in his larger compositions with excellent effect. Loup, his white Russian deerhound, appears in several of his pictures. When he walked abroad Loup always followed closely at his heel. They made a good-looking pair, and when they left Boston, we missed the picturesque figures of the artist and his white deerhound from our streets.

Young writers, especially poets, often came to talk with my mother about their work and the great things they meant to accomplish. I took these visits as a matter of course and did not half appreciate the privilege of being present when some ardent young neophyte came, breathless, to kindle his torch at the flame that she, like some priestess of the Delphic oracle, kept alight from her earliest childhood until the very end of her life. I do distinctly remember, however, two of these visitors, who came within a few days of each other, John Hay and Francis Bret Harte. The younger poets acclaimed her as their muse and looked up to her with loving understanding.

I recall perfectly John Hay's first visit to our house. She had met him in Washington, and not long after, when he was in Boston, he called upon her. He had already made a name for himself as a writer, and when he was announced, I was surprised to see so young a man. He was small, slender, smartly — even foppishly — dressed, with a splendidly shaped head and expressive, near-sighted eyes. They talked much of Lincoln; this was before the great emancipator had become the popular idol of a later day. What remains clearest with me is the almost reverent attitude and expression of John Hay,

as he took my mother's hand in parting and stood for a moment, looking silently into her eyes. A small, orange-brown volume of verse, "Pike County Ballads" by John Hay, always stood in the bookcase near her desk. I still treasure this book along with his "Castilian Days." Colonel Hay is best remembered as a diplomat and a statesman; but for me he is, first of all, the author of "Little Breeches" and "The Prairie Belle."

I never pass Number 32 Mt. Vernon Street without emotion. In this mellow old brick dwelling we lived for some years during the seventies. My father bought the house from the heirs of Miss Nabby Joy, a well-known character in the Boston of that time, and the owner of some interesting furniture and porcelain, also acquired by my father, and still in use in his grandchildren's homes. Strange how permanent things are, compared to people! From this friendly Mt. Vernon Street house my three dear sisters were married, — what lovely brides, and all so different! Here many wonderful parties were given, among them the reception for General Grant and the breakfast for Bret Harte. The breakfast was set for nine, the company were all on time, the guest of honor arriving as the clock began to strike the hour. I remember my mother gave us broiled spring chickens and English bacon (that was before the day of our great packers), and to top off with, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup. That must be nearly fifty years ago, and breakfast parties are again in fashion, "morning after" breakfasts, served at the fag end of an all-night ball.

For some reason or other I had not been told of the party, and I remember my astonishment at coming into the dining room a little late, to find the long table surrounded by strangers.

"This is my youngest daughter, Mr. Harte," was my mother's introduction.

"I did not know there was to be company," I stammered, to excuse my tardiness.

"You mean you did not know there were to be buckwheat cakes," said Bret Harte, with mock severity.

He was then in the first flush of fame. "The Luck of Roaring Camp", a volume of short stories, had won him instant recognition; and "The Heathen Chinee" was already a classic. He was a man of fine presence, medium-sized, with thick silver hair that would curl, a face deeply pitted with smallpox, and keen blue eyes.

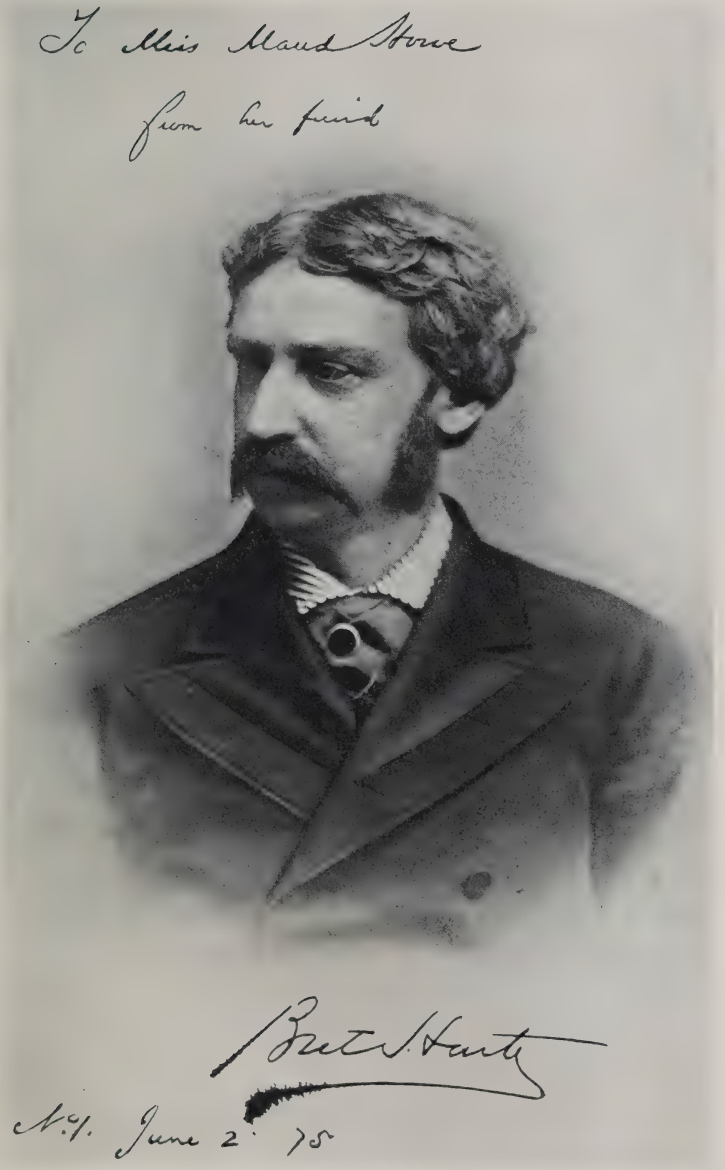
The talk was so brilliant that I believed I should never forget the witty things that were said. Alas, only a few fragments remain of the conversation at that delectable breakfast table.

"Mr. Harte, you have taught the English-speaking world a lesson in brevity it will never forget," somebody said, but whether it was my mother or Mr. Emerson I have clean forgotten. I do remember how pleased Harte was and how his face kindled at the compliment.

I found the opportunity to tell him that Jack Oakhurst was my favorite hero, and to ask why scampish heroes were so much more interesting to read about than the virtuous.

"I cannot tell you why," was Bret Harte's answer, "but there is no doubt about the fact. I have been asked to give a lecture; I refused because I could n't think of a subject. Now you have given me an idea. I will write a lecture about Bad People I have known, if you will deliver it for me!"

During the following summer Bret Harte was at Newport, where he wrote some of his finest poems. He was



FRANCIS BRET HARTE
From a photograph by Beardsley

much at our house and went with my mother to the meetings of the Town and Country Club, a literary association of her founding, which under her guidance flourished for some score of years.

During the season of 1875 my mother and I passed some gay weeks in Washington. We stayed at Wormley's, hard by the lodgings of Uncle Sam Ward, who now brought me, instead of sugar plums and playthings, visitors and invitations; he was *persona grata* wherever good company was at a premium, and very popular in the capital. These were the palmy days of Washington society, before it grew rich and formal. Cosmopolitan as it always had been, it then had the cordial, informal flavor of a Southern city. The ladies of the Cabinet were at home on Wednesday afternoons, when everybody was free to call. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, wife of the Secretary of State, was most punctilious about returning all visits in person. One afternoon her carriage stopped before a humble house whose door was opened by a woman straight from the washtub, her sleeves rolled up, her arms wet with soapsuds. Mrs. Fish recognized in the washerwoman a person who had called on one of her reception days. At sight of the great lady in her carriage, the working woman burst into tears.

"If you did not wish me to call upon you, why did you come to see me?" Mrs. Fish asked kindly, and after a brief visit took her departure.

Miss Jenny Lowry was among the belles of this season. I had known her brother when he was at Harvard and took a great liking to the beautiful sister, who, with her soft Andalusian eyes, looked like a Murillo Madonna.

The house of Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey was made attractive by his three daughters, all much

liked and admired. There were pleasant Saturday afternoons at Brentwood, the home of Mrs. Carlyle Patterson, and Thursday "At Homes" at Mrs. William Richardson's; best of all were the historic Sunday evenings at the Loring's on K Street. The elder Miss Loring was a close student of political history. At the Loring salon one met the leading statesmen and diplomats, many of whom, it was said, consulted Miss Loring with reference to the political events she followed so intelligently. I have grateful memories of a son of the house, Doctor Frank Loring, the oculist, who took my friend Helen Gardner and myself under his wing and introduced us to the young dancing set, in whose company we played happily through several blissful weeks. In reward for all his kindness, we gave him the title of "Mother in Israel" and never spoke of him by any other name.

An old visiting list helps me to recall this Washington visit. Until I unearthed the little morocco book with my name written on the flyleaf in Uncle Sam's hand, I had quite forgotten I had ever known some of the people who called upon and entertained us, though some stand out strong and clear. "Major General Fremont" rouses no flash of memory, whereas "Mr. Thomas F. Bayard" evokes the shade of one of the most exquisite of gentlemen, of such winning personality that he was beloved even by those politically opposed to him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schurz." I can remember nothing of the lady, but the strongly marked features of Schurz, harsh but intelligent, his keen hard eyes behind the gleaming glasses, his foreign accent, are as fresh as if I had met him yesterday. He was then Senator from Missouri, a marked man. His most important work

for civil service reform came later, when he was Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes.

James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight", then speaker of the House, was much in evidence. I never missed a chance to hear him speak. He was a natural orator, swaying his audience exactly as a good actor does. Mr. Blaine was then trying for the Republican nomination for President in the coming campaign of 1876, another bitter contest like the election of 1872. This was before Blaine, as Secretary of State under Garfield, had begun the great constructive policy of Pan-Americanism with which his name will always be linked. Though I remember the Blaines in Washington I saw them later more familiarly at their pleasant old house at Augusta, Maine, overlooking the Kennebec. Here I came under the magnetic influence for which Blaine was famous, and can testify to its control over his political friends and followers, whose devotion to their leader I have only once known surpassed. Walker Blaine, the oldest son, was a brilliant man, with his father's fluency and grasp. The second son, Emmons, I knew better, and he once made a visit at Oak Glen; he was a genial, delightful young fellow, with certain quaint turns of speech I have never forgotten.

At the time I was far more interested in the young diplomats and officers with whom I danced than with the men who were making history in Washington. To-day, I can hardly recall the name or face of one of my dancing partners, while President Grant, Vice President Wilson, Mr. Fish, Senator Boutwell (Charles Sumner's successor) and the other prominent figures of the time are perfectly clear to me. It may be because I have frequently seen portraits of them, but I am inclined to believe it is a

case of subconscious self taking notice and registering impressions, while conscious self danced the german!

I remember interesting gatherings at George Bancroft's house on H Street. Uncle Sam had been a scholar at Round Hill School, kept by Doctor Coggeshall and Mr. Bancroft when they and the century were young. Mr. Bancroft seemed to me very old, though he still had a good many years of life before him. He was a small man with the nearsighted eyes of a scholar, a white beard, and rather an argumentative manner. I remember hearing him say that the first ten volumes of his History of the United States were published exactly forty years before the last volume. He was fond of young company, and I was more than once flattered by his talking with me when there were older and wiser people present; he knew what I am now learning, that the elixir of youth can only be administered by the young!

There was more ceremony in Mrs. Bancroft's ménage than was then common; once an ambassadress always an ambassadress. One did not forget that with her husband she had represented our country at the Courts of St. James and Potsdam. Mrs. Bancroft's son, Alexander or "Sandy" Bliss, a friendly soul who went by the sobriquet of "Arabia Felix", was very kind in keeping me supplied with partners at the Washington balls.

Helen Gardner, who was with us on our Washington visit, was then in her first bloom, a slender brunette with a sparkling personality, a wit, a charm, an originality that made her a prominent figure wherever she was. I like to remember Helen's hazel eyes at this time, before they had shed the many tears that must have been her portion, though I never saw a trace of one! Helen, the reserved, the high-spirited, was full of distances that

sometimes made her seem beyond the reach of human sympathy. Her hazel eyes were covered by the smoothest eyelids I ever saw; when she looked down, they were like the petals of a white magnolia blossom. Her sense of humor was so subtle that it carried her lightly over disasters that would have overwhelmed another. She was a born princess, and though most of her life she lacked a court, she never lacked courtiers. She had the "fatal fascination" of the other Helen, though it was she who suffered from it, not her suitors. It never hurt any man to have loved Helen, but it interfered with much that she might have accomplished. It takes a deal of time and power to be fascinating, and yet who of her generation who remembers her bright willful presence, her whimsical talk, would have changed her an iota?

Washington without Charles Sumner was to my mother "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Sumner had died during my parents' absence in Santo Domingo the year before. At the time of his death, Sumner's sister, Mrs. Hastings, telegraphed from San Francisco, asking me to place a wreath upon her brother's grave. A public funeral was given him by the State of Massachusetts, from which women were excluded. When the authorities heard of Mrs. Hastings' request they decided that it must be honored. I well remember that March day when I drove to Mt. Auburn in the first carriage behind the hearse, the only woman in the funeral procession. The black horses walked the entire way from the State House to Mt. Auburn, six or seven miles; the tramp, tramp of the military escort, the feet of that great host of mourners, seemed to beat out the refrain:

He was the noblest Roman of them all!

Glancing back over my life, certain years stand out clearly like signposts, while others loom nebulous and vague. The centennial year of 1876 is one of the vivid ones, for it brought my first meeting with the veiled figure, Grief, with whom all of us must walk part of the journey. Early in the year my father died. The date of his death, January 9th, is one of the few anniversaries I never forget; each year brings me a better understanding of his great heart, his chivalric nature. At first it seemed impossible that he was really gone, that I should never again see his face or hear his voice. After the first forlorn sense of loss came the strange process of readjustment. Life did go on without that dominant figure to shape its course, and certain new responsibilities came upon me. My mother had always left to my father the practical matters of our family life, and these to a large degree devolved upon me. Had I been of an introspective turn I might have shrunk from the part I was now to play. Instead, I seized the reins as he dropped them, eager as Phaeton to drive the steeds of Apollo.

If there were a horse to buy, I did not hesitate, but promptly bought the best horse I could find, only to learn that the dear animal — we called him Ha'pence — was afflicted with quarter-cracks cleverly patched up by the jockey who sold him to us. When there was a new house to buy, I went to a house agent I had met in society and was ignorant enough to ask him what his commission was. The agent took advantage of my simplicity and charged us two hundred dollars. Years after I learned that in Boston he who sells a house pays the agent's commission; to collect from both buyer and seller was sharp practice, as the agent, Mr. M., knew perfectly well. It was at this time that my mother gave me the nickname

"Boss." I did not like it as well as my other nickname "Duchess", but I had not the courage to rebel.

In the early summer of 1876 I made a long visit to my friends, Ida and Alice Cushman, who lived with their aunt, Miss Rebecca Wetherell, in the fine old Wetherell house on the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets, in Philadelphia. Mr. Cushman, their father, a miniature painter of distinction, took us often to the Art Gallery of the Centennial Exhibition, and with him I studied the fine collections that the European nations sent to this, our first World's Fair. The Centennial did much to stimulate every phase of the growing art life of our country. With me, as with thousands of others, art became from this time forward one of the absorbing interests of life; for several years I hoped to be an artist.

The winter after my father's death my mother decided to go to Europe. I know now that the trip was made entirely for my sake, and that she was loth to leave the many interests of her Boston life. President of the New England Woman's Club and the Association for the Advancement of Women, she held important positions in half a dozen other organizations for public service. She made the great sacrifice for my sake, and I, like other young people, accepted the maternal devotion as a matter of course! Before sailing for Europe she determined that I must know something more of my own country. Massachusetts I knew pretty thoroughly, Rhode Island a little. I had a bowing acquaintance with New York, knew Washington by sight. That was all, and in her judgment not enough. She arranged a lecture trip to the Middle West to meet the expenses of our journey. This gave me my first realizing sense that lack of money

is one of those minor obstacles in life that require only a little courage to overcome. Of this trip I remember only the wonder of Niagara, the bustle of Chicago, the pleasant yellow brick city of Milwaukee, where we stayed at the luxurious house of my mother's friend, Mrs. Doggett; last and best, how I ran the express from Milwaukee to Chicago! We were to make the journey with one of the directors of the road, who, finding how much I longed for this experience, escorted me to the locomotive cab and gave me into the hands of the engineer, with the words:

"This young lady thinks she would like to be an engine driver. Let her have a chance to try it out!"

It was a thrilling experience. I was allowed to handle the levers, ring the bell, and blow the whistle. The engineer and firemen were two new types of men; that in itself would have made the journey more interesting than the stereotyped company of the Pullman. Oh! the joy of flying across the level prairie on a glorious autumn afternoon, with straight shining rails stretching before me, my hand on the bounding pulse of the iron horse, — this was a ride to remember all my life! We made schedule time. When we arrived at Chicago the director told me my only mistake had been to hold open the throttle of the whistle-valve so long that an old lady in the Pullman thought there was an accident. The engineer gallantly explained that the whistle had been to frighten a cow off the track.

These are all the details I remember of this journey with my mother; nevertheless I believe it did for me all she hoped. I date from this time the beginning of my better understanding of my own country and my evolution from a New Englander into an American.

One other experience my mother was careful to plan; that I should hear Mr. Emerson lecture before we sailed. If I have forgotten the subject of the address, it does not matter, for later on I was to become a devoted Emersonian. What I retain is a strong impression of his personality. I felt that I was in the presence of a very wonderful being. I remember the wisdom and sweetness of his face, the tones of his voice, by turns like a silver trumpet and the soughing of the breeze. His diction, like that of some polished actor of the *Comédie Française*, was such an art that it seemed like nature. After the lecture my mother spoke with Mr. Emerson and his daughter, Miss Ellen. His smile as he turned to speak to me, the touch of his hand on mine, were as a benediction whose influence remained with me through life.

CHAPTER X

England

The spring of 1877 saw the great adventure of our European journey begun. My mother and I sailed from Boston on the Cunard steamer *Parthia*, Captain Donald MacKaye commanding. As we steamed down the harbor, I looked back at the window where I had so often watched the passing ships; my turn had come at last! I too was "going to Europe"! We made friends with our captain, a bluff, hearty Scot, who gave us tea in his cabin, showed us portraits of "the wife and bairns", and taught me to take the sun. There were advantages in those days of long crossings and small steamers, unknown on board "ocean greyhounds." The supremacy of the Cunarders was unquestioned, the deadening touch of German efficiency was not yet upon ocean travel. The British officers "took it easily", found time to make the passengers feel at home. Beside the fleeting steamer friendships, I was aware of another companionship: in the glory of sunny days, the mystery of moonlight nights, the chill of icebergs off the Banks, the shade of Columbus bore me company. In other transatlantic journeyings there have come moments when the great Admiral seemed near, but never again as on that first journey.

"How could you do it?" I cried out to him, when the ship rolled horribly.

The answer was always the same, whether beaten out by the screw or whispered by the wind:

"Because I was not afraid!"

On the Liverpool dock a tiny donkey in a costermonger's cart and a burly policeman walked right out of *Punch* to meet us! I knew the whole series by heart, and to-day can imagine no better preparation for a visit to England.

We spent a few days in Liverpool, made a stop in Chester, and then pushed on to London, where we found rooms in Bedford Place. Our lodgings were gay with chintz hangings and window boxes of scarlet geraniums. A sprite of a maid in white cap and apron served us; a friendly ogress, the lodging-house keeper, supplied breakfast — bacon and eggs, marmalade, tea and toast — for eighteen pence. There was a lacquered box, with a canister for tea and a bowl for sugar, whose key the ogress formally handed my mother.

London in May, when the white thorn is in bloom and even the smoky city squares are lovely with the spring, when life is at the flood and every hour holds more delights than the keenest pleasure-seeker can grasp, was then the social center of the world. The year 1877 was the fortieth of Queen Victoria's reign: to celebrate the anniversary she was proclaimed Empress of India, an honor people said she owed to Disraeli, who had lately accepted the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. The Queen was not in London, the Prince and Princess of Wales representing her at all the great functions.

We were soon deep in social engagements. My mother's old friends and the new ones made on my account were very hospitable; our days passed in a bewildering round of dinners, dances, garden parties, races of boats, of horses; matches of cricket, of football; "shows" of pictures, flowers, vegetables, dogs!

Henry James was often my mother's escort; I rather

avoided talking with him, fancying that he was "studying" me for copy; later in life we became fast friends.

Charles Stewart Parnell was one of our earliest visitors. My mother being out when he first called, I received the visit. He seemed at a loss to begin the conversation, and sat looking at me with a puzzled expression. It finally came out that he was under the impression he was talking with Mrs. Howe. He was tall, slender, distinguished, with blue eyes and sandy hair. He was full of nervous "drive", with something chivalric in his make-up which should have saved him from the political persecution that shortened his life. He took us to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone. I remember well the great Commoner's eloquence, the sort of insistent magnetism he exerted over his hearers. His followers were loyal as schoolboys to their leader. Lord Rosebery, at that time Gladstone's secretary, always spoke of him as of some superior being. Sir Stafford Northcote had something to say to the Commons that day about the strength of the Russian fleet and its close proximity to New York and San Francisco.

At this time the Russian bogey was much in evidence, the Eastern question was the burning issue, and Disraeli's coquetting with Turkey much criticized. Most of our friends were Gladstonians, though we knew some of the leading Tories who supported Disraeli. These two famous statesmen were more in evidence in the political arena than any others.

Mr. Biggar was pointed out as "the biggest Parliamentary bore on record" and Sir Charles Dilke as having set all England by the ears by his advocacy of cremation and his attitude on the Deceased Wife's Sister bill. I remember there was some talk about the Suez Canal and

discussion of what constituted contraband of war. The ladies' gallery where we sat was hot, crowded, uncomfortable, and screened like the musharabeah window of an Egyptian harem. I disliked it so much that I never went there again.

People who live in London must inevitably find the circle where they belong, and remain more or less fixed therein. The charm of that first London season was that we were made welcome in a dozen different circles and counted among our friends extreme conservatives and arrant radicals.

After all these years the people I remember best are the literary men and the artists. My first meeting with Robert Browning was at the home of Mrs. Lehmann. The son of the house, Rudolph Lehmann, the writer and athlete, was an interesting boy with a mop of dark curls and large, expressive eyes.

"As Mr. Browning often dines with us," the hostess said, "I always show him the list of guests and let him choose who shall sit beside him: to-night you are to have the honor."

I felt it a very great honor indeed, and awaited his coming with beating heart.

In conventional evening dress Browning, then about sixty-five years old, looked less the traditional poet than his portraits. He was spruce, with waxed mustache and a man-of-the-world air, not at all like the pictures of Byron or Shelley, our own Walt Whitman, or the silvery Longfellow. When we were seated at table he adjusted his monocle and glanced at the *menu*.

"I know this cook's best dishes," he said, "I will advise you in choosing the *plats*."

It was unreasonable, but I was shocked! To come

trembling into the presence of the adored poet and find him only a man and an epicure was a cruel disillusionment. What did I expect? *Quien sabe?*

Soon after I had an opportunity to visit Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. . I promptly refused the invitation. I had heard of the Laureate's being rude to some Americans and would not risk another disappointment in poets.

Edmund Gosse proved a stanch friend to us as he has to many other Americans made welcome at his Sunday afternoons. He was a man of charm and simplicity: my memories of him are in harmony with his enchanting autobiography, "Father and Son." Mrs. Gosse was both aesthetic and good looking. We met at her house her two sisters, Mrs. Alma-Tadema and another whose name I have forgotten. These three charmers were the daughters of Mr. Epps, and were known by the adjectives in his famous cocoa advertisement, "Grateful, Comforting, Delicious." All were pretty women. Mrs. Tadema, the handsomest, was I think "Delicious." She painted extremely well, and her husband was proud of her pictures. I once heard him say:

"Take notice that I wish to have it put on my tombstone, 'Here lies the husband of Mrs. Alma-Tadema'!"

The Alma-Tadema house had certain classical features, — an atrium like those at Pompeii with marble columns and seats, a fountain playing in a marble basin filled with rose leaves; the floors were strewn with panther and tiger skins. Tadema often painted this interior in his pictures of Roman and Greek life, which were much admired and brought enormous sums.

Edmund Yates of the *London World* was one of the prominent men about town. His witticisms at the expense of his rival, Labouchère, editor of *London Truth*,

were much quoted. The two editors chaffed each other in a weekly paragraph. People looked in *Truth* for Labouchère's screed beginning, "My dear Edmund", and in the *World* for a corresponding paragraph opening with, "My dear Labbie"! The jesting was good-humoured, neither hitting below the belt.

Mr. Yates was kind to us, first for Uncle Sam's sake, then for our own. He was unwearied in arranging entertainments where we might meet the literary lights of the day. A dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, where for the first time I tasted whitebait, is a clear memory. We drove down from London on a coach and four through beautiful Richmond Park, whose noble oaks are among the finest I have ever seen. We had a private dining room opening on the terrace, with the famous view over the Thames. Mallock, author of the "New Republic", one of the books of the year, was the most brilliant of the witty party, and the lovely Violet Fane kept pace with him. William Black, who was among the guests, was very silent that night, but looked interesting.

"I wish to propose the health of the United States!" said the host, bowing to my mother. The company rose to drink the toast.

"Yates ought to like your country," said Louis Jennings, my neighbor at table; "he earned the thirty thousand pounds with which he bought the *World*, on a lecture tour in the States!"

Mr. Yates had made some success as a novelist, but his real talent was journalistic. As long as he lived the *World* was sent to us, and my mother never failed to read it, sometimes crying out as she laid the paper down, "It makes me homesick for London!"

Among the friends of other days was Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), whom my mother had known on her first visit to England in 1844. He then ranked as one of the notable minor poets, though I do not often hear his poetry spoken of to-day. I have a volume of his, published in 1838. It has a certain old-fashioned charm and brings back the marked personality of the old gentleman whom we met frequently at dinners and even balls, though he was past eighty years old.

Mr. George Howard, the late Lord Carlisle, was tireless in helping us see the best ancient and modern art. He was at that time devoting himself to painting, exhibiting with the rebels of the Grosvenor Gallery. He was a man of exquisite refinement and great reserve, ill fitted, it appeared, to take part in political life. He had married Rosamond, daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who inherited the family gift for politics and was already prominent as a reformer, though still very young, with a nursery full of children. I date my lifelong passion for sight-seeing from those hours spent with Mr. Howard at the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other picture galleries and studios. He introduced us to his friend Burne-Jones, who asked me to sit for him. I remember those mornings at Burne-Jones's house very clearly. The walls of the passage leading to the studio were hung with the cartoons of the artist's beautiful decoration, "The Briar Rose." Burne-Jones was one of the most sensitive and interesting artists I have known. He complimented me on being a good sitter, — "You can hold the pose as well as many professional models." He did not show me the canvas for which I sat, but told me later that my portrait appeared in a group of nymphs in the decoration he was then working upon. One day William

Morris came in during the sitting and said a few words to his friend. Morris, in his plain, rough blue linen shirt and picturesque homespun clothes, looked the poet and the artist he was. Most of the men and women of this artistic group were very individual in dress. Mrs. Burne-Jones and her daughter looked like the ladies in Walter Crane's lovely illustrations. It was from them that I first learned of the charming Liberty fabrics to which I have remained faithful all these years.

This I believe was the first year of the Grosvenor Gallery, whose exhibitions represented a revolt of some of the leading artists against the formal traditions of the Royal Academy. There was a battle royal as to the relative merits of the two exhibitions and the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. The leading lights of the Grosvenor Gallery were Burne-Jones, George Watts, and Whistler. Like most such defections the movement proved useful; all the bitter words written and spoken had the happy effect of giving a fresh impulse to British art.

Sir Frederick Leighton was then president of the Royal Academy. On the night of the opening reception at Burlington House, all London flocked to the Academy. The guests were received by Sir Frederick, standing at the head of the main stairway. He was a commanding figure in his silk robes of office, his orders, and decorations. We had for our escorts the Greek Minister, M. Gennadius, and a young artist named John Elliott. The servant who announced the guests mixed the cards and read the Ambassador's name as the artist advanced. He was received with great cordiality, while the Ambassador got the curtest imaginable nod.

The pictures most noticed that year were by Millais, Leighton, Poynter, Frith, Leslie, Alma-Tadema, and

George Boughton, the American, whose pictures had a great vogue. Millais was then the most popular of the London painters, judging by the price his pictures brought. The Pre-Raphaelite group were rather bitter about him. He had been with them in their revolt against the conventional school, but after a few years had deserted them and gone back to the Philistines. I heard much discussion of all these currents in the art world, for we were often at the houses of Alma-Tadema, Burne-Jones, and other artists, where the vital topic of conversation was art with a big A. It gave me a peculiar satisfaction to remind one of my new artist friends that London owed its Royal Academy largely to an American painter, Benjamin West, who induced the King to grant the charter to the Association of which he was president twenty-eight years.

The styles in dress that year were rather extravagant. In the morning the leaders of fashion wore plain, close-fitting silk jerseys, which gave great offense to the prudish, mannish ulsters and derby hats. For afternoon and evening wear trains were *de rigueur*. At the balls these absurdly long trains made dancing very difficult. I found the average English woman neither so handsome nor so elegant as the average American. When it came to the exceptional ones, it was quite the other way. I have never seen any women who compare, either in beauty or bearing, to the *fine fleur* of English girlhood.

Our London life was kaleidoscopic, brilliant, shifting, little bits of fashion, art, sport, philanthropy, politics all jostling each other and making a brilliant whole. I remember one grand banquet where General Grant, then on his triumphal progress around the world, was the guest of honor, and was seated at table between Mrs. Langtry and myself. At this time the Jersey Lily was the

reigning toast. She was very young, hardly more than twenty, and was without question the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. There was something disarming about her smile, which began in the eyes (like calm blue lakes) and ended in the parting of the perfect lips, the dimpling of the cheek. Watts' portrait of her in a close little bonnet is very like, but does not quite convey the impression of dazzling loveliness she produced. Among the other reigning beauties were Lady Dudley, a little cold in type compared to the Lily, but looking like "the daughter of a hundred earls", and Mrs. Cornwallis West, diminutive and charming as a Dresden china figure.

The cult for beauty was unlike anything I have ever known before or since. The aesthetic movement was at its height, and the "short-haired women and long-haired men", familiar figures at all the great routs and public *fêtes*, waited to see the entrance of one of the "beauties", as people wait to see Royalty pass. The photographs of the professional beauties were on sale in the shops with those of the royal family, leading statesmen, and popular actors.

We owed our glimpses of the world of sport largely to Lord Dunraven, owner of the famous yacht *Thistle*, who was attentive to us for Uncle Sam's sake. He drove us down to the Derby, where we were his guests in the royal inclosure, and had a close view of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince, later Edward VII, was not far from forty, and looked rather like Holbein's portrait of Henry the Eighth. The Princess was much beloved, though the people of the court and the diplomats found her hard to talk with on account of her deafness. She was elegant in dress, and for good looks held her own with the professional beauties. Like the Queen, she was

devoted to her family, but during the season could not have had much time for her children. Every waking hour of her day seemed filled with official engagements. She was forever opening hospitals, presiding at *fêtes*, charity bazaars, and graduating exercises.

We went to Ascot with Lord Dunraven, and I remember dimly some yachting excursion with him. This was ten years before the race between the *Thistle* and the *Mayflower* for the *America's* cup. There was some dispute about this race, and many people felt that Dunraven had not been well treated by our American judges. Feeling ran high in yachting circles and I overheard one sporting character say to another:

"Dunraven they call him, — Done racin', I call him!"

Lady Dunraven was very unlike her husband in tastes and interests. I remember her as one of the most perfectly bred women I ever met, gentle, domestic, and devoted to her children.

I think it was through Lord Rosebery that we made the acquaintance of Constance, daughter of Sir Anthony de Rothschild. She was the finest type of the English Hebrew, a woman of great power and character. She was a devoted follower of Frances Power Cobbe, whom I met at her house. I spent ten days at Aston Clinton, the Rothschild country seat in Buckinghamshire. At this time Cyril Flower was paying court to Miss Rothschild, and I was aware of the struggle that shook my friend's nature to its depths. The whole Jewish community had been outraged by the recent marriage of her sister to a Christian gentleman named Yorke and the union of her cousin, Hannah Rothschild, with Lord Rosebery. Both these ladies had been cursed in the synagogue with the dreadful Jewish curse reserved for

women who marry outside the faith. My friend was too clear a thinker to fear the curse of Israel, but she dreaded the feeling that she had betrayed her dear Jews, should she marry a Christian. Cyril Flower was a superb, gold-bearded Viking of a man whose wooing was impetuous and ardent. Meeting them on their wedding journey, I asked the bridegroom if the curse had been pronounced. He told me no; his bride (who had written an admirable history of the Israelites) was so deeply beloved by her people that her defection had been passed over in silence. Mr. Flower entered political life to represent the Rothschild interests: he later became Lord Battersea.

M. Alphonse, the Rothschilds' famous French chef, was quite a character. Poor Sir Anthony was much out of health and obliged to live on rice and gruel, but he sat at the head of his table at dinner and, like Mr. Browning, helped me to choose the cook's best *plats*. I remember his pointing out a particularly fat truffle as a dish was handed me:

"Take that one, and tell me if it is not good."

He watched me intently as I ate the truffle, then with a sigh went back to his boiled rice.

Lady Rothschild was a lovely woman with delicate pink cheeks and silver hair. Her hand was the only one I have ever touched that was as soft as my mother's. Finding me much interested in the household arrangements of the establishment, she herself took me through the perfectly appointed lower regions of Aston Clinton. Here I saw M. Alphonse in white linen suit and cap. At the end of the long kitchen was an open fire before which stood a mighty rack with a series of slowly revolving spits. On the upper one were a row of quail, on the next

pheasants, then ducks, chickens, turkeys, legs of mutton, and on the lowest spit huge roasts of beef, all slowly going round and round while M. Alphonse basted them with his long ladle.

On parting, Lady Rothschild gave me a small volume. It proved to be a series of short religious lessons she had prepared. I read it carefully and found nothing that any Christian Sunday-school teacher would not have used in her class.

I was struck by the part the leading statesmen took in London's social life. At home men of great affairs have little time for society: in London the cabinet minister or prominent statesman who does not dine out constantly is the exception. They consider it part of the relaxation all intellectual workers must find in one direction or another. A skillful London hostess tries to secure some leading political light for her dinners and takes as much care in her choice of the company as a good *chef* in mixing a salad. I felt the same care in the make-up of the house parties, where the right people always seemed to be brought together. In my own Boston at this time there prevailed a primitive custom of social segregation of persons of the same age. Boys and girls consorted together, the middle-aged, the elderly, the old. In London I found no trace of this tiresome restriction; in social life as in the family life the different generations were allowed to mix. This was much to my liking. I care less for people of my own age than for any others, because I have less to learn from them. We have all been rolled like pebbles on the beach by the same world currents and taken more or less the same shape.

We found time for the opera and the theater. Richard Mansfield often sent us seats for the play, and sometimes

went with us. He had already made his first hit in "Prince Karl." Albani was the favorite prima donna and Ellen Terry the most popular actress. Irving's productions of Shakespeare were among the notable dramatic events of the season. His acting both as Hamlet and Benedick left me cold. It seemed to me he was not great enough to play Shakespeare either in tragedy or comedy. When it came to melodrama and farce, I have never seen a better actor. His acting of the "Lyons Mail" was admirable, and his impersonation of Alfred Jingle in a curtain raiser a matchless performance. We heard Patti several times in concert; she was not singing in opera that season. On one occasion at Albert Hall we heard the people's idol, Sims Reeves, sing, "Farewell, my trim-built Wherry." He was a very old man, and his voice a shadow of what it had been when my mother heard him in his prime. She called my attention to the rapturous applause that greeted him, saying:

"The faithfulness of English audiences to their old favorites is proverbial; it is part of the tenacity of their natures. An English friend is a friend for life."

She went on to contrast the devotion of the English to their old favorites with the fickleness of the French, and told of the Parisian public that had so adored Rachel neglecting her for Ristori, the Italian tragedienne.

Of all the theatrical performances, I enjoyed most "The Sorcerer", the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Gilbert was already a household word with us through our devotion to his "Bab Ballads." His play, "Pygmalion and Galatea", had already made a hit, but it was through his partnership with Arthur Sullivan that he won his great popularity. Those were the

palmy days of light opera. Offenbach was still sung all over the world, and the vogue for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in all the English-speaking countries was something phenomenal. These melodious operettas, bubbling over with clean, wholesome English fun, deserved all the popularity they enjoyed. To this day I never miss an opportunity of hearing the revivals that from time to time take place. The latest of these, a performance of "Pinafore" given at Newport, by the American sailors during the Great War, gave me hardly less pleasure than the original production I witnessed on my second visit to London in 1878.

Considering how much of fun there was during my first London season, I remember with some surprise how often we went to church. I heard some admirable sermons from Dean Vaughan at the church of the Temple, and have a confused memory of having stayed and dined with the Templars in a great hall, upon mighty roasts of beef under vast pewter covers, gooseberry fool, and enormous strawberries. We often went to service at Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley preach. The beauty of his English was like the architecture of a Doric temple. He had a fine intellectual head and a face of great power and sweetness. We were at his house more than once: we met there Mr. Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo", a book published anonymously a few years before, which had made a deep impression. We also heard Moncure Conway and Stopford Brooke. Conway, who was an American, was then preaching for the South Place Religious Society. He was an old friend, and I remembered him well at Green Peace. Though he and my mother did not agree on matters theological, they were good friends, and we went several times to his house in Hammer-

smith. He was a large, striking-looking man, with a great head and an assertive personality: very aggressive both in and out of the pulpit, but warm-hearted and stimulating. He did not like to be classed with Christians, though he had started as a Methodist minister and later joined the Unitarians. His congregation were plain people, many of them working men of socialistic tendencies.

Stopford Brooke was at this time the most popular of the liberal Church of England preachers. To hear him it was necessary to go very early to secure a seat. The service was low church in character, and had a vested choir of girl choristers. Stopford Brooke's English was more vigorous and not quite so silvery as Dean Stanley's; his doctrine was warm, human, Christian. These three men, Dean Stanley, Stopford Brooke, and Moncure Conway, represented the three degrees of liberal religious thought in England. The Dean lived and died a dignitary of the established church. Of Stopford Brooke Unitarians said what they said about Phillips Brooks, "He belongs with us." Shortly after Brooke himself realized where he belonged, left the Church of England and became a Unitarian.

We heard a service at the Greek Church, where the dark *papa*, in his gorgeous white satin robes embroidered with gold, reminded me of my brother-in-law, Anagnos. One Saturday morning we went to the Hebrew Synagogue, places being reserved for us in the women's gallery. The men put on a sort of shawl as they entered the pews and kept their hats on through the service. Their opening prayer ran somewhat in this fashion:

"I thank thee, Oh, God, that thou hast not made me a woman!"

We met that remarkable old man, Sir Moses Montefiori,

at the Rothschilds'. He talked a great deal with my mother of his plan for repatriating the Hebrews in Jerusalem. I was rather afraid of him and of Sir Anthony, who was, I think, his brother-in-law. While they were extremely courteous in their manner, I was aware of a certain mental attitude that I resented; it was so subtle that to-day I despair of analyzing it, but it seemed to me that as they spoke to me they were repeating silently that contemptuous prayer of the Synagogue.

One of the pleasantest houses where we were made to feel at home was that of the Lyulph Stanleys in Harley Street. Mr. Stanley had lately married Maisie, the beautiful daughter of Sir Lothian Bell, the great iron-master. They had been at our house in America on their wedding journey, and Mr. Stanley at an earlier visit had foregathered with my mother, who had a great esteem and affection for him. The Stanleys, one of the great Liberal families, have always been considered exceptionally original and clever. Our friend Lyulph had already begun his lifelong fight for higher education, and was the leading member of the London School Board, on which he served for more than twenty laborious years. His sister, Lady Amberley, had very advanced views for those days: his elder brother had settled in Constantinople and taken so thoroughly to the ways of that place that it was said he had embraced the religion of Islam. A third brother, Algernon, soon after this became a priest of the Roman Church. He was handsome, with the typical Stanley beauty, — golden hair and beard, delicate rose and white skin, brilliant blue eyes. I admired Algernon's appearance very much, and one day was startled at meeting him shorn of his golden beard and locks, wearing the dress of a Catholic priest.

"How did your mother feel about your conversion?" my mother asked him.

"I really don't know," was the answer. "With one child an atheist and another a Mohammedan, she ought to be pleased to have at least one Christian in her family!"

Rosamond Stanley (Lady Carlisle) was the sister of Lyulph and Algernon Stanley. The last time I was in England our friend Lyulph had succeeded to the title of Lord Stanley, but I remember him best in those early days when we were all young.

Another house of which I have grateful memories was that of Sir Arthur Mills, my mother's lifelong friend, the hero of her comic poem, "The Millsiad", written when they crossed the ocean together long before I was born. Sir Arthur was, at the time I knew him, a strong conservative and felt, I believe, little sympathy with my mother's work for suffrage and other reforms. This made no difference in their friendship, which descended to the next generation; his son, Major Dudley Mills, of the Engineer Corps, was my mother's devoted friend and correspondent to the end of her life.

I am glad that I knew London in the days of the hansom, before that perfect vehicle gave place to the taxi. We were often taken to drive in the Park by our smart friends in their fine carriages, but for me there was nothing like the fun of driving about London in a hansom cab. Next to the London hansom I loved best the box seat of a coach tooling along over the fine hard roads to Hampton Court, Brighton, or Richmond, where the coach drew up at the historic pastry cook's to let the passengers buy those perfect cheese cakes, the "maids of honor."

Hardly less dear than hansom or coach was the top of the omnibus that took us down to Barings' in Thread-

needle Street to draw our money or to go sight-seeing in the city.

"Benk, benk, benk!" cried the guard, swinging on the back of the 'bus; "'Igh Holborn, 'Igh Holborn, Shepperd's Bursh, Elephant and Castle!" An artist friend took us one Saturday night to see Edgeware Road. The long street was crammed with people buying their Sunday dinners. At the doors of the butchers' shops stood men in white aprons with long glittering knives, chanting a peculiar monotonous cry:

"Buy, buy, buy! Beef, pork, mutton, will you buy, will you buy?"

On either side the way was lined with costermongers, whose barrows were lighted by flaring lamps. They, too, shouted their wares, — shrimps, periwinkles, oysters, fruit, vegetables, toys of all descriptions, cooking ware and clothing, for on Saturday night Edgeware Road was transformed into a nocturnal fair, where the poor of London bargained, haggled, and gossiped. It was an amazing spectacle, and a strange pendant for another picture that still remains with me, — Hyde Park, after church on a Sunday morning, with its beauties and "swells."

Eight o'clock in the evening is the hour I remember best of these memorable London days. Then I would be driving through Hyde Park in a hansom beside my mother. The long twilight still held, and through the lilac haze the lamps glowed and shone as we passed an endless stream of vehicles coming from the opposite direction, filled with people going out to dine like ourselves. There were a few of the old-time coaches with two powdered, silk-stockinged footmen standing on the footboard behind, a vast number of smart broughams, but the majority

like ourselves drove in hansom cabs. We caught glimpses of ladies of dazzling beauty, gentlemen immaculate in evening dress and opera hats: sometimes we recognized a friend in a swiftly passing hansom, or some celebrity. The possibilities suggested, the romances guessed, the scandals and dark secrets imagined, as hansom after hansom flashed by and eye met eye, set the heart beating, the imagination dancing. Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair! will the world ever again see anything like that London I remember?

CHAPTER XI

Rome

Rome, the old enchantress, held me enthralled from the moment St. Peter's dome floated before my eyes like a faint blue bubble on the far horizon. We passed the winter of 1878–1879 with my mother's sister, Louisa (Crawford) Terry; doubtless the environment of her apartment in the old Palazzo Odescalchi and the companionship of the Crawford and Terry cousins — Romans born and bred — had something to do with the spell!

We reached Rome on Christmas Eve. The Corso was crowded with gaily dressed people. In a narrow side street a group of *piffarari* from the hills, clad like satyrs in shaggy goat skins, stood playing their pipes before a dimly lighted shrine of Mary and the Child. It was so cold in the streets that we were glad to lift the padded leathern curtain and enter the Church of St. Peter's, sweet with the smell of incense, bright with its scores of golden lamps. The basilica was filled with people waiting for the midnight mass. A long line stood before the statue of St. Peter; each in his turn wiped the bronze toe of the saint, kissed it, wiped it again, and passed on. Just before twelve o'clock several couples came in together, the men in evening dress wearing orders, the women in ball gowns sparkling with jewels. As they passed the holy water basin, a young officer dipped his fingers and offered them to a girl in a scarlet cloak who

lightly touched the gloved finger tips and crossed herself. I caught a word of their talk.

"You promised me that last dance."

"I could not help it — Paulo was watching — you shall have the next."

The gay company sweeps on and is lost in the vast throng of worshipers. The mass bell tinkles, all drop to their knees, heads are bowed, the silence almost hurts!

Christmas morning we lingered over the breakfast table till Marion Crawford routed us out, crying:

"Time to get ready for church — don't be late! I am going to sing 'The Trumpet Shall Sound' before the sermon."

Both Crawfords and Terrys were Protestants at this time; later Marion and two of his sisters "went over to Rome."

At the American Church in the Via Nazionale we found a meager congregation and a colorless service, compared to midnight mass at St. Peter's. Doctor Nevin, the Nimrod rector, did his best for his flock, but the odds against him were heavy.

"Did you notice," Crawford murmured maliciously, "how the Reverend says, 'Our Father who art in Nevin'?"

Palazzo Odescalchi stands on the Piazza SS. Apostoli, near the Palazzo Venezia, then the Austrian embassy. The Prince, my aunt's landlord, occupied one floor of his palace, renting the other apartments. My room was part of a ballroom suite. It had a high vaulted ceiling and walls covered with Nile-green silk painted in arabesques with lunettes of fruit, flowers, and landscape. My aunt kept open house; one met many of the prominent people of the day in her salon. Looking back, I seem to

see it like one of Paul Veronese's pictures, crowded with vivid and elegant figures. Scraps of gossip forty years old drift back to me.

"Here comes the most beautiful woman in Rome," some one whispers as both doors of the salon are thrown open and Giuseppe, the old majordomo, announces, "Marchesa Theodoli."

"Yesterday a workman said to her in the street, 'Are you the Madonna herself or one of the angels?' — An American? Oh, yes! Lily Conrad, — her face was her fortune, Theodoli married her without a *dot*."

"No wonder!"

"The Theodoli" was tall and statuesque, her hair was a golden aureole about her head, her eyes fiery brown, her color ivory. It was the fashion to be in love with her. Even after she had children grown, an infatuated boy shot himself for her sake, standing before her portrait in a photographer's studio.

"Monsignor Capel."

Everybody turned to look at the celebrated English prelate, a fine man with "a good leg" very obvious in its long purple stocking, vigorous silver hair, and a silvery voice that somehow does not ring quite true. This was when he was at the height of his popularity, before the affair of the bracelet. Some one asked the conundrum of the hour, "Why is Monsignor Capel like Mme. Récamier?" (The proprietress of a London beauty parlor.)

"Because he makes Bute a fool (beautiful) forever." Lord Bute was the Monsignor's latest convert among the British aristocracy.

"The Minister of the United States."

George Perkins Marsh, first American diplomatic representative to United Italy, was the most important

American in Rome, though you would not have guessed it from his quiet manner. He looked the grave scholar he was and he talked with my mother and Crawford of matters philological, on which he was an authority. It was long after that I realized the great part he played in the history of United Italy. Years later Queen Margherita spoke of Mr. Marsh as having been the intimate friend of her father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, and from others I have learned that he was frequently consulted and gave much help in framing the "Statuto" as the Italian Constitution is called.

One keen memory of my first winter in Rome is of a morning spent in the Forum with Crawford and Augustus Hare, who was at work on his incomparable "Hare's Walks." He had brought with him a copy of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar", and as we sat on the steps of the Basilica Julio, he read aloud Marc Antony's oration.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!" How the words echoed in that place!

My last impression of Augustus Hare is of an evening in the red drawing-room of the Odescalchi, when he told ghost stories till my blood ran cold. He was a slender, sallow man, with a baleful face, and when, in the firelight of the darkened room, he ended a ghastly tale with "A ball of flame broke from his lips!" it seemed as if a ball of fire actually leaped from his! There was something intensely repellent to me about Hare, and of this he was instantly conscious.

"Your cousin cannot endure me," he said to Crawford; "I make her flesh creep. She is telling your sister about it at this moment," — and I was!

The Abbé Liszt, who was the guest of Cardinal Hohenlohe at the Villa D'Este, was much in evidence that winter

and from time to time consented to play at some benefit concert. He was a commanding figure as he sat at the piano, very elegant in his clerical dress, playing his "Rhapsodie Hongroise" as I have never heard it played. After the concert a group of ladies surrounded him. The Abbé dropped a glove; a young Neapolitan princess picked it up and hid it in her muff.

"The ladies cost the Abbé a pretty penny in gloves," whispered Crawford.

At this time Crawford was called Frank, or sometimes Fritz, a nickname given him in Germany, either at Heidelberg or at Lesnian, the home of his Junker brother-in-law, Eric von Rabé, an officer of the Franco-Prussian War. Crawford was twenty-four years old, a tall, strong, handsome young man, with no serious pursuit save the study of languages. He had plenty of time to devote to my mother and me; to him I owe my introduction to medieval and ancient Rome, with much else that has proved useful. In a letter of this time he writes to me:

"No success worth having is got from the uncultivated efforts of genius, and cultivation means the tritest of trite things, the daily digging and hoeing of the mind till it brings forth wheat instead of tares!"

King Victor Emmanuel might be seen on a fine afternoon, driving a smart pair of horses in a high phaeton. He was a martial figure, full of dash, with a keen eye that saw more than most. His fierce mustache, twirled at a truculent angle, set the fashion for the military. We sometimes met him driving to the Villa Mirafiori, the home of his morganatic wife, often with a younger man who closely resembled him and was, I think, a son of this union. Rome was a city divided against itself; the

King's party were called the Whites, the followers of the Pope Pius Ninth were known as the Blacks. The two factions managed to rub along together somehow, as they have done ever since, though the King's people talked of "the traitor at the hearthstone" and the Pope's cursed "Perfidious Savoy."

Francesco Crispi, Minister of the Interior, at that time played the first rôle in Italian politics. He had lately returned from a certain quiet journey whose results were to prove of vast importance to the whole world. With the object of sounding the great powers' attitude towards Italy, Crispi visited England, France, Austria, and Germany. In Paris he was coolly received, London was friendly but indifferent, Vienna as hostile as ever; he returned to Italy feeling that Bismarck — and Bismarck then meant Germany — was Italy's only friend. From this hour the Triple Alliance between Germany and those two irreconcilables, Italy and Austria, was assured.

Though there was some discussion of political matters at my aunt's house, it appeared to me that the two serious things in life from the Palazzo Odescalchi standpoint were society with a small s, and art with a big A. Quick as a chameleon to take the local color, I entered the studio of Giovanni Costa to study painting. Costa, one of the young artists among the immortal *Mille* who sailed from Sicily with Garibaldi and made the great fight for Italian liberty, was the most interesting painter in Rome, with a large following among English and Americans. In order to be in time for his class I often stole away before breakfast to the studio in the Via Margutta, taking a roll in my pocket. I enjoyed my work and made some progress, learning how to prepare my canvas and lay on the under color in pale red in a way that satisfied my

master. I was toiling over a study of a branch of lemons when my artistic career was interrupted by a severe attack of Roman fever, a scourge which then took its toll every year from the Americans wintering in Rome.

Two new figures now appear in "Memory's Showcase", Doctor Liberali, the old homeopathic physician, and Suora Teresa, the Spanish nun who nursed me.

Oh, the horrors of those long, sleepless nights when I lay staring at the shadows cast by the taper on the painted ceiling, waiting for the first faint gray, for the song of the caged bird outside the opposite window, for the moment when that casement would open and I could see the profile of a young monk in a white habit bending over the bird cage. At long last came a welcome tap at my door and Mariuccia, the merry little maid, tiptoed to my side with a cheery:

"*Buon Giorno, Signorina.* It will go better to-day. I made a petition for you at mass."

Relapse followed relapse. The doctor grew graver, the Suora more careful, my mother paler.

"The girl will never recover in this room. She must have sun; she must have fire!" I heard the doctor declare to my aunt.

"It is the truth!" murmured the Sister.

My beautiful Nile-green room was deadly cold; the only heat it ever knew came from a charcoal brazier whose fumes gave me such a headache that I preferred the cold. A few hours later my bed was carried into one of the sunny south drawing-rooms, where an open fire blazed upon the hearth. I was too much absorbed in the fight for life that followed to think much of the trouble I was giving; since then I have grilled in my blood at the memory of that upsetting of the well-ordered

existence at the Palazzo Odescalchi. The splendid sunny reception and living rooms opened *en suite*, one from the other; what happened on the Wednesday afternoon receptions and the more intimate Sunday evenings at home?

In preparation for my first sitting up, my mother went to buy some white cashmere to make a "Nightingale" for me. The clerk had just cut a length from a piece and was folding it up for another purchaser, a lady in whom my mother recognized a friend, whose young daughter had died of the fever the day before; the cashmere was for *her* last garment! Shuddering, my mother hurried from the shop.

"Not from that piece of cloth, no!" She would find her material elsewhere!

As soon as I could be moved, the doctor suggested change of air. On a mild day of early spring my mother and I, with Marion Crawford for escort, left Rome. I remember that the peach trees were all in bloom.

"Orvieto is the place indicated," Marion declared. "Has not its wine been prescribed? I have an acquaintance at the Aquila Bianca who has the best rooms and best macaroni in the town."

Memories of that fortnight at Orvieto remain, when so much is forgotten. The fine cathedral, the lovely Fra Angelico and Signorelli paintings, the Etruscan tombs, the view of the Valley of the Tiber and the Umbrian Mountains, the well of St. Patrizio, with its winding stairway cut from the rock for water-carrying donkeys, my mother's delight in my renewed health, and Crawford's extraordinary personality coloring everything with the roseate glow of his *joie de vivre*.

"To-night, I will make you, my aunt, a dish whose

like you have never tasted!" he exclaimed one evening, when the macaroni was scorched, no lettuce was to be had, and it looked as if we must go to bed fasting. He called for white bread, olive oil, salt, pepper, and vinegar and compounded what he called "a bread salad."

"Impossible to have anything better! Good wine, good oil, good company; what more do you want?" he cried in triumph, as we praised his dish. We adjourned to the terrace of the poor little inn.

"We only lack music," some one suggested.

"I will sing you the song taught me by Amerigo, the old contadino, whose vines I helped prune this morning."

Crawford put a new string on his guitar, tuned the instrument, and sang one of those touching songs of "the people" that are more melodious and more dramatic in Italy than in any other country.

"*Sor Colonello, me dia il congedo, per andar ne mia ca',*
per andar ne mia ca',
Per veder la mia amorosa che in letto se ne sta!"

Later, by his novels, Crawford was to teach the English reading world to love the simple Italian ways. He taught me so much of Italy that I am glad to find, from an old letter, that he learned something that was worth while from me, — the American point of view. I was frankly horrified at the lack of purpose in his life. This handsome, gifted, brilliant man of twenty-four seemed perfectly content to live at home, idle, and supported by his mother.

Crawford's mother, for years "a leader" of the Anglo-American colony, was much beloved.

"Madama Terry is the most *simpatica* American I know!" I once heard Rudolpho Lanciani, the archeologist exclaim. Most people agreed with him. Her popularity was deserved, for her kindness was unfailing,

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

At the age of twenty-three

her generosity unstinted. She was the most romantic of women, always beautiful, always surrounded by admirers! Her marriage to Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, in 1846 carried her to Rome, a young bride; from this time Rome was her home. The four Crawford children were all more Italian than American. After Uncle Crawford's death in 1857, my aunt married Luther Terry, an American painter also settled in Rome. There are two children of this marriage, Margaret (Mrs. Winthrop Chanler) and Arthur Terry.

"Every year I break off a bit of my heart and give it away!" my aunt said to me sadly at the end of a season that had brought several near relatives and friends to Rome. That was the fly in her ointment — the brilliant circle at the Odescalchi was inevitably a shifting one — she missed the intimacy of old friends and relatives; this was part of the price of exile. She was a faithful correspondent, writing long letters to her children and sisters, "holding the family together" by her system of "letter exchange." They all wrote freely and frequently to her, and she was tireless in passing on the letters from one to another.

Her two married Crawford daughters, Annie, Baroness Erich von Rabé and Mimoli, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, came that winter to visit the Odescalchi. Annie was a unique person, witty, brilliant, and extraordinarily gifted. Her brother Marion writes of her at this time, "I saw Annie yesterday, and find her much changed — cordial and affectionate, but nervous and excitable. She has become much thinner, or I should say slimmer, for her figure is really almost absolute perfection. She was here for a few days with her really magnificent children, all affection and smiles, and has now gone back to her wolves and her

Poles and her fine trees at Lesnian." The Crawfords were all artistic like their father and romantic like their mother.

On the ninth of January of this year, 1878, Victor Emmanuel the Liberator died. I saw his strong face for the last time as he lay in state at the Quirinal. The *cappella ardente* was ablaze with candles, the air was heavy with the smell of incense and flowers. The dead king was dressed in uniform with the crown and scepter at his feet. Two Capuchin monks knelt beside him, telling their beads. From early morning till late night a silent grief-stricken crowd surged though the chapel.

"He received the sacrament! Yes, it was allowed," a woman of the people murmured in my ear the words with which Rome rang. There had been some who doubted if the Church would permit the supreme unction to be administered. For several days it had been known that while the king lay dying at the Quirinal, across the Tiber at the Vatican, his old adversary, Pope Pius Ninth, had been stricken with mortal illness. With my mother I watched the wonderful funeral *cortège* pass the American Consulate. There were tears on the roses she threw before the crimson velvet funeral car drawn by six magnificent horses. In the great drama of the *Risorgimento* she too had played her part. She had, as a girl in her father's house and as a wife in her husband's home, received and comforted Italians exiled for Liberty's sake; she had worked for the cause of Italian liberty with voice and pen. She had labored for Italy, she had rejoiced with her, and now she mourned with "the ransomed land."

Chief among the mourners was Garibaldi, old and ill, who came up from rocky Caprera, where he had lived for some time rather in the shadow. I saw him pass,

lying back in a landau, dressed in the traditional gray felt hat and red blouse. His bronze hair and beard were silver now, but his eyes had still the look of a seer. He never for an instant doubted that Italy would fill that larger destiny of which he dreamed. He saw in the death of Victor Emmanuel the opportunity to raise once more the cry for *Italia Irredenta !*

"The call of the patriots of Trieste and Trent must find an echo in the hearts of all Italians, and the yoke of Austria, no better than that of the Turk, must once for all be broken from off the necks of our brethren."

Forty years were to pass before Garibaldi's words were realized.

On this, his last visit to Rome, Garibaldi once more urged the Romans to make a supreme effort to banish the fever from their city by building the Tiber Embankment and thus preventing the river from rising and overflowing its banks. The Romans did for Garibaldi what they would not have done for any other man, and put through that splendid piece of engineering. Though to-day his statue rides in bronze on the Janiculum, Rome's greatest monument to him remains the Tiber Embankment. To-day we recognize that he, the man of vision, saw the future truer than Crispi the statesman; it was not so in 1878, when the young King Umberto took the oath of office. Crispi, his trusted advisor, had fallen under the sway of the Iron Chancellor, and from that time stood for the Triple Alliance and German influence. Italy endured a great disappointment this year at the Congress of Berlin, from which the Italian envoy, Count Corti, returned to Rome empty handed, when by skillful diplomacy his country might easily have gained some substantial increase of territory. I remember Count

Corti in the United States, when he was the Italian Minister. He was an insignificant looking man, with a very small nose, which may have had something to do with his failure! I recall a story of a heated argument between Count Corti and Vicenzo Botta, an Italian exile formerly a monk now married to an American wife. Botta spoke with great heat, pouring out a flood of invective against the church, the Pope, and the clerical party. Count Corti, a moderate man, with moderate ideas and gifts, waited for a pause in the fiery diatribe and then said with biting irony:

"And *I* was a Dominican Friar!"

The host changed color, hesitated, and dropped the argument!

King Victor was hardly cold when the German infiltration of Italy showed a marked increase, that quiet thorough system of penetration, which was to make Capri, Olevano, and certain other garden spots of Italy seem like German colonies. In the spring of 1879, the birthday of one of the royalties was celebrated by *tableaux vivants* at the German Embassy, the Palazzo Cafferelli on the Capitoline Hill.

"It makes me shudder to think that the Germans have gained a footing on the sacred soil of the Capitol!" a young American student said to me, as we climbed the long steps leading to the summit.

The tableaux were the important social event of that season, and I was pleased enough when asked to take part. A prize was offered by the German Ambassador for the best tableau, and the competition among the artists was intense. Each painter made a sketch of his subject and then proceeded to find the victims to illustrate it. I have forgotten the name of my artist, an energetic fellow

who gave me my first ideas of German efficiency. His picture represented a scene in the studio of Phidias, when the sculptor shows his statue of Minerva to Pericles and Aspasia; from the hour the part of Aspasia was assigned to me, I was pursued by that artist, who insisted upon examining every minutest detail of my costume. A sketch of the dress was given me, and having followed it, as I thought, closely enough, I presented myself at the first rehearsal. My artist was far from satisfied:

"It is not enough to indicate the Greek border on the underdress," he declared; "it must be carefully embroidered in gold. The hair has not been properly studied; the ornaments are three centuries late in style. The mantle is not the right color; it must be blue to harmonize with the slave's drapery."

The slave, Maud Broadwood, later Mrs. Waldo Story, a handsome dark girl, who was to sit at my feet, seemed discontented with her part. Used to the rough-and-ready American manner of getting up tableaux, I innocently exclaimed:

"Let me be the slave and you be Aspasia!"

The artist bristled with anger.

"The young lady has been chosen because Professor Helbig, the first archeologist in Rome, holds that Aspasia should be represented by one of her type."

I was out of my depth and offered no more suggestions. The artist went on with his lecture:

"Signor Tale, the hairdresser of her Majesty the Queen, will make some studies from statues at the Vatican for the coiffure. He will first call upon the young lady, to become familiar with her type."

Signor Tale, looking more like a prince than a hairdresser, called to observe my type; called again with half

a dozen careful pencil drawings and measured my head for the golden net he would construct to bind over the blue fillet which must match the mantle. Rehearsals in hairdressing followed until both artists were satisfied.

My aunt took me to her friend, Mme. Ristori, to consult about the mantle.

"It is important it should be correct!" the great actress agreed. She called her daughter, the lovely Bianca Capranica.

"Ask my woman to bring the blue and gold mantle I wear as Phedra. That will satisfy even a German archeologue."

On the Royal birthday, the cast assembled at the embassy. Mme. Ristori, dressed as Clio, the Muse of History, opened the evening with a recitation. She had not long retired from the stage; her majestic presence, her wonderful deep voice, her classic face, thrilled her audience, as I had known them thrill American audiences in "Marie Stuart" or in "Lucrezia Borgia." I was still under the spell of her grand manner when she came to oversee the draping of her mantle on my shoulders. She called for a needle and thread and came towards me with a look so dramatic that I trembled; the needle might have been a dagger from the intensity of her face and gesture. She herself took the necessary stitch to stay the mantle's folds upon my shoulder; as she left me to take my pose she whispered:

"Forget yourself; remember only that you are Aspasia, that Pericles is by your side, that Phidias and his statue are before you!"

Just before the curtain was raised, a queen's jewels lately discovered in an ancient Etruscan tomb and belonging to Castellani, the great jeweler archeologue, were

handed me. I put the earrings in my ears and clasped the bracelets on my wrists with a sense of awe.

Our tableau was much applauded, Queen Margherita, who sat in the front seats with the French Ambassadress, Mme. de Noailles, asked to have it repeated. We took the prize; this success was not wonderful when I remember that Adelaide Ristori, Herr Helbig, Guglielmo Castellani, Signor Tale, and I forget how many other masters of their craft had a share in it!

CHAPTER XII

Egypt. Palestine. Greece

Our great adventure lasted more than two years. I kept no diary, wrote few letters. My mother's journal for these months is briefer than usual; we lived at such a pace that there was not time to record the experiences of each day. What I remember are the unforgettable things. Of Holland, the artists, Franz Hals and Rembrandt, the great organ at Haarlem, the sturdy peasants, the round red cheeses that resemble them. Belgium is clearer; besides the picture of Rubens and Van Dyck, I can see Bruges with its fine belfry, Ghent with the lace makers, the smiling countryside with straight white roads bordered by poplars. Of Normandy and Brittany, I remember the mystery of the Druid stones, those strange dolmens and menhirs, footsteps of a mighty race, the grave reserve of the Bretons and the peasant costumes that vary with every town. We soon learned to recognize them.

"That woman is from Quimperlé," my mother would say, or, "That man wears the dress of St. Pol de Léon."

Was it at one of these towns or somewhere in Holland that J. found the design for my mother's cap?

In Brittany we traveled by carriage. One afternoon we stopped to gather some fine high-bush blackberries that grew by the roadside.

"What?" exclaimed the driver, who had a little French, "You eat those wild things? That is not well;

they are only for birds and cattle." He was much concerned for us, my mother was equally concerned for him. While I stood, as Emerson has it:

> Caught among the blackberry vines,
> Feeding on the Ethiops sweet.

she tried to persuade him that blackberries were good food for human beings to eat.

"This is such a poor country! What a pity they do not know the value of their own fruits!" she exclaimed.

After Brittany came Switzerland; of this there remains the awe of the Alps, the chill breath of the Jungfrau, the edelweiss at Chamonix, the bear-pit at Berne. These were surface things, easily recalled; when it comes to memory's substratum, that's a different story. My mind is like a vast rubbish heap that covers some buried city; if I dig hard enough I uncover priceless treasures, temples, statues, long colonnades leading to forgotten altars where once the sacred fire burned.

My friend Giacomo Boni, who found the tomb of Romulus in the Roman Forum, showed me his method of excavation. The dust of ages was carefully skimmed off in layers. As each stratum represented a different epoch, it was isolated and sifted, and every bit of marble, glass, metal, or brick sorted and fitted together. I have helped him sort his treasures in the little workroom over the Forum, watched his skillful, nervous fingers put together the fragments of an exquisite vase three thousand years old. By a like method I too can find bits of jeweled glass and earthenware: can piece them together; the trouble is in choosing where to dig!

Among the spoils of these months of wandering three objects survive, treasured by my mother through all the

years; a tiny clay statuette of the goddess Pacht, ravished from an Egyptian tomb, a small Greek terra cotta cup, and some pressed flowers in an envelope marked "Gethsemane." Out of that shining past that I alone remember, let me snatch something worth preserving of the three countries which these, her little keepsakes, recall, — Egypt, Greece, Palestine!

If you look at the map of Egypt you will see something like a lily with a long curving stem, lying at the edge of the Mediterranean. The graceful stem is the river Nile, the cup is the Nile Delta, the lotus of Isis and Osiris.

We landed at Alexandria, November 27, 1878, and left the next day for Cairo, where we stayed at Shepheard's Hotel, then a primitive place, where the turbaned fellaheen servants were summoned by clapping the hands. As we sat on that famous terrace of Shepheard's, looking out at the motley crowd surging by, two figures with flowing white sleeves, carrying light wands in their hands, ran side by side down the street, before a victoria drawn by a pair of Arab horses. The flying figures were the *sais* or running footmen, who go before the carriage of a notable to clear away the crowd. At their low cry, "*O Wai Yer Geddeh! O Wai Yer Geddeh!*" ("Out of the way, you clever fellow!") the water carriers, snake charmers, donkey boys, and camel drivers made way for the carriage to draw up before the hotel.

"That," said Sir George Elliott, a new acquaintance, "is Stone Pasha, Chief of Staff to the Khedive. He has come to call on some one."

He had come to call on us. Our cousin, Julia McAllister, who was traveling with us, was an old friend; to her we owed the good offices of this powerful friend at

court. Stone Pasha was a handsome man with white hair and mustache and strong regular features. In spite of his Egyptian uniform and fez, he bore the stamp of West Point, and looked the typical Civil War general he was. Our first meeting with Stone Pasha was full of interest. Though he was most solicitous that we should receive every attention, he was preoccupied and wore a harried look. How should he not?

The curtain had rung up on the last act in the drama of Ismaïl Pasha's life as Khedive of Egypt. The four million pounds England had paid for his interest in the Suez Canal were already spent, and Mr. Rivers Wilson was in Cairo looking after British interests. Stone Pasha must have known that the final catastrophe was near at hand, but he played the game to the end.

He introduced to us several other Americans in the Khedive's service, General Loring who had lost an arm in the Civil War, Purdy Bey, and Inman Barnard, whom I remembered in Boston. We had crossed on the steamer with Consul General Farman; thanks to these friends we met many interesting people, among others Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, with whom my mother talked endlessly. In speaking of her native Egyptian servant, Lady Baker said:

"I assure you he is the best human being I have ever known."

The Bakers were very friendly; I remember Lady Baker showing me a remarkable necklace of lions' claws she wore. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers Wilson, though we had some talk with both, were reserved and extremely formal. A reception at Mr. Goschen's house was one of the few private festivities I recall. It may have been here that we met Mariette Bey, the French Egyptologist, under

whose guidance we made our first visit to the Bulak Museum, of which he was founder and moving spirit.

Robert Irwin of Japan and his sister Maisie, who were at Shepheard's, added much to the pleasure of our stay. We made many excursions together, among others the ascent of the great pyramid. To each of our party the Sheikh of the desert Bedouins allotted two Arabs. My men, Hassan and Osman, two superb bronze figures, each gripped me by an arm and practically swung me up from tier to tier of the huge blocks. One of our party seemed bent on making record time; he made no pause, and seemed to fly up those awful steps. When the rest of us reached the top this friend lay gasping flat on his back.

"Those Bedouins tried to kill me," he murmured; "I kept calling '*yaller!*' '*yaller!*' and the more I 'yallered' the faster they ran."

"You used the wrong word; you should have said '*shwaiyer!*' '*Yaller*' means faster!" Mahomet, the dragoman, explained.

We lunched luxuriously on the summit of the great pyramid, on roast quail, fresh rolls, and *pâté de foie gras!* The wilted one was restored with iced champagne.

"Do not let us hurry down," said the eldest of the party. "I, for one, shall never again get to the top of Cheops."

So we lingered, watching the changing color of the Mokatten hills, the yellow sands of the desert, the immutable face of the Sphinx till the sky blazed with Egypt's sublime sunset.

We came again to the Sphinx by starlight. Out there in the desert the constellations seemed nearer than ever before; Venus hung low, as if suspended by a thread from the heavens, her reflection in the Nile a full golden

orb. Last and best of all we came on the night of the full moon to take farewell, and each of us tried to guess the ancient riddle.

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled:
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
Who 'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?

One morning, "dressed in our best", we three, my mother, my cousin, and I, drove in Stone Pasha's carriage behind those flying *sais* to Abdin Palace, here the General had arranged an audience with the three Princesses, the Khedive's royal wives. Outside the entrance was a guard of black eunuchs, dreadful creatures with animal faces, dull-eyed, and gross. Inside, the lofty entrance hall was ablaze with color. We were welcomed by a group of rainbow-clad girls.

"*Naharak said!*" they exclaimed, "May thy day be happy!"

"*Naharak leben!*" we answered, "May thy day be as white as milk!"

"Accept whatever is offered; to refuse is an insult." This had been Mahomet's last advice, as he left us to fend for ourselves in the harem of the Khedive.

A slender brown girl with almond eyes and henna-tipped fingers handed me a jeweled cup.

"*Taffadali*," she said, "I beg you to take."

I tasted the delicious sherbet and was about to drain the cup when my odalisque hastily took it from me and handed it to my cousin; it was meant for all of us!

"May it agree with you!" said the girl, raising her

hand to her head. Having forgotten the proper response, I answered at random with that useful word, "*Bismillah.*"

I was thankful for my few phrases of Arabic; they made the women laugh and set us all at ease!

The girls examined our dresses and hats with childlike curiosity. They asked about our husbands. When told we were unmarried, they were scandalized. An embossed silver bowl filled with scented water was now presented; we dipped our fingers and dried them on linen towels embroidered in gold, fragrant with attar of roses, then they led us into another room for our audience.

Here was a strange medley of East and West! The eldest Princess in native costume of white satin, richly embroidered, sat on a low divan; there were chairs for the rest of us. The second Princess wore, wrong side before, a European frock meant to be fastened up the back. The youngest Princess, the "favorite", was dressed like a Parisian, in blue silk, with many diamonds. She spoke a little French and acted as interpreter.

When we were seated, chibouks were handed us. Julia McAllister and I, who had rehearsed this part, managed our long pipes tolerably well; my mother made dreadful work of hers, coughing horribly, and blowing into her chibouk till she put it out. The elder Princess clapped her hands for a slave to relight it with a perfumed coal held in a pair of silver tongs.

"Do not trouble yourself to smoke, madam," said the favorite. "It is evident you have not the habit."

They were interested in our travels and asked endless questions about the places we had seen.

"What is the matter with those young women that at their age they are unmarried?" the first Princess asked my mother.

The explanation that we had not yet met our fates did not seem to satisfy her.

"Do you enjoy traveling?" one of us asked after a long pause.

"We should enjoy it," the first Princess sighed, "but the custom of our country forbids us!"

As conversation was not easy, my mother cut the visit rather short, according to oriental ideas. We learned later from Mahomet that we had not made a bad impression, but that we had been expected to stay much longer.

Shortly after we received an invitation for the Khedive's ball at the Abdin Palace; full dress was *de rigueur*. Before leaving Paris there had been a discussion as to what clothes we should take for our journey to the East. I recalled Aunt Louisa's advice:

"Never go anywhere without a ball dress!"

I made room in my modest trunk for my best ball dress, though I was a good deal laughed at for my pains. When I stepped into Stone Pasha's carriage and drove to that fairy ball at the Abdin Palace, dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, the laugh was on the other side!

We were presented to the Khedive and his son, Tewfik Pasha; both wore European dress with a large star on the breast and the inevitable fez. The Khedive made a deep bow and then turned to address my mother, to whom he made quite a speech, leaving me to talk with Tewfik. The Khedive was about fifty, rather stout, with grizzled hair and beard, a pleasant smile, and a magnetic presence. Tewfik was not half so attractive as his father; he had the smoldering eye and scornful gaze of the fanatical Mohammedan. He spoke of his new

steam yacht lately arrived in Cairo and asked if we were going up the Nile.

"And where are the ladies we saw when we were last at the palace?" I asked indiscreetly enough. Tewfik glanced indifferently at a sort of trellised balcony at the end of the room, as he answered:

"It is not the custom of our country for our ladies to appear at a ball."

I seemed to feel the eyes of those women of the harem looking down upon me from behind those screens.

No man of his time was more talked about than Ismail Pasha. Some people said of him, "He has ruined Egypt." Others maintained, "He has created a new Egypt."

Whatever place history may award him, these things remain to his credit. He completed the Suez Canal. He built the road from Cairo to the Pyramids. He protected the exploration of Sir Samuel Baker. He founded girls' schools all over Egypt; and he commissioned Giuseppe Verdi to write "Aïda" for the opening of the Cairo Opera House. When I hear Caruso's voice in "Celeste Aïda", I remember Ismail Pasha, for whom Verdi's masterpiece was written!

My mother's journal notes that "Maud danced all night." We did not get home much before four in the morning. One partner, the son of a prominent German banker, is recalled by a photograph of a handsome oriental looking man, that has somehow survived. It bears the inscription:

"Never forgetting the delicious hours I have spent in your company charming. Hans Bleichroder. Cairo, December 12, 1878."

Among the Orientals, I should say, my cousin Julia was the admired one of our little party. Her tall, digni-

fied figure and tendency to *embonpoint* filled them with delight.

Another of my partners, my old friend, Augustus Gurnee, writes me *à propos* of this ball of forty years ago:

"Indeed I was with you, and danced with you at the last ball Ismaïl gave before he was deposed; and while we were circling, an awkward Levantine couple caromed into us, so that my heel came down on the foot of Tewfik, who was standing in a doorway. We stopped to crave pardon, and he was smiling and courteous, so I never knew whether he felt any pain. *Inshallah!*"

The company at the ball was of many nationalities, — French, English, and German officers, the Americans of the Khedive's staff, and representatives of all the powers, great and small. The diplomats and army officers knew the dreadful confusion of Ismaïl's affairs. Though all were guarded in their talk, one felt that Cairo society was an armed camp, where France and England were engaged in a silent duel for the control of the Suez Canal, Germany was "out for trade", and only the American Condottieri were for the Khedive!

The catastrophe came a few months later, when Ismaïl Pasha was deposed and left Alexandria for Naples with his harem, his suite, and his two sons, Hussein and Hassan, on the yacht *Mahroussahl*, leaving his uneasy throne to my friend Tewfik Pasha. When she read of this my mother exclaimed:

"Our friends the Princesses of the Abdin Palace have their wish at last; they are now traveling to a new country!"

In Egypt my mother seemed much of the time to be living a life quite apart from the sight-seeing and adventuring

we shared. At the first glimpse of the river Nile she seemed to enter a world where I could not follow her. Moses, Joseph, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, all the figures in Bible history with whom she had been familiar since earliest childhood, stole between us like impalpable shadows, claiming her for their own. In Palestine this absorption increased. If all the rest of our long wandering was planned for my profit and pleasure, the trip to the Holy Land was for herself the realization of a life's dream. For the only time in her life, so far as I know, she borrowed money to make what was then a very expensive journey.

"Those are the mountains of Judea," a returning missionary pointed out, as we neared the coast. Soon the faint blue line grew stronger, we could make out the yellow beach, olive groves, palm trees, and the flags of many nationalities floating from the different consulates. We landed at Jaffa, not an easy matter, as the steamer anchored half a mile from shore, and we were compelled to clamber down to a small boat tossing like a cockleshell on the rough sea.

We traveled chiefly on horseback, over precipitous mountain trails, through the desert where we were told there was danger from the wild tribesmen. My mother was obliged to pay a large sum for an escort of Turkish soldiers to protect us from these wandering Bedouins. She made her arrangements so well that while we were camping in the desert near Jericho, Eugene Thayer, a rich young Bostonian, asked to join our party, his own men having proved untrustworthy.

My cousin Julia was so much admired by one of the Bedouin chiefs that we were advised not to linger in that locality lest he should attempt to carry her off. Another

American girl we met in Egypt was sought for an exclusive harem.

"She is fairer than any Circassian!" her mother was told. After refusing a large sum of money, this lady was urged to set her own price upon her daughter.

By the river Jordan, on the banks of the Dead Sea, on the Plains of Boaz, wherever we went, my mother was preoccupied and withdrawn. She seemed to be living over the earthly life of her Master and those who had known and walked with him in these places.

"Christ has been here!" she murmured to herself over and over again, and seemed to think of little else.

One of the pictures of Jerusalem that rises before me is of the Via Dolorosa, where a poor madman walked each day, dressed in white, crowned with thorns, carrying a heavy wooden cross. She had some talk with this man, who had been a sailor. His story was strange and disjointed. He spoke of a terrible storm at sea when he was at the vessel's helm. He was smitten by the sword of the Lord that came out of the sky and leveled him to the deck. After that his life work was clear; he must walk the holy streets of Jerusalem, for "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

We went to a church service in the little town of Bethlehem. Here my mother made friends with a well-known archeologist whose name I have forgotten, who told her he believed this to be the place where Jesus was born. He said that the inn where Mary and Joseph rested was the khan of the town, which in the natural order would remain unchanged for centuries. He saw no reason for doubting that when the Empress Helena came out to Palestine to find and preserve the holy places, this khan was exactly as it had been at the time of the nativity.

My mother was distressed to find a guard of Mohammedan soldiers at the Holy Sepulchre.

"These Moslems are here to keep you Christians from killing each other!" an acquaintance said to her rather brutally. "Riots are frequent, especially at Easter, when the church is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality."

On the afternoon when we visited the Garden of Gethsemane, she was more silent than usual.

"Would you mind if I sang a hymn?" She raised her sweet voice and sang the hymn beginning:

Go to dark Gethsemane.

We lingered under the garden's immemorial olives and cedars. The Franciscan who was our guide gave her a handful of flowers, — the flowers I found the other day in the envelope marked "Gethsemane."

From Jaffa we sailed for Beirut, skirting the storied African coast. A fellow passenger, an old sea captain, electrified us one morning by exclaiming, as carelessly as he might have said, "Yonder's Nantucket Light", "Tyre's thereabouts — place where the purple dye came from — not much to see there now!"

Of Cyprus, I remember only the thrill of the great names, — Paphos, birthplace and shrine of Aphrodite, and Salamis.

The steamer made some stay at Smyrna, where we were entertained by Christy Evangelides, who could not do enough for my mother. As a boy he had escaped from a Turkish massacre and been carried to New York on an American vessel. Here my grandfather Ward had befriended him.

Christy was a vigorous intelligent man who seemed to hold a leading position in Smyrna. While calling at his

house we were offered a delicious sweetmeat flavored with rose leaves, served in a crystal dish. You took a spoonful; then a glass of water was handed you. If that ambrosial conserve had a fault, it was a little oversweet; this made the water doubly welcome. In speaking of Smyrna's claim to fame Christy said, "You doubtless know that this island was the birthplace of Homer?"

I thought of the old English round we used to sing:

> Seven great towns of Greece, 't is said,
> Claimed Homer's birth when he was dead,
> Through which, alive, he begged his bread.

At Jerusalem the grave of Adam had been pointed out to us; after that nothing surprised me. My mother however confirmed Christy's statement.

Some of the saloon passengers were interested in a forlorn family in the steerage. The mother, an Egyptian, was very ill, and the children needed looking after. An Englishwoman who had lived long in Cairo gave this warning:

"Do not notice that fine baby too much! If you were a native, you would say to the mother, 'What a poor, miserable little girl you have there!'"

"But why, when it is a boy, and the best of the lot?" was asked. The Englishwoman smiled and shook her head.

"I can't explain — you could n't understand — it is not well to praise a child to these people; it brings bad luck."

I understood! This was "the evil thing come out of Africa", magic and fear of magic. In Hayti they call it *voodoo*, in Italy, *jettatura!*

As we neared the Dardanelles the old captain gave us

another sensation. Pointing a blunt forefinger towards the faint blue coast, he said, "Troy once stood there!"

"Then Helen passed this way with Paris, Agamemnon, Achilles, and all the rest of them?" The captain nodded.

"So they say. There 's a deal more important happened since, though. My father fought the bloody Algerine pirates in these waters before I was born. — The Mediterranean wa'n't exactly a tourist resort in those days!"

We made quite a stay at Constantinople. Much of what we did and saw on this wonder journey is lost to me now, but I have never lost the sympathy for the poetry and art of the Orient. "I heard the East a callin'" — it calls me yet!

While in Syria we had some disagreeable encounters with Turkish officialdom and formed a poor opinion of it. At the Constantinople customhouse the officers were incredibly insolent. One snatched a bouquet from my hand and threw it into the sea; another took from my ulster pocket a photograph of a Greek officer. The photograph was handed from one to another amid jeers and laughter.

We spent a delightful week at Constantinople as the guests of Captain — now Admiral — and Mrs. Frank Higginson. Captain Higginson's ship was in the port and we met many of his officers, among others, Lieutenant John Jacob Hunker. These good friends arranged endless frolics and sight-seeing expeditions for us. Aside from our pleasure of being with such hospitable compatriots, Constantinople did not please me. I did not like the Turks or their capital. After the beautiful bronze and ebony people of upper and lower Egypt, the Turks looked a pale, ugly, washed-out race. I sighed for Hassan, our Bisharin guide at Assuan, with a patina of richest chocolate; for Abbas, our Theban donkey boy, whose color

was like new-cast golden bronze. Hassan, who was twelve years old, was offered to us by his father as a gift, it being forbidden for a man to sell his son!

At that time Constantinople was infested by bands of mongrel scavenger dogs. They were so thick in the street outside my window that they looked like a moving yellow carpet. I have been told that shortly after this these poor creatures became such a nuisance that the authorities loaded them upon scows and transported them to a barren rocky islet where there was literally nothing to support life and where the stronger devoured the weaker, the survivors finally perishing from lack of food. I have been familiar with stories of Turkish atrocities all my life, but this has always lingered in my mind as one of the foulest.

It was at Constantinople that I discovered the secret of the mummy. My mother, who always had a catholic taste in curios, had bought, "unbeknownst" to me, a child mummy while we were at Luxor on the Nile. Thinking I might not like the purchase, she had concealed it from me by making each of her friends on the Nile steamer keep it for one night in their staterooms. My cousin, Julia McAllister, writes me *à propos* of this incident:

"That was a delicious story. At Cyprus she bought two bottles of a very rare wine for Uncle Sam. These were packed in the valise with the mummy. One bottle broke; this did not improve the mummy, which was not in a case, and by the time we reached Constantinople, no one would go near the valise! In Athens we persuaded her to ship the mummy home by sailing vessel."

Why did my mother want that mummy? Perhaps, like Théophile Gautier, she might have written a romance about it, had we not with youth's cruelty ridiculed it!

To my knowledge she made no use of that queer little bundle swathed in its ancient yellowed linen bands that lay for years in a trunk in our attic! She thought my sister Laura, mother of many children, might like it; but Laura refused the gift.

We reached Greece in the violet season, arriving at the Piraeus on the afternoon of a day in early spring. The drive to Athens remains an imperishable memory. We stopped at a half-way house to rest the horses and refresh ourselves with "*loukoumia*" and "*resinata.*" Here I picked my first Grecian violets. I remember that Mt. Hymettus was draped in a deep hyacinthine veil that looked solid enough to touch.

My mother's friend, Mr. Kalopothakis, came down from Athens to greet us on board our steamer. During our three weeks' stay in Athens he and my mother's other friends were tireless in their kindness and hospitality.

"You will find that you are no stranger here," Mr. Kalopothakis told me. "Your father's daughter should feel at home in any Greek home. We have long memories. The name of Howe, the American Hero of the Greek Revolution, is known to every schoolboy."

I remember two balls at the palace, when Queen Olga was very gracious, and King George danced with me. He waltzed extremely well, and was much interested in the dancing of the "Boston" by the Americans of our party, among whom were the Higginsons, who had come with us from Constantinople, and some of the officers from his ship that lay at the Piraeus.

Of the many entertainments given in our honor, the banquet with the Cretan chieftains was the most interesting. I lost it on account of illness, but my mother has described the meeting with the veterans and their ex-

pressions of gratitude to my father for his lifelong devotion to the cause of Cretan liberty. The banquet had a certain Homeric flavor. It was served in the open air on the seacoast. The *pièce de résistance* was a lamb roasted out of doors with fragrant herbs wrapped about it.

"To Howe." Each chieftain rose and offered the toast, pronouncing the name as if it were Greek. One old fellow whom I afterwards met had served with my father when he was a boy. He was past eighty and strong as an ox. I remember his very words:

"It is my wish and I believe that it will be granted, to live long enough to fight another campaign and to kill a few more Turks with these hands!" This with a gesture as of choking an enemy.

We found Doctor and Mrs. Schliemann in Athens, and enjoyed much foregathering with them. One afternoon, when we had gone to take tea with Mrs. Schliemann, she brought in the baby to be admired. He was a fine handsome child, with something of a temper. My mother took him up and tried to coax him, "What 's wrong with poor little Agamemnon," she asked, as the boy, refusing to be comforted, only roared and raged in her arms. Mrs. Schliemann turned upon him sternly:

"No, not *poor* little Agamemnon, *nasty* little Agamemnon!" she exclaimed, and bore him away to the nursery in disgrace.

Mrs. Schliemann went with us to the Museum and showed us the treasures from the royal tombs and the Treasure House of Mycenae which she had helped her husband to excavate and explore. These excavations of the Acropolis at Mycenae had thrilled the civilized world. Doctor Schliemann did not hesitate to proclaim

that he had found the sepulcher of Atreus, of the "king of men", Agamemnon, of his charioteer, and of Cassandra and their companions. Mrs. Schliemann, who was a Greek, knew her Homer by heart, so that when her husband wished to refer to some passage in the "Iliad", he merely turned to her, instead of carrying a volume of Homer in his pocket.

My mother took every opportunity of talking with these interesting people about their work and their amazing discoveries. She parted with Mrs. Schliemann with real regret. At their last interview the famous woman archeologist, the pioneer of her sex, put into my mother's hands a very small terra cotta cup, with the words:

"You will keep this, because it comes from the tomb of Agamemnon."

As I write there lies beside me on my desk an album purchased in Athens. On the flyleaf is written in my mother's hand:

> By Schliemann found, Troy's treasures shine,
> While we explore a deeper mine,
> And crown the beauty of the Present
> With fellowship sincere and pleasant.

Then in varying handwriting follow the signatures of the actors and the parts they played in that three weeks' comedy at Athens.

Minerva — Julia Ward Howe.
Juno — Julia G. McAllister.
Venus — Maud Howe.
Diana — Grace H. Higginson.
Neptune — F. J. Higginson, Commander U. S. Navy.
Mercury — Jacob J. Hunker, U. S. Navy.

A large photograph of the Erechtheum has survived with the above-named personages standing or sitting upon

the steps of that sublime temple, second in glory only to the Parthenon, near which it stands upon the Acropolis of Athens.

There was much of fun, frolic, and laughter in those days of wandering. Minerva knew how to make what was really a time of intense mental activity seem nothing but play. Froebel was outclassed, and her traveling kindergarten afforded an opportunity for education I have never known equaled.

CHAPTER XIII

Boston in the Eighties

A notebook of anatomical drawings recalls my adventure as a student at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Frederick Crowninshield taught us anatomy and much besides; I remember with gratitude his excellent teaching.

After a year or two, I realized that art was not my affair. Beside my studies in Rome with Costa, I had worked a season in Paris. All I had to show for this were some passable paintings of flowers. I lacked the artist hand. While I have continued to study art from that day to this, I then definitely renounced the idea of becoming a painter, yielding to the inevitable family calling of literature. I had learned that it is not enough to feel the love of beauty, the yearning for artistic expression; an artist must have art in his fingers as well as in his soul.

Among our neighbors at this time were the Q.'s, parlous dull people. Meeting my mother one day, Mrs. Q. told a story of her daughter, ending with:

"I said then, 'Charlotte is the most wonderful of us all!'"

As no one had ever thought any of the Q.'s wonderful, the phrase amused my mother so much that she used it all her life.

When I brought her a check for nine dollars from *Godey's Magazine* for my first story, "May Blossom", she exclaimed, "Well, Miss, it appears that you are the most wonderful of us all!" I spent this, the first money I ever earned, on a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo.

I now began to write regularly for the *Boston Transcript:* occasionally for the *New York Tribune*, the *World*, and the current magazines. Much of my *Transcript* work was art reviewing. Among other artists, this brought me in touch with John LaFarge, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Albert Ryder, and Charles Walter Stetson. I was one of the first writers to cry aloud the excellence of the work of these and many another American artist, and was, in consequence, *persona grata* at the studios.

I first saw Saint-Gaudens shortly after he began the Shaw Memorial. Returning a year later, I showed surprise that the work had not gone faster. The sculptor, in gray linen blouse and white cap, laid a long nervous hand caressingly upon the clay:

"This is a labor of love," he said; "I only dare work on it in certain moods! I do this for you, and a few others."

The first winter after our return to Boston from Europe my mother and I lived in a small apartment on Spruce Street. The experiment was never repeated: wherever my mother was, she immediately became the center of a large circle. Not only did children and grandchildren and relatives to the last degree of cousinship knock at her door and demand hospitality, but many travelers and strangers visiting Boston were brought to her. During the winter of 1880–1881 we took a furnished house, Number 129 Mt. Vernon Street. Here our Roman relations, Aunt Louisa Terry and her daughter Margaret, visited us. Marion Crawford had rooms in Charles Street close by, spending his waking hours at our house. This was a happy winter, though my mother was lame from a severe fall, and was perforce much at home.

I remember a dinner she allowed me to arrange for

Crawford, who was anxious to meet the literary lights. The company included Mr. Longfellow, Doctor Holmes, and Mr. Tom Appleton. We lingered at table, listening to Marion's vivid stories of Indian life. He was a born romancer; if he had lived in the East he would have become a professional story-teller and sat in the market place telling tales. Nothing he ever wrote compared with his brilliant talk; friends of Robert Louis Stevenson have told me the same thing of him.

Crawford had made quaint archaic dinner cards, with a verse for each guest. My mother's card had an absurd drawing of an owl and some lines to Minerva. The evening went off well, but the next day my mother gave me this advice:

"Do not again invite Doctor Holmes and Mr. Appleton together. It is like asking two prima donnas to sing at the same entertainment!"

Though my aunt was overjoyed at having her boy with her again, she was very anxious about his future and disappointed that his work in India had not carried him a stage farther on the road to fortune.

"My brilliant boy will do nothing with all his gifts," she said to me. "He is a rolling stone."

"He will make a name for himself and a fortune for you!" I told her more than once. I never felt any doubt about his success; in those days he looked and moved like a conquering hero.

I have forgotten, if I ever knew, why Crawford gave up India for America.

My mother introduced Crawford to all the editors she knew, and very soon he was hard at work writing book notices for the *Critic* and articles for all the magazines that would give him a chance. Meanwhile he was

studying with Georg Henschel for the operatic stage. He had a fine voice and a magnificent stage presence, but his ear was not quite true. He would sing perfectly in tune four nights running; on the fifth he would sing false and never know it. Henschel at first thought that this defective ear could be overcome by training. The old music my uncle and my brother had sung was brought out, and every evening my mother and Marion gave us delightful concerts. Crawford went that spring to visit Uncle Sam in New York and there he got the clew to his real calling. He talked a great deal to my uncle about his experience in India and about one man in especial, who had deeply interested him. Uncle Sam said:

"You must write a novel about that man."

When we moved to Oak Glen that summer, Crawford went with us. Outside the door of the house was the "green parlor", an open space shut in from the road by a high arbor-vitae hedge. In the green parlor stood a long wooden table, where morning and afternoon Crawford sat writing steadily for hours at a time on the novel Uncle Sam had suggested. In the evening he would read us what he had written. The manuscript showed few changes and hardly an erasure. His work as editor of the *Indian Herald* in Allahabad gave him a sureness of touch I have never known equaled in any literary man. So "Mr. Isaacs", the book that made him famous overnight, was written. At the other end of the wooden table I sat writing my first story, destined for a brilliant if brief career, "The Newport Aquarelle."

Work over, we gathered round the piano, or under the oaks with our guitars. Our repertory of Italian folksong included several that old Father Corné brought to Newport when the century was young; others Marion had

picked up while roaming about Italy, helping the peasants with the vintage, a part of the "rolling stone" process his mother deplored. The moss he then gathered lined his nest comfortably when building time came, for it is his intimacy with the life of the people that gives the charm to his Italian novels.

In September, 1881, the telephone was installed at Oak Glen. The first message came at midnight, when the house was roused by the strange alarm bell, ringing in the dark.

"Are you there?" It was the voice of my cousin Sam Francis, speaking from the club.

"President Garfield is dead."

In my mother's poem to Garfield, written the next day, there is a reference to this new miracle of electricity.

> Our sorrow sends its shadow round the earth.
> The lightning's message by our tears is shaped.

The telephone was then what the automobile has been for so long, and the flying machine bids fair to become, — one of the popular themes of current literature. Plays were constructed and novels written with the telephone as the chief *motif*. Our own family "Telephone Song", composed by Laura Richards, enjoyed a brief but brilliant fame.

In the autumn of 1882 we left Oak Glen for a winter home of our own, Uncle Sam having given my mother Number 241 Beacon Street, a house where she lived for thirty years. The old furniture from Green Peace was furbished up. Uncle Sam, who never did things by halves, wrote several times a week, giving advice and announcing the shipment of some additional household effect, such as a rug for the library, or a set of after-

THE DRAWING ROOM AT 241 BEACON STREET

dinner coffee cups. My mother never saw the house till the day she drove up to the door and took possession, leaving every detail of installation to "Puss in Boots", as she now called me. The next two years are among the happiest I remember. Part of the time my brother Harry and his wife were with us. The reception room on the ground floor was fitted up for Marion; here he wrote in rapid succession "Dr. Claudius" and "A Roman Singer."

Crawford was by now in the full limelight. The success of his book brought him into great prominence: he had to defend his time from the lion hunters and interviewers. He enjoyed his sudden reputation simply and sweetly, and the family at Number 241 enjoyed it with him. Meanwhile "Big Man" Howe, who had chosen Science for his Mistress, was working quietly and steadily at his high calling. Everybody talked of Crawford. You saw his name constantly in the papers, heard it called by the newsboys on every train. My brother was unknown to the multitude who were familiar with my cousin's name. The elect among his fellow workers spoke of him, and his mother, though always reticent about her children, knew him for what he was, but to the rest of the world his position was obscure compared to his cousin's: there were few, beside his devoted wife, who foresaw the world-wide reputation, as one of the leading scientists of his time, that awaited him.

Uncle Sam made us flying visits, arriving by the night train, and carrying either Crawford or me off to Craigie House, to see Mr. Longfellow. One day we were so early that we found the poet in his library, making his coffee in one of those porcelain and glass machines then in fashion. Every morning, while the water was boiling — it took some minutes — Mr. Longfellow wrote out a

verse of his translation of the "Divina Commedia." That day he was dressed in a handsome flowered dressing gown; when we entered he was writing, standing at a high desk. The greeting between the two old college mates was characteristic. Uncle Sam, who never came empty-handed, produced from each of his coat pockets a long bottle of Hochheimer, the vintage they had preferred all those years ago, when boys together at Heidelberg.

"Sam, the ancients held that 'whom the Gods love die young', because, like you, they never grow old!" Longfellow exclaimed.

Throughout their lives, these two friends maintained a more or less desultory correspondence.

On the desk beside me lies a neatly folded and wafered letter in Longfellow's exquisite hand, addressed to Samuel Ward, Jr.

My first book, published anonymously, made a good enough success to warrant my writing a novel. Uncle Sam, as usual the *deus ex machina*, decided where the scene of the future novel should be laid, by sending me to California to pass the summer with my Aunt Annie Mailliard.

After my return from California I tried to preserve something of all that I had seen and learned of that wonder country in a novel, the "San Rosario Ranch."

It was in these years that I met Margaret and Lorin Deland, to whom I was drawn from the first, by a strong sympathy. The Delands were then living at Number 112 Mt. Vernon Street, a small house they had fitted up picturesquely, whose chief feature was a diminutive living room and an immense fireplace. Here, whenever there was the slightest excuse, a fire of enormous birch

HENRY MARION HOWE, SC.D., LL.D.

CHEVALIER DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR, KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ST. STANISLAS

PROFESSOR OF METALLURGY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

From the portrait by Font

logs blazed on the hearth. Phillips Brooks, who was one of their intimates, spent many evenings sitting over the wood fire. As the Delands' fortunes improved, owing to Lorin's original and brilliant work in what was then the new field of advertising and business counsel, they bought a more expensive house, Number 76 Mt. Vernon Street. When they moved, the ashes from the big fireplace at Number 112 were carefully collected and transported to the new house. The strong resemblance between Margaret and myself was often noticed. People said she looked like another of the Howe sisters. The resemblance was far deeper than this, for from the beginning of our acquaintance, I felt that she was like one of ourselves. Margaret, who did not remember her own mother, had a deep sympathy for mine. She often signed her letters, "Your abandoned Spring-off," and declared that she was in reality my mother's daughter, and had been abandoned in infancy on the doorsteps of her excellent Aunt and Uncle Campbell, the only parents she ever knew.

I have had for many years the happiness of being one of Margaret's literary advisers. This was a new and interesting experience, for it is the man or woman behind every book that gives its deepest interest; that is the reason intimate friends are bored by each other's books. When you know the answer to the riddle, the riddle no longer exists! In my family we all wrote books inevitably, and while we tried to be patient with each other, we were rather tried by each other's work. I rarely knew what my sisters, my mother, or Crawford were writing, and more rarely read their books when they were published. With Margaret the case was different. Here were deep, unsuspected springs of prejudice and

tradition. Southern and Middle States instincts — her people had been slave owners — unlike any I had known. So I could not trace the origin of every character and incident in her writings, as I thought I could in the family books!

How many times I heard "Helena Ritchie", "The Iron Woman", and "The Rising Tide" I should not like to say, but I know the characters in these books far better than any of my own drawing. Mrs. Deland wrote all her books in longhand, scorning the help of typewriter or stenographer. Dr. Lavender remains for me her most successful character. I have a theory about him that always amused her.

"When Dr. Lavender speaks, it is your subconscious self," I maintained. Though she had not great physical vigor, Mrs. Deland has always been a hard worker. She had few friends and few relations; the whole force of her affection was concentrated on her husband, to whom she dedicated every book. I have never known any human affection quite like that between Margaret and her husband. He was a genial social man, with many friends, who liked his club and his business associates. He said to her one day:

"Really, Margaret, if you had your way, we should pass every day of our lives alone together. This would not be good for either of us."

Lorin Deland was one of the few men who did not resent his wife's greater reputation. He did not mind being spoken of as "the husband of Margaret Deland", and was far prouder of her than she was of herself. He was a very lovable man, with a certain breadth of sympathy his wife lacked. He liked men, women, and children, while she preferred flowers and the "people with the

green heads"! If Margaret had not been so successful as a writer, Lorin Deland would have written far more than he did. He has left two small volumes, both well worth reading, "Imagination in Business", and a book of short stories, "At the Sign of the Dollar."

Of these tales, "Concerning X 107" is a true story of a young woman criminal, with a Jekyll and Hyde personality. Her life has been debased and vicious, but she is capable of the highest aspiration, as is shown by her poems. The story is of absorbing interest, beautifully conceived and written, but its greatest value is as a revelation of Lorin's own nature. He had that true knightliness that hears and responds to every cry for help from the helpless. His work among forsaken women and girls was incessant and beneficent. This large-hearted man had no child, and the intense feeling of tenderness in him seemed to find its relief in helping the weakest of his kind. After his death a group of young girls to whom he had shown the tenderest care sent his wife a funeral wreath with this dedication:

"He was the father of thousands of girls."

"You cannot let that inscription go as it is!" a friend said to Margaret.

"Why not?" was the answer; then as an afterthought, "How Lorin would have laughed!"

CHAPTER XIV

The New Orleans Cotton Centennial

I believe that distinguished southern gentleman, Colonel Morehead of North Carolina, is responsible for the next chapter of my life and of these random snapshots of memory. The Colonel certainly was the main factor in my mother's appointment as Chief of the Woman's Department of the New Orleans Cotton Centennial. Once she felt persuaded that she was "called" to this work, she put her hand to it with her accustomed energy. In those happy days we were inseparable; where she went I went. It was with keen anticipation of what lay before us that we prepared to leave our Boston home for a winter in Louisiana. One of my fragmentary journals helps me to recall the novel experience.

New Orleans, December 17, 1884. We arrived yesterday in time for the opening of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition. The day was clear, the air like a caress after the northeaster we left in Boston. The city is gay with flags and flowers: the Pickwick Club is hung with garlands and live oak branches, banners, and cotton bales. The Mississippi is a vast yellow river that cuts the continent in two and flows past New Orleans without a ripple. We went by steamer to the Exposition grounds with Governor McEnery, the foreign consuls, and other bigwigs. There were dusky Mexican soldiers, with a military band, to whose strains we marched to the main Exposition building, — it covers thirty-three acres! As Chief of the Woman's Department, Mama walked at the head of the Lady Commissioners. She loved keeping

MARGARET DELAND

From a photograph by Bachrach

step with the music, and trotted along so gallantly! A telegram was read from President Arthur, declaring the Exposition open. The exercises began with a prayer from Rev. DeWitt Talmage, — it might have been shorter! When Major Burke, the Director and leading spirit, rose to speak, the crowd of forty thousand people fairly roared!

January 1, 1885. Impossible to sleep last night on account of serenaders and fireworks. As our "space" cannot be ready for exhibits for many days, we put in some sight-seeing. To Horticultural Hall, a large building with a glass roof, a fine fountain, ferns, and flora from many parts of the world. A giant cactus, twenty-five feet high, from Arizona. Scarlet macaws chattering overhead. Met Monsignore Gillow, the Mexican Commissioner, and congratulated him on Mexico's magnificent showing at the Fair. The Monsignore was followed by his servant, a tall fellow dressed in red and yellow embroidered leather, with a green straw hat two feet high in the crown and three feet wide across the brim. While we talked with the master, a pretty girl tried to draw out the man. She spoke to him in French, English, and Spanish; he never even looked at her.

"That man is a stoic!" I said.

"No, he 's nothing but a Gringo!" she flashed.

To a Creole dinner at Mrs. King's. Bouillabaisse better than we had in Marseilles. Creole cooking is delicious: a cross between Spanish and French cuisines. Branch King walked home with us. I like him. The King girls are all very bright.

To the stockyards. They say there has never been anything seen like the show of domestic animals. Chartres, a superb Percheron stallion, has a mane like Niagara Falls, hanging almost to the ground. Saw a string of gigantic Clydesdale yearling colts with feet big as soup plates; tiny harmless Galloway cattle with coats like a Newfoundland dog's; hairy brown pigs from Kentucky; a white ox, the biggest I ever saw. As I was coaxing him to his feet, I read this warning:

"This ox is not to be drove up when he's laying down, by order of the committee."

January 6. To the old quarter of the town. Quaint houses of the French and Spanish time, very picturesque. Through a gloomy stone doorway, along a dark passage to an inner court with borders of violets in full bloom, palms, oranges, fig and banana trees. Through a cypress swamp of skeleton trees hung with the ghostly Spanish moss to lovely Lake Pontchartrain.

During the Exposition New Orleans became a cosmopolitan nerve center, as did Philadelphia in the Centennial of 1876 and Chicago during the World's Fair of 1893. The vivid passionate city with its old Place d'Armes, wrought-iron balconies, hedges of Cherokee roses, broad-spreading live oaks, was crowded with travelers from all over the world. It was said that one of the by-products of the Exposition was the great number of intelligent and agreeable persons it brought to the city.

"January 7. Last evening to the *fête* of the Twelfth Night Revelers. Ballroom very handsome with giant palmettoes, flowers and hundreds of caged birds. With a wild burst of music, the masked Revelers stalked in, marched round the hall, at a signal broke ranks, each captured a partner and the ball opened with the 'Masker's Quadrille.' My Reveler wore a terrific devil mask which did not hide his merry blue eyes. We all trooped to the end of the room, where on a raised dais stood a mammoth cake made up of many little boxes filled with goodies; one held besides a ring. The lucky girl who got it became the queen of the ball. Home very late escorted by some of the Revelers, who left us at our door and went off singing a pretty Creole song, *Adieu, ma belle!*"

The Mardi Gras festivities were splendid that season. The Queen of the Carnival was Miss Celeste Stauffer, a

famous New Orleans belle. Among her many admirers was Governor Samuel J. Tilden of New York, who some years afterward remembered her handsomely in his will. The King was Mr. Maury, a good-looking young Creole. The balls and pageants that marked the reign of the royal pair were admirable. They must have cost a deal of hard work as well as money, for the pains shown in every detail of costume, decoration, music, made one ache! At an earlier Carnival, the poor King was so active in his efforts to make memorable his rule of merriment that on the morning of Ash Wednesday he was found lifeless in his bed, having literally worked himself to death.

Among the season's belles was Cora Urquhart, later Mrs. James Brown Potter. She was already "stage struck", and her father, Colonel Urquhart, sympathized with her ambition to become an actress. She was a lovely creature, with such an appealing manner that while you talked with her she made you feel that she was dependent upon you for all that made that hour of life worth while. The New Orleans women are not like any others; they have a quality as unique as the *salt* of the Andalusian, a sort of veiled fire like an opal's. We made several friends among them. I remember best of all Mrs. William W. King and her four interesting daughters, in their large comfortable house on South Rampart Street. Here I first felt the flavor and charm of Southern family life, which has a character all its own. Mrs. King was large of heart and friendly of manner, with such a glow of hospitality about her that I still have a warm feeling when I think of her and her kindness. She was the daughter of Branch Miller, one of the men who made New Orleans famous in his day for good eating and drinking and fine living. He was noted for his wit and

brilliant conversation, so that his daughter and granddaughters came by their gifts through inheritance. "Uncle" Tom Miller, Mrs. King's brother, carried on the family traditions, and his dinners were as famous in New Orleans as Uncle Sam Ward's in Washington.

North Rampart Street lay on the other side of Canal Street; it ran down to Esplanade Street, where lived Mrs. Slocumb with her daughter Cora, later the Countess of Brazza, and her sister, Mrs. Johnson. This house was very gay during the Exposition, and we enjoyed its frank hospitality to the full. Not far away was the home of Mr. George William Nott, the most genial of men. Madame Nott, his mother, and his lovely wife were among the interesting women of New Orleans. It was at this house that I first saw General de Trobriand, one of the romantic figures of the Civil War. He came in to make his daily visit to Madame Nott, carrying a bunch of blush roses. He and my mother were old acquaintances, and while they talked together in French, I studied the General. He was one of the most distinguished looking men I have ever known, every inch the French aristocrat, in spite of his smart uniform of an American Major General. Five or six years before this time, he paid New Orleans the compliment of choosing it for his home, on his retirement from active service. To find the Union General, who in 1875 had arrested the whole of the Louisiana Legislature during the dreadful Reconstruction period, now an honored and beloved resident of New Orleans, was piquant enough. I never saw his house in Rue Clouett, the French quarter of the city, though I met him again at Madame Nott's and more than once enjoyed a bouquet of his famous roses.

Our life in New Orleans was like a changeable fabric,

woven with black and gold threads. The dark strands were the grave cares, the hard work for the Woman's Department, the gold weave the magic of the old city and its fascinating people. We soon found that the Management of the Exposition was in financial difficulties, and that the funds promised for the expenses of the Woman's Department were not forthcoming. My mother, who had personally solicited the exhibits, felt morally responsible for their being properly displayed and safely returned to their owners; she therefore assumed the financial obligations of her department. The story has been told elsewhere of her valiant fight and final triumph. My part was to keep her from killing herself with work, by adding a little play from time to time, and to do my own task as Superintendent of the Literary Division. I soon established the library of the Woman's Department in a quiet corner of our gallery, and here the lady commissioners and their guests rested and read the books, periodicals, and papers.

The navy came gallantly to our rescue through Admiral Jouett of the flagship *Tennessee* and Captain Kane of the *Galena*. A detail of ship's carpenters and a mighty armorer helped unpack and install our exhibits and the navy band played at our "opening." I remember a luncheon party on the *Tennessee*, the ship that in 1870 had been reported lost with all on board, when my father was on his way to Santo Domingo. The Admiral introduced Mr. Henry Watterson, who was to sit next me at lunch.

I was aware of an alert ironical face, of keen eyes that seemed to challenge mine, of a manner less flattering than I was accustomed to after these weeks amid the chivalrous men of New Orleans. As we sat down to

table, Mr. Watterson seemed to stiffen and left me to open the conversation with the innocent question:

"Do you live in New Orleans, Mr. Watterson, or are you a stranger like ourselves?"

He glanced at me sideways — if looks could kill I should not be alive to-day — as he answered icily, "I am from Louisville, Kentucky, Miss."

"Editor of the *Courier-Journal*", whispered my other neighbor. I should have known, but so obviously didn't, that Mr. Watterson would not speak to me again, devoting himself to the lady on the other side who knew all about him. In spite of my chagrin, I listened to his brilliant talk and have retained a strong impression of "Marse Henry." He seemed to me a fiery, impetuous man, a little vain, a little cocksure, but likable and with a fine sense of humor. He had deep-set eyes under beetling brows with shaggy eyebrows. Nothing escaped those eyes and little those sharp ears. I was not long in finding out who Mr. Watterson was, and what he stood for, and finally made his acquaintance, after all these years, by reading the two long volumes of his autobiography. He wielded a pen like a sword and from first to last was one of the ablest who fought for the cause of the Confederacy, and later for the Democratic Party.

Ichizo Hattori, the Japanese Commissioner, was one of the interesting figures at the Exposition. He was keen to learn about our schools and colleges and in return for what my mother told him, he taught me to admire the art of his people. I remember two things Hattori told us about the public schools in Japan.

"We allow private education only on condition that the pupils are examined with the children of the public

schools. If they fail to pass after three trials, they must enter the public schools."

A propos of the Japanese teachers, Hattori said:

"Every five years our teachers are examined to see if they are keeping up with the progress of the age. While we are exacting, we try to make the teacher's position attractive by giving them titles and rank, so that the profession may not be treated as an unimportant one."

April 7. To the Exposition. Spent the morning in my office, writing to the women who have lent us their books, telling of the plan to give the whole collection of 1400 volumes to the New Orleans Women's Club at the close of the Exposition.

April 23. Louisana Day! Sixty thousand people in Exposition Park; order and good feeling everywhere. I am asked to be sponsor for one of the companies in the competition drill next week. Very charming, the way they have here of bringing the ladies into public ceremonies. Last night to a *fête* at the Jockey Club. Full moonlight. Fifteen hundred doctors gathered for the Medical Congress were invited. Most of them came; some were rough diamonds!

April 24. To a wedding in the old cathedral of St. Louis. The bride, Miss Daisy Breaux (now Mrs. Calhoun), was followed by a dozen bridesmaids dressed as field flowers. Two fairy children walked before the bride, whose long court train was carried by a pair of little black velvet pages with Van Dyke collars. Her face looked like a sunbeam caught between the folds of her wedding veil. At the reception met Mr. Walker Fearn, the newly appointed Minister to Greece. He asked me much of Athens. He seems quite the right man for the office. He has a good-looking daughter.

April 25. General Beauregard and Mr. Nott drove us to the Spanish Fort for dinner. The blue iris, so wonderful last week, has almost gone. The talk was thrilling. The General spoke of the Mexican War, where he first

distinguished himself; of the beauty of the country, the exhilarating life free from care, full of excitement. I asked him if he had hesitated about throwing in his lot with the Confederacy in 1861, — he was superintendent of the military academy at West Point at the time the war broke out.

"No," he said, "I was sorry, but I did not hesitate. Louisiana, my own State, summoned me; it was as if the voice of my mother had called me."

General Beauregard looks more a Frenchman than an American, and prefers to speak French. He is small, active, with fiery eyes, and a military cut. He does not like to talk about the Civil War, and is almost the only person here I have known well who has not mentioned General Butler and the silver spoons.

On the twenty-fifth of April, 1862, twenty-three years before the day we dined with General Beauregard at the Spanish Fort, our friend Lieutenant George Hamilton Perkins, with Captain Bailey of the United States Navy, landed on the levee at New Orleans and walked alone through an angry mob to the City Hall to demand the surrender of the city in the name of Commodore Farragut. More than once I have asked my friend Commodore Perkins to tell me of that adventure, but he always put me off, saying it was too old a story. George Cable, who as a boy saw the whole affair, thus describes it:

The crowd on the levee howled and screamed with rage. And now the rain came down in sheets. There came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common Street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, calling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone,

looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

Thus, through all the hurly-burly of our active life I sometimes caught glimpses of the stirring events of long ago that make the history of Louisiana so enthralling. "The late onpleasantness" was generally avoided in conversation except when we were in the company of Northerners. I greatly preferred consorting with the Creoles, who still dominated the social life of the city, and did not speak of themselves as Americans if they could avoid it. Why should they? Their civilization is Latin to the core! While they celebrate the national holiday on the Fourth of July, ten days later they observe with far more pomp and circumstance the Fourteenth of July, the French national holiday, that commemorates the fall of the Bastille.

We made a pilgrimage to the lovely old Girard Street cemetery where in the street of tombs we found the inscription:

"Francis Marion Ward, died 1847."

This was my mother's youngest brother, the adored "Mannie", who perished in the terrible yellow fever epidemic which carried off one eighth of the population.

Our six months in New Orleans were breathless ones, crowded with strong emotions and vivid impressions. The best people of the place were hospitable beyond belief, but there were some who resented the appointment of a Northern woman to the office my mother held; and she used to say,

"Satan has a fresh flower for me every morning when I come to my desk."

Among our friends was Judge Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, a fine vigorous old man who did the honors of the city to all visiting literary folk. Among these was Charles Dudley Warner, who fell under the spell of the place and wrote delightfully about it. Then there was Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. I still keep a valentine in his writing signed "Joch Keen." He was a striking figure, with his long blond hair, high boots, velvet coat, and scarlet neckerchief. He often called in the evening when our work at the Exposition was done, and sometimes recited his verses, in a musical singsong. Miller's "given" name was Cincinnatus Heine; he took the more fanciful Joaquin in memory of a Mexican bandit he had defended in the days when he practiced law. I was glad to learn from Miss Hewitt that the last lines of his noble poem to her grandfather Peter Cooper are engraved on the base of New York's statue of that great citizen.

> And wisest he in this whole wide land
> Of hoarding till old and grey;
> For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
> Is what you have given away.

My mother founded in New Orleans that winter a literary club called the Pans. Two of the members, Grace King and Elizabeth Bisland, became well-known writers, and a third Pan, Henry Austin, made some reputation as a journalist. The Pans gave a reception for Mr. Warner, Joaquin Miller and other visiting literary men, but they took no notice of the most interesting of them all, George W. Cable. The feeling against Cable was

then very strong. He was brought to call on us after dark, and we were warned not to speak of the visit, as he had come to New Orleans on some private business and his friends did not wish it known he was in the city.

"Some hot-blood would pick a quarrel with him and try to force him into a duel," we were told. Though Cable had put New Orleans on the map with his stories, he was accused of having held his own people up to ridicule! He was a small, well-made man with keen dark eyes, a sweet voice, and a personality that took an audience by storm when he read his Creole dialect stories, or chanted the queer Gumbo songs of the Louisiana negroes.

"*Quand patate la cuite, a pas mangé, a pas mangé li!*" I can hear his very voice as I write the words from memory.

There was good opera that winter at the old Theater, where Adelina Patti made her *débût* as a child and won instant recognition. Colonel Mapleson's Company gave many excellent productions. I recall a gala performance of the "Barber of Seville" when Joaquin Miller brought his friend Buffalo Bill into our box and presented him to my mother. Colonel Cody was dressed in cowboy fashion; his long hair reached his shoulders in loose curls. Big, bluff, manly, he was as dramatic a figure as any on the stage.

In mid-June the affairs of the Woman's Department were finally wound up, and we left New Orleans. In the last days I had the forlorn sense that I was saying good-by forever to a city more foreign than the cities of Europe, and yet mine in a sense in which they could never be. I paid a last visit to the old French market. Hortense, the ancient quadroon who had sold me many trifles, gave me as a parting present a package of powdered saffron

for "*lagnappe*" — or, as we should say more prosaically, thrown in for luck!

Later I strove to put some of my impressions of Louisiana in a story called "Atalanta in the South."

I remember this period as a time of strain and stress. The year before our New Orleans experience we lost the beloved Uncle Sam Ward; the year after, my dear sister, Julia Anagnos, was taken from us. These breaks in the family circle saddened us both immeasurably. My mother buckled more grimly than ever to her ceaseless round of work, "grinding with all her mills", while to me life that had stretched so immeasurably long began to shrink incomprehensibly. Then all was suddenly changed by the most important event of my existence.

On the seventh of February, 1887, John Elliott and I were married at my mother's house, by our minister, James Freeman Clarke, who christened me. I can claim no credit for having been born the daughter of my famous parents, but a good deal for my choice of a husband.

JOHN ELLIOTT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO

CHAPTER XV

Chicago and Boston in the Nineties

Shortly after our marriage my husband's work took us to Chicago, where he was already known as a decorative painter, through his "History of the Vintage", a frieze and ceiling executed for Mrs. Potter Palmer's fine house on the Lake Shore Drive. Letters to my family give my early impressions of the place.

[To my Mother.]

Chicago, January, 1888.

I am growing to feel at home in this queer grimy city. Life is pretty laborious. We get to the studio at nine. I drape J's model, an old German soldier posing for St. Peter. Then I go to my den and grind away till lunch. Last Saturday the studios were turned into fairy land. A dainty table was spread and fourteen leaders of Chicago's "sassiety" were invited to meet me at luncheon. Mrs. Pretyman, who gave the party, proved a wonderful decorator. All the working details of the rooms were hidden under soft draperies brought out from dark chests and drawers. In J's studio his portraits of Uncle Sam and Julia Richards were hung, also his new sea babies and the big ceiling panel of cupids with apple blossoms. After luncheon, excellent music and hosts of people. It was as well done as it could have been in London or Paris, a perfect *fête d'atelier*.

Chicago, May, 1888.

I like the place, I like the people, I love the civic spirit here, but I can never like the climate. Thermometer dropped forty degrees yesterday in eight hours. The lake has as many moods as I have, with the difference that all are beautiful, — storm, squall and sun. Lake Michigan

is as handsome as the Mediterranean, but it lacks salt, — salt, the savor of life. This morning to hear David Swing preach. He poured out vials of bitterness against the narrow doctrines of the Puritans. I have sold my story "Phil Owens" to the *American* for one hundred dollars. Reginald De Koven is the editor. Anna De K. has been kinder than kind. I meet delightful people at her house. I am writing the Vampire story for Oscar Wilde's magazine. All the women in the house are reading my "Mammon" in *Lippincott's.*

[To Laura Richards.]

Chicago, May, 1889.

The last of my lectures to-night. Want to know the titles? P.G. signifies pretty good.

Literature of New England. P.G.
Our Southern Literature. P.G.
The West in Literature.
The Metropolitan School (New York). P.G.
Has America produced a Poet? P.G.
English Poets.
English Novelists. P.G.
France in Literature To-day.
Dawn of Russian Literature. P.G.
Contemporaneous Russian Writers. P.*D*.G.!

In all the winter's cramming for these talks, the books I have enjoyed most are Gogol's "Taras Bulba" and Walter Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean." It 's been a beast of a grind to prepare so many, but how I have enjoyed it! I am very happy and busy since I began my hard work. All the devil blues vanished. They came of the fiends *ennui* and idleness, bara boom, bara boom!

This, my first lecture course, was held at the house of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Armour. The talks were given two evenings a week during Lent. In the audience were some of the men who had created Chicago, — Marshall Field, John Crerar, Charles Farwell, Wirt

Dexter, Franklin MacVeagh, Potter Palmer, and scions of the powerful Pullman, Deering, and McCormick clans. The generation to which these men belonged loved their city as other men love a favorite child, with a passionate devotion and a pride I have never known equaled. That is the secret of Chicago's strength; it is founded upon love, the strongest thing in the world. With these merchant princes came their wives and daughters, hardly less active than they in shaping the city's social and artistic life. What a clever, brilliant group of women they were! By common consent Mrs. Potter Palmer was the acclaimed leader among them. She was greatly beloved and treated like a little queen.

Bertha Honoré Palmer was handsome, elegant, and distinguished, but so were many other women of her set: what made her preëminent among them was a rare gift of leadership combined with great executive ability. After the terrible fire of 1871, her husband, like other prominent business men, found himself a heavy loser from the disaster. It was at this time that the property which later became the Lake Shore Drive came into the market. When a great slice of this land was offered to Mr. Palmer, it seemed a hopeless proposition and he decided to turn it down. His wife, however, persuaded him to make the investment; she had the vision to foresee that what was then mere waste land on the borders of Lake Michigan was destined to become the fashionable quarter of the city. Mr. Palmer, who was much older than his wife, made a will that for chivalry is unsurpassed. After leaving the larger part of his immense fortune to his wife, he added a clause setting aside a certain sum of money, the income from which should be paid to Mrs. Palmer's husband, in case she should marry again.

Mrs. Leiter and her handsome daughters had already given up Chicago for Washington. They were sometimes at their country place at Geneva Lake, where we spent a pleasant week-end. I studied Mrs. Leiter's curious use of English with some care and came to the conclusion that she was word blind as some people are color blind.

"Mr. A. is a very deep-seated man," she once said to me of a common acquaintance, repeating the phrase earnestly, "a very deep-seated man", shaking her handsome head and dismissing Mr. A. in an imperial manner. I never quite knew what she meant to imply about poor Mr. A.

One evening at the Auditorium Theater a friend brought Eugene Field into our box and introduced him to us. We had a brief chat between the acts. What had struck me first about him was his closely cropped, almost shaven head, so unlike other poets I had known. When he had gone, our host asked:

"What do you think of Eugene Field?"

"Does n't he look rather like a convict?" I laughed, meaning to be funny. As we were leaving the theater, Mr. Field came up to me in the lobby and said cheerily:

"I hear you say I look like a convict. Remember I am not a bird of plumage, but a bird of song. As for you," with a low bow, "you look like the daughter of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' "

I almost forgot my mortification in my admiration for that gracious turning of the tables. He bore no malice, and on the too few occasions when we met, I found him companionable and understanding. The last time I saw Eugene Field was at a dinner at Mrs. John Root's. He was in great vein and kept us in a gale of laughter till past midnight. John Root, of the firm of Burnham

and Root, was already at work making the plans for the Dream City of the World's Fair. He was a gifted man who had made his mark as an architect. He was a Virginian, a full habited *rosso*, with a magnificent physique, extraordinarily brilliant in his talk as in his profession. He insisted upon putting me in my carriage though it was below zero weather. I can see him now, standing at the carriage door in evening dress, with bare head, while he said some last witty thing.

"Go back! You will catch your death of cold," I chided.

The words were prophetic; he took a chill from the exposure and died of pneumonia a few days later.

William Pretyman was at this time established in Chicago as an interior decorator; during our stay my husband was associated with him in the decoration of some of the city's fine houses. The Pretymans built a home at Edgewater, then a suburb of the city. As soon as they had moved into their new home, these generous people invited us to share it with them. I remember the day we took possession. All morning the lake had been veiled by an opal haze. The sun came out just as we arrived and in an instant it was a sheet of palest green, shimmering with blue and violet shadows.

To reach the great living room two stories high we went down a flight of stairs. In one corner stood the table spread for dinner, in another Pretyman's easel and drawing stand, opposite were Jennie Pretyman's grand piano, her work basket, and bookcase. There was an enormous open fireplace where logs of silver birch blazed and crackled on a pair of ancient andirons. The windows were too high to allow us to look out. When I saw the room I exclaimed:

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

Pretyman liked this so much that it became the motto of this unique center which was to become a Mecca to the Pilgrims of Art from many lands.

The day's work over, we gathered round the hearth. When he was in the mood, Pretyman, who was a thirteenth-century Crusader in nineteenth-century clothes, told of his adventures among the Head Hunters of North Borneo when he was British Resident. More often than not he brought a stranger home to dinner, some stray Englishman sorely in need of a friend. How *did* they all find him? Or did he find them?

"Chicago is like a sieve," he used to say, "it is the first place that catches the down-and-out British rancher on his way east."

How many of his stranded countrymen he helped to tide over a bad moment, only he and his wife know.

I once met at their house her cousin, Mary Leiter, afterwards Lady Curzon. They were as like as two sisters, though Jennie Pretyman was the handsomer and more gracious. The likeness went as far as the speech and even the handwriting.

My mother visited us in Chicago while on one of her western lecture tours.

During the greater part of the time of the World's Fair we were in Chicago. My mother was active in the World's Parliament of Religion and I had the pleasant task of editing a volume on the work of women at the Columbian Exposition.

1890 saw our return to Boston and to my mother's house where I took up my old position as "boss." Nothing was changed; each day was still too short for the task and frolic it brought. The clan constantly rallied

round the old Chieftainess; children, grandchildren, relatives, "near" relatives, distinguished strangers, poor things in need of a bed, a meal, a cup of tea, a "jollying"! How did she do it? In these inhospitable post-war days it seems incredible.

My diary gives glimpses of the busy hive and its queen bee.

January 1st, 1890. Mama down early for breakfast. Her mail was mostly composed of bills. She threw up her hands in mock dismay. J. said, "People ought to send you *billets doux* instead of *billets duns!*"

January 14th. John Pickering Putnam proposes my name for membership in the National Club.

This association grew out of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The book made a great furore. I heard Bellamy speak at Tremont Temple that winter. Edward Everett Hale, who introduced him, said,

"Some time ago I wrote a book called 'How They Lived at Hampton.' Nobody read it. Mr. Bellamy has written a book on the same theme and everybody has read that."

January 15th. Lecture from Professor Royce on Kant. He said the modern man of the best sort to-day embodies Kant's principles, which were that out of pure reason a man should build up for himself a system of ethics, that he should act as if there was a God, and that he should do right always because it was the manliest part to play.

To a "Recollection of Tristan and Isolde", Mr. Preston giving the music on the piano, Ralph Adams Cram reading a description of the opera.

January 17th. To dine with Mrs. Louis Stackpole, where we met Dr. Holmes. He spoke of the pleasure he had in reading his own poems.

"I have written one hundred," he said, "and I like thirty." I asked the names of his favorites.

"'The Last Leaf'," he said. "Then perhaps 'The Chambered Nautilus' and 'Dorothy Q'."

He spoke of passing through the old tunnel at Salem this autumn and finding the voice of the train as wicked as ever. "It said, 'Why don't you *now?* Why don't you *now?*' in such a tempting and delightful fashion that if I had been sitting by the Cumaean Sybil I should have taken her hand in mine."

The Doctor described having made and put up his first "shingle." He cut out the frame, covered it with tin and painted on it: "Dr. O. W. Holmes, last door but one." Having nailed up the sign he walked down to Tremont Street and looked down Montgomery Place to see the effect it produced. "No, that will never do!" he exclaimed. "What if it should strike the patient that if I am the last door but one I must be next door to the tomb?" He took the sign down and repainted it, making it read, "Dr. Holmes, 8 Montgomery Place."

I told Dr. Holmes I thought it was rather hard that he was getting all the credit for my *mot* about Mama being "seventy years young."

"Yes," he said, "I sympathize with you. Many of my good things are credited to Nat Curtis or Tom Appleton."

I repeated this to Mama. "Never mind," she said, "you have added a phrase to the language!"

January 18th. To South Boston to make copies of Papa's letters from the old letter books. The school journals of the early days at the Perkins Institution are very good reading. To Mrs. Fairchild's in the afternoon where I found a sea of beaux about Sattie and Lucia. John Sargent was there. He is painting Mr. Booth for the Players Club. A gay evening. Mrs. Norman to dine, Arthur Terry and Edward Bacon, the Walker boys and Sam Hall. We had dumb crambo, charades and singing to amuse Mama, who had been headachey but was much jollied up. How she loves the *gioventude!*

January 20th. With Mama to see Booth and Modjeska

in the "Merchant of Venice." His Shylock greater than ever, — the art so perfect as to be imperceptible. Kate Vannah came from New York. A discussion about a personal devil, in whom she firmly believes. Agreed to ask the people we meet for the next week their opinion. Ned Elliott, Miss Lockwood and Mrs. Fairchild believe in a distinct principle of evil.

January 21. To Professor Royce's lecture on Fichte and the German idealists who followed Kant. Very interesting. In the evening Mama talked about Papa. She spoke of her having for twenty years lived in thinking about thoughts; *i.e.* studying metaphysics and philosophy, on which she wrote many papers. She went one Sunday to the Parker Memorial and read a paper about the Causality of Things. When half through she realized that the audience did not understand her and moreover that it was her fault that they did not understand. Then came a period in which she determined to learn from experience, from thinking about people and life, and to think no longer about thoughts. Now she can amuse herself with philosophy, but it is not the pleasure to her that a thorough study of history is, or of the different religions of the world. She enjoys above all other reading the Greek classics, poetry, history and plays. — To a Russian dinner given by Count Zuboff at the Tremont House. Very amusing. All sorts of queer fishes and queer dishes.

January 27th. A letter from Mr. Booth thanking me for mine. I had written telling how much we had enjoyed seeing him act during his Boston engagement. He writes:

"Forgive an old man's tardiness in thanking you for your charming note anent the plays I struggled through in Boston, it gratified me very, very much indeed, and I cordially thank you for it."

The handwriting not so firm as formerly, though the signature is perfect. Shylock was the best thing he did this time, — an old man's part!

February 7th. Fourth anniversary of our marriage. Supper, music, dancing, for a dozen of the original wedding

guests, — only true lovers were invited. Mama said that every woman should be allowed to choose her own mate until she was thirty, every man till he was forty; after that the State should marry them. What a scrambling there would be in the twenty-ninth and the thirty-ninth years!

Richard Mansfield had asked me to write a play for him founded on Chamisso's "Man Without a Shadow." I found time for this and to give a series of talks of arts and literature in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Newport during this year and the following. It was a time of great activity and consequent happiness.

April 1st, 1891. Began to work on Act Fourth of "The Man Without a Shadow" and sent the third act to Mansfield. Mr. Herne asks me to sign a petition that a play of his be produced. The petition opens with a letter from W. D. Howells. The moral of the play is like that of the "Kreutzer Sonata", a plea for the single standard of conduct for man and woman. To see Mr. Howells and ask his advice. He said, "I advise you not to sign a petition to produce a play you never have read." He thinks highly of Herne, the man and the actor, and spoke of the play as "an epoch-making drama."

Mr. Howells was enchanting. He wore a black velvet jacket and seemed to be reading a pile of letters when I came in. He said the success of his last book was due in his opinion to the scene having been laid in New York. "Everybody likes to read about New York, only a few people about Boston. I have to describe the place I am in. If I am in Boston, I write about it; when I am in New York I write about that."

"But New York is such a friendless place," I said.

"Yes, it is," Howells replied, "but it is so easy, it always seems to me to be standing about with its hands in its pockets. I can never hope to have so many pleasant friends there, or anywhere, as in Boston."

I am sorry he is going. He will be greatly missed. Everybody loves the man though not all the novelist

April 4th. At the Delands' last evening. Stepniak

made an urgent plea for his country, wishing Americans to bring the pressure of their disapproval on the Russian nation. He was eloquent and full of pathos.

April 5th. With J. to the Symphony Concert. The leader was ill and Kneisel conducted extremely well. They gave Beethoven's Second Symphony: more beautiful than ever. J. much excited by the music. He said that most painters loved music, while the musicians he knew did not care much about pictures. Their ears are trained to the disadvantage of their eyes. "They are so used to looking at *dots* that they don't really see."

Have invited Mr. Mansfield and Miss Beatrice Cameron to lunch next Sunday.

April 6th. Worked hard at my play. — To see "Beau Brummel" with Mama, J. and Arthur Terry. Mr. Mansfield wrote that the rehearsals for "Don Juan" took all his time and that my play will be prepared in the early summer for the stage.

April 10th. Mr. Stepniak addressed a meeting at Mama's house, the object being to raise money for the paper, *Free Russia*, and also to send responsible persons to Russia to gather first-hand information about the misrule, outrages and general oppression. Mama would not let me give my name for the committee, as she knows that I want to go to Russia and thinks if I was connected with this movement it would not be expedient for me to go there.

April 18th. To the Lunch Club at Edith Wendell's. Mrs. Roland Lincoln told us about the sad condition of the pauper asylums. We drew up and signed a letter to Mayor Matthews, asking for a hospital to be built on Rainsford Island for the paupers. It is a puzzling matter. It is not possible to make their state an enviable one and yet it is terrible to think of the helpless mass, the dregs of the city left alone, outside the pale of humanity. I asked Mrs. Lincoln if any one ever thought of them. She said, "No one goes there but the priest!" Cruel that Protestantism is not more imbued with the spirit that made a Father Damien!

April 20th. The reception at the Kindergarten for the Blind. A lovely day, a great crowd of people. Helen Keller the main attraction, as in the old days at the Perkins Institution, Laura Bridgman. She is a most extraordinary child. I think Anagnos has made a mistake in choosing Miss Sullivan for her teacher. Miss S. is well prepared in one way, having herself been educated at the Perkins Institution and having known Laura Bridgman and become familiar with Papa's methods, but she has not the right feeling, remembering the beautiful modesty of Laura's behavior, compared to the almost hoydenish ways of this child. Helen recited some verses of Dr. Holmes'. Her voice, Mr. Dwight said, was like that of a Pythoness. It was to me the loneliest sound I have ever heard, like waves breaking on the coast of some lonely desert island. The work of raising the fund for the New Kindergarten building goes bravely on. Twenty thousand dollars is already subscribed. Michael wants fifty thousand and I believe he will get it.

At the instance of Michael Anagnos, my sister Florence Hall and I now set about writing the story of my father's greatest achievement, the education of Laura Bridgman, a many times told tale, first by S. G. H. in his reports of the Perkins Institution, then by Charles Dickens in the "American Notes", later by scores of writers in many tongues.

"All history that survives must be rewritten every twenty years for each fresh generation," Anagnos insisted.

This work brought me nearer my father as a teacher than ever before. The hours spent copying his letters from the ancient files of the Institution and deciphering Laura's faintly penciled diary taught me much about both of them. M. A. deW. Howe, our kinsman, helped sift the chaff from the wheat in the mass of material that confronted us; my husband brought his craft to our aid, making careful drawings to illustrate the book.

April 22nd. Richard Mansfield gave a matinee performance of "Beau Brummel" at the Globe Theater

for the benefit of the Kindergarten for the Blind, an admirable performance.

April 26th. To lunch with Mrs. Fairchild. John Sargent there and Miss Julia Marlowe. She is very sweet, not so sensitive as Beatrice Cameron, but with a larger field probably before her. In the evening music at the Montgomery Sears'. Very lovely. Ernst Perabo and the Adamowski quartette. Mr. Sears a perfect host, the musicians at their best. Mr. Sears spoke of the plan to have J. do a decoration for the Public Library. Said he ought to have it and would be glad to serve on the committee.

April 27th. To the fiftieth anniversary of the Church of the Disciples. Very long and tiresome remarks from the early speakers. When Mama got up to speak, the audience woke up. An electric current ran through the house. It was quite wonderful. She spoke beautifully of Theodore Parker and dear James Freeman Clarke, and drew a fine parallel between them.

June 5th. My dear brother-in-law, Edward Elliott, was drowned this day at Prospect Hill Lake, Colorado Springs.

June 10th. At half past ten Phillips Brooks came to the house. I had arranged the back parlor like a little chapel with many flowers. He read the service in memory of dear Ned, prayed with us and left my dear J. a little lifted up from his black grief. Ned had been with us to the New Year's Eve service and had been much impressed with the sermon and the personality of the great preacher. This was a gracious and a loving act.

Ned Elliott was my husband's brother, a gallant young sailor, to whom we were all much attached. He had gone to Colorado Springs to recover from an attack of pneumonia. He entirely regained his health and was on the point of coming to join us in Boston when this strange accident took place. Prospect Hill Lake is a small artificial sheet made by damming the mountain streams of ice-cold water. It was constructed to serve as a

plaything for strangers who come to Colorado Springs in search of health. Having created the lake, the next thing was to provide a boat to sail upon it. My brother-in-law was the only sailor in the place and he, with two other young men, launched the sailboat for its first trip. She proved to be a crank affair and turned bottom upward, throwing them all into the icy lake. The other two were saved by clinging to the keel, but Ned, who had sailed the high seas for years, been twice shipwrecked, and had many hairbreadth escapes, was drowned in nine feet of water of a toy lake. It is believed that his death was due to a cramp. It seemed like an old pagan sacrifice to the darker gods!

July 17th. Mama said this morning;

"You owe me two dollars." I replied that I owed her two dollars and thirty-five cents. Then she cried out:

"You owe me for all sorts of things."

"I owe you my life."

"On the whole," with a twinkle, "that has been of so much advantage to me that I won't charge you for it."

January 3rd, 1892. Went with Mama to church, she preaching, as Mr. Ames is ill with grippe. Her prayer was very moving. She asked for faith, inspiration, and love. Also spoke of the church and the noble souls who had built it up. The sermon was on the text, "Thou Art Peter." One of her best efforts. Have heard it before and went largely with the idea of studying her methods of delivery. Daisy Chanler advised me to study with her rather than any one else, said she thought Mama's was the most beautiful manner and speech she had ever heard. Soon, however, the matter and the manner overcame me, and I forgot to mark the intonations save to be moved by them. The thought in the sermon was the strength of simple humanity. Sinful, deceitful sometimes, but capable of heroism and self-sacrifice. On this rock of the common sense and the right feeling of the simple human

being, Christ's church was builded. The congregation was much moved, I thought, and I bore her off rather fiercely from "congregationing." She had been very anxious about this service and had hardly slept the night before. She is never so wearied as by prayer; it is the thing she loves best. She was flushed and beautiful at the end of the service.

November 11th, 1893. To the funeral of Francis Parkman, to which I went as a matter of historical interest. It took place at King's Chapel, without pomp, ceremony or trappings of woe. The music was pure classic, but passionless, the voice of the clergyman grave, reverent, without emotion. It seemed as if all elder Boston had come to the obsequies of one of the last great New Englanders. The service was impressive from its very impassiveness. No rending either of hearts or garments, no shrouding of pale faces with crape, — all stern, granite, real. Barrett Wendell had been that morning to the funeral of his choreman at the Catholic cathedral. He compared the gorgeous ceremony for this humble servant with the incense, the vestments, the velvet pall, the emotional music, to the grave function at King's Chapel. He spoke of the ringing Latin words of the mass, *in sæcula sæculorum*. "In the matter of funerals," he said, "Thomas certainly had the best of it."

CHAPTER XVI

London in the Nineties

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

The absurd words, the maddening air, greeted us when we marched on London, four strong, in that dazzling season of 1892. My husband, my mother, my niece, Alice Richards, and myself made up the swaggering contingent, — "four precious souls and all agog to dash through thick and thin."

The Columbian epoch glitters resplendently when I look back along the line of years that stretch behind me, a motley company dressed in cloth-of-gold, sackcloth, and brown holland. Something of the glow of new life that came to the world four hundred years earlier was reflected in the time.

Fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue!

The old intoxication seized upon my mother and me the moment we stepped out of Saint Pancras Station and into the moldy-smelling four-wheeler. Alice, fresh from boarding school, was not less deeply stirred perhaps, but showed it less, according to the manner of her generation. A fellow traveler on the train had said to us:

"I call this the American season! You Americans are furnishing more of the year's sensations than ever."

At Earl's Court our old acquaintance, Buffalo Bill, with his bronco busters and cowboys was making a

great hit. A friend offered me a seat in the weather-beaten Deadwood Coach during the pursuit by Arapahoe Indians.

"Places are not easy to get," he assured me. "You will be in the best of company, — peeresses, professional beauties, members of Parliament."

A lady wishing to take us to the play advised, "'Cleopatra', with your pretty compatriot, Mrs. James Brown Potter, and Kyrle Bellew." This was New Orleans over again!

At the Royal Academy everybody talked of John Sargent's seven magnificent portraits;

"Have you seen Sargent's Wertheimer? Best thing in the show — perfectly rippin'."

It certainly was. More to my liking was a portrait of a different Hebrew type, a young chemist in his laboratory, — subtle, delicate, all spirit, in strong contrast to that other, which was of the flesh "fleshly." At the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters we saw an excellent portrait of Paderewski by the Princess Louise of Lorne, which was deservedly much noticed.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone was still the leading figure: he was supported by Lord Rosebery — who now looked almost grown up — and Sir Vernon Harcourt. Sir Randolph Churchill was much in evidence and Mr. Arthur Balfour was already a recognized leader.

Thoughtful people were feeling the menace of Germany's growing aggression and of the constantly increasing host of Germans holding positions of trust in the business world.

"From the Bank of England down, German clerks are employed everywhere," a friend complained. "They work for less money than our own people and they know

our resources, our strength, and our weakness better than we do ourselves!"

The comic papers were full of cartoons of the Emperor William, now as Jack-in-the-Box-Universal, popping up unexpectedly in the affairs of the army, the navy, art, science, society, education, and religion: again under the caption "Cuts, or we never speak as we pass by", turning his back upon Bismarck. A few prophetic voices were lifted by men of imperial mold who saw with the wide world vision, like Rudyard Kipling and Lord Roberts. Kipling, with his "flanneled fools", had angered the England he attacked, and though "Little Bobs" was listened to indulgently for the great love borne him, he was not heeded. London, as a whole, was taking the comfortable Little Englander point of view. If she did not stone her prophets, neither did she heed them. At a military tournament we heard Lord Roberts sound his note of warning for "preparedness." His was a small martial figure, with close-cropped white hair and moustache and eagle eyes. There was a sort of desperate earnestness in voice and gesture that I well recall and now, in the light of the World War he foresaw, understand.

"An English friend is a friend for life," was a saying of my mother's. As if in proof her old friends gathered around her and her days were filled with pleasant engagements. J. R. Seeley, the historian, now Sir John, invited us to Cambridge. He writes, "You must, however, give up the expectation of hearing me." She regretted this, as she had much enjoyed hearing him speak on earlier visits. A note from Eva McLaren mentions an appointment to meet Mrs. Fawcett, and one from Mrs. Ormiston Chant gives a picture of the political activity of the time, in which we took some part.

49 Gower St., July 2, 1894.

Dear Mrs. Howe;

It is delightful to know you are in London but alas, I am in the thick of the fight over the Gen. Election, and only at home in the afternoon for the next ten days. Is it possible you will come and hear Stopford Brooke tomorrow and return with us to lunch? You shall have quiet and repose all alone after it and then bless us with your presence at afternoon tea. I shall keep a sharp look out for you at chapel, which building is but a short way from here.

What a tremendous political fight we are having. I am everywhere at express speed — four huge meetings at Darlington last Monday and so on every day somewhere, and tonight I have two meetings in different parts of London. Tomorrow is a breathing space, and on Monday I have two more meetings in London and am off for three Cornish constituencies on Tuesday.

This is merely to explain why I am prevented from doing what I should so love to do, to welcome you. I hope I shall see you, it will be such a pleasure. Is there anyone you want to be introduced to, I wonder?

My love to you and please tell me how long you are going to stay here.

Yours very sincerely,
L. Ormiston Chant.

I find many notes from Lady Aberdeen, Lady Somerset, and her sister, the Duchess of Bedford, and communications from the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage. Mr. Gladstone had lately published a most unsympathetic pamphlet on "Female Suffrage", for which he was soundly rated by our suffrage friends. In spite of this nearly all the people we played with were on his side in the great fight of the General Election. Our old friend Cyril Flower was running for parliament to represent the Rothschild interests. He was a supporter

of Mr. Gladstone's and a staunch Liberal. We went down with him and his wife (Constance de Rothschild) to Battersea and heard him address his future constituents. The whole affair was more like the election in Pickwick than like anything I had ever seen. The speeches were highly spiced with personalities, the orators were chaffed by the crowd, till everybody was in a good humor, and of course, the band played "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The contest seemed gayer, lighter, less sordid than such things at home. I wonder if the fact that the contested office carried no salary had anything to do with this? There is much to be said in favor of unpaid representatives!

Among the happy hours were those spent at Cromwell Road with Henry and Aline Harland. They kept open house for literary folk and musicians. Harland, who in America had written his first books under the name of Sidney Luska, had now taken root in England and seemed more British than American. He was one of the best talkers I have ever heard; the conversation at his table never lagged. His wife was a singer with a heavenly voice. Among the familiars of this house were Theodore Marzials, the composer, and Henry James. Marzials had a winning personality, a little eccentric — his boots were usually unbuttoned — a little timid. He sang many of his compositions for us, and, on being urged, his most popular if not his best song, "Twickenham Ferry." Harland's attitude towards James was that of an admiring disciple. It was pleasant to see them together, the elder Henry responding affectionately to the devotion of the younger. James had begun to soften already and the eyes had lost something of the keenness that recalled those penetrating glances of his father, when as a naughty

child I sat upon his knee and exchanged personal remarks with him.

At that time James was living at Number 34 De Vere Gardens. He was beginning to weary of London life and casting about as to how he might escape its exactions. We had many pleasant excursions together; he was a famous sight-seer and knew his London well. I always felt in him a certain defenselessness in the matter of guarding his own time. He was forever being called upon to write introductions to other people's books and to listen to other writers' manuscripts. He was over generous in these things and I often felt a righteous indignation against the swarm of less important authors, Mrs. Humphry Ward among them, who somehow managed to steal his only possession, his time, and impose upon his good nature.

We went much to the theater. While the English stage at this time could not be seriously compared to the French or Italian, it was far better than the American, and there were some good companies in London. Charles Wyndham, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare, and Forbes-Robertson were all acting. At the Lyceum Ellen Terry and Henry Irving, both at the height of their powers, were playing Shakespeare. We saw magnificent productions of the "Merchant of Venice", "Henry the Eighth", and "Hamlet." Witty Mary Abbott told us of a cockney comedian's criticism of Sir Henry.

"Look at 'Enery Hirving! Look at 'is 'Amlet! Asthmatic, I grant you, but werry wulgar. Give 'im a song and dance and where is 'e?"

Not long after seeing Ellen Terry's entrancing acting of Beatrice, J. and I met her former husband, the great

artist George F. Watts. My diary gives an account of our visit, but does not mention that I was haunted throughout by Miss Terry's voice and face. I could not imagine her at home in Watts' quiet, well-ordered house. They seemed as far apart as the poles, and yet she once reigned here supreme. There's a legend that during their brief married life Watts often gave large stag dinners where his child wife was not expected to appear. This was little to her liking. One evening, when a grave company of distinguished men were seated at the board, the lovely madcap appeared suddenly from under the table, where she had been hiding, dressed as Cupid in silk tights and wings, sprang upon the table, and ran its length before the astonished guests. "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*"

July 8, 1892. To lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Watts, Little Holland House, Melbourne Road, Kensington. Found them waiting for us in the drawing-room. She was a Miss Gordon Cumming. Watts is a man of perhaps seventy-six, slender, small, deaf in one ear. Keen blue eyes, fine teeth, the rest of him a delicate and dignified wreck. He was oddly dressed in a little claret-colored skullcap, a brown coat, very old, canvas shoes, unlaced, and linen ruffles at his wrists instead of cuffs. His presence was a benediction. The gentleness, the other-worldliness, the purity and spirituality of the great little man brought tears to my eyes. He made me think of Mr. Emerson, and a little of Papa, at the end. We lunched in a room filled with pictures and portraits and afterwards went into the gallery, thrown open to the public Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The "Life and Love", a picture I always liked, grows on one.

"I think of giving this to America," Watts said, "it may have a lesson for your country. Life is a poor thing at best, toiling up a steep, rough path, and unless helped by

Love, not worth having. Love does not lift the burden from Life, nor give it very much support, but touches it gently, tenderly, and makes the stony path endurable."

I admired a portrait of Mrs. Langtry.

"I call it the Dean's Daughter," he said. "She came in one day in a simple little bonnet and dress. There was a feather in the bonnet that I asked her to take out. Then I painted her just as she was."

The portrait is a perfect, womanly thing. Not the professional beauty, the actress, or the pleasure-loving woman the world knows, just the sweet loveliness of the Dean's Daughter.

"There is something very good about her," he said.

Remembering her smile, which kept the childlike quality and the brightness of sunshine, I understood.

A portrait of Lord Tennyson is among his latest work. During one of the sittings, Tennyson said to Watts:

"If John Keats had lived he would have been the greatest of the English poets."

Watts' very latest portrait of Walter Crane is in his most vigorous manner. It is painted in soft tones, face, coat, hair, background, all a mellow range of browns. The expression is characteristic, a really superb portrait. It reminded me of the day when Crane lunched with us in Beacon Street, and I tried to dissuade him from going to speak at an anarchistic sort of a meeting at Boston Music Hall.

"As I do not sell my pictures," Watts said, "I feel that I have the right to carry out an idea in many ways."

This *a propos* of a subject he has treated several times, the "Angel of Death."

"Too much gloom and terror is associated with death," he said. "It is sad to lose our dear ones, but beyond that death is not to be feared." He pointed to a picture he calls "The Messenger."

"I wish that picture to be understood by all people, not merely by Christians. The picture should tell its story to the Jew or the Mohammedan equally well."

The Messenger is a queenly figure, slow and stately,

advancing towards a dying woman on a couch. "The Court of Death", an enormous canvas just sketched in, is fine in composition and thought. Death, the same majestic figure, sits enthroned; below her is an altar. In the foreground a cripple brings his crutch to lay upon the shrine, a king casts his crown upon it. A soldier, a superb figure of a man standing with his back towards the spectator, throws down his sword. A girl sits at Death's feet; the drapery of the seated figure flows into a winding sheet about her. In the lap of Death lies a young child, suggesting the new birth into the other life. Behind on either side stands a tall angel guarding the door that opens into the mystery beyond.

"Too many young men and women are taking up art as a career to-day," Watts declared. "Any boy who has a little facility with brush or pencil is praised and petted into believing he is an artist. An artist must dress well and must appear as a gentleman should. If he has a wife and children, he must have a comfortable house for them. Many of them would starve to death were it not for the immense number of illustrations needed to-day for books."

In answer to a question of J.'s about his methods of work, Watts said:

"I never paint my ideal pictures direct from the model — I cannot think it right to paint either an angel or an ideal figure from life. Make as many studies from the model as you like, but paint the ideal from the ideal."

He took us into his modeling studio, whence a small tramway runs out into the garden. On the tram is a platform bearing an equestrian statue he has been working on for years. We had seen at the New Gallery a picture by Philip Burne-Jones of Watts in his white blouse at work on this colossal group. The horse is full of mettle, the rider equally spirited.

"I call this 'Physical Energy' in contradistinction to intellectual or spiritual energy," Watts said. "The youth has just accomplished the feat of subduing and reining in this fiery steed. He lifts his hand to shade his

eyes and looks out into the distance for the next struggle, the next conquest to be made."

He is making the group out of hard plaster which he chips away with a chisel, as the wet clay gives him rheumatism! J. says it is the most difficult medium possible to work in.

"If it is ever finished and cast," Watts began, then paused,—

"*If!*" I said. "It *must* be."

"It is a very costly matter to put such a thing into bronze," he answered. "I do not kn w if I can ever afford to do it. I do not paint my pictures to sell, but to serve another end. I give them to the nation. For a long time I was in doubt whether I had a right to do this because money is a great power for good, and I can make a great deal of money with my portraits, but on the whole I felt that my example and my best work would be of more value to my country. We need very little money. We go nowhere. Mrs. Watts spends next to nothing on her dress and we only need to live as we do, very quietly and comfortably."

The colossal horse and its rider of whose future Watts was so doubtful have found a place worthy of themselves and their creator. The group now forms part of the magnificent memorial to Cecil Rhodes in South Africa. It stands at the foot of the great flight of steps with a background of purple mountains and Africa stretching endlessly below it.

We had much pleasure in again meeting Sir Henry Stanley, the African explorer. He had been at our house in Boston the year before with his handsome wife, his mother-in-law Mrs. Tennant, and their relative, Hamilton Aïdé. Stanley was a masterful looking man who on most occasions was inclined to be silent. Once, however, he talked graphically with us about his ex-

periences in Africa. He spoke with modesty of his own personal exploits, but in spite of this he gave the impression that he deserved the name given him by the African chieftainess and written on a photograph I still possess, — Bula Matari, breaker of stone!

Two years before General Booth had paraphrased Stanley's famous book "In Darkest Africa" with a volume called "In Darkest England." The book laid strong hold on my imagination. During our first days in London I was too busy renewing old friendships, revisiting beloved haunts, to think about "Darkest England." One hot night, as we were driving home from a ball, our way took us along the Thames Embankment, where under the shadow of the Egyptian obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, I saw certain silent figures sleeping on the ground, crouching on the benches. There was, then, another London I did not know, and these forlorn men and women were among its people! I could not sleep for thinking of them, and the next day began my exploration of "Darkest England." My diary during the rest of this London visit is almost entirely devoted to this subject.

London, July 10, 1892. Found that the boys in the Salvation Army convict Shelter had no schooling, but prayer meetings seven evenings a week. Found very few books. The weak point in the work seems the lack of intellectual development. The libraries in the Shelters consist of one or two religious books, nothing more.

"How do the discharged prisoners get to this place?" I asked my guide.

"Every morning, when the prisoners are released, officers of the Salvation Army are waiting for them at the prison gate. They do not wear the uniform, for that would repel the men; at the sight of it they would slink away.

The officer accosts the man and asks him what he means to do. The answer is always:

"'I dunno.'

"'Come along with me,' says the officer, 'I will take you to a place where you can earn a good meal and a "doss" in a clean bed.'

"'What place is that?'

"'Do you think any one but the Salvation Army would come *here* for you?'"

The better class of criminals, first offenders, and down-and-outers generally yield and come with the officers to the Shelter. Hardened criminals, old offenders who do not wish to reform, return to their old haunts and companions. Among the men I talked with at the Shelter was the son of a well-known baronet. His friends had finally cast him off and he had gone from bad to worse. The face was weak and flabby, the bearing slouchy, but he did not look vicious. Among all the faces I saw only one that looked criminal. That belonged to a fellow who was sweeping the room. My guide said of him:

"That man has been wonderfully converted and has been saved in a truly beautiful manner."

I would not trust him farther than I could see him. Work is found for the men as soon as possible; while they remain at the Shelters nothing is given them; they must earn fourpence to pay for their dinner, twopence for breakfast and supper, fourpence for a bed. Any extra money they may earn is invested for them. Decent clothes are provided, if necessary, and their fare is paid to the place where they are sent to work. The employer either prepays it or keeps the money out of the wages and returns it to the Army. The Bridge was the first and the least cheerful of the places we visited. Sergeant Winch, my guide, always spoke of the men as "dear fellows."

"This dear man was a housebreaker. All these dear fellows are jailbirds. One dear boy, Curry by name, who is now thoroughly converted, was the worst pickpocket in Whitechapel." . . .

Winch told me his own "experience." His daughter

went out to service in the country and wrote him letters about the "blessed Sundays" she passed, but did not say where she passed them. Then the second daughter went down to the same place and began to write the same sort of letters. About this time he chanced to go to a meeting of the Salvation Army and on coming home said to his wife: "I had rather see my daughter in her coffin than belonging to the Salvation Army." In spite of what I said, by and by the wife began to look into the work, and she fair fell in love with it. Well, where the women folk go, the men must follow, and it's three years since I was led to join the Army, and it's the blessed times I have had. Last Sunday I walked six miles to hold an outdoor meeting, then an indoor meeting, then another outdoor meeting. I led the march. After that six miles' tramp on foot at the end of a hard week's work."

The part Winch enjoys the most is the meetings, especially those held out of doors.

"Some of the things we do," he said, "I can see myself must look ridiculous, like the beating the drum and sich, but if souls are saved, what does it matter?" What, indeed?

We next visited the Elevator, so called because it is planned to elevate the men. On our way we went through a poor Jewish quarter where the children, a crowd of superb, red-haired, brown-haired, black-eyed babies, filled the narrow sidewalks. . . .

It was polling day, the streets were filled with carriages bearing the names of the candidates. The walls everywhere were placarded with the names of the Liberal and Unionist candidates. I asked Sergeant Winch who he had voted for.

"I yielded to a great temptation today and voted for the Grand Old Man for the first time in my life."

In the Hanbury Street Elevator unskilled laborers are set to work chopping wood. The wood is brought in long flat boards. Several men are stationed with a mechanical saw worked by a steam engine that cuts the boards in short lengths. These are given to the men, who sit in little

wooden pens, each with a block before him and a hatchet. He takes the small pieces and chops them into tiny ones for kindling. I had always supposed that splitting wood must be desperately hard work till I saw how easily it is done in the Army. Another group sorts the wood into bundles and ties up the bundles with stout twine. Winch was welcomed by all the men. He had lately been in command of this Elevator and had invented the little pens for the wood choppers, to prevent quarreling among them over the amount each man had split. An account of the work is kept, and they are paid in leaden counters stamped two, three, or fourpence. With these counters they buy their food and lodging. The Elevators are only workshops; at night the men march to the Light House where they sleep. We visited the kitchen; neat and nice. The dinner was canned Australian mutton, which looked very good, boiled potatoes, beans and such delicious looking jam puddings! I wish I could have one made so well. When they have fresh roast beef they do not have pudding. Each man has a pint of tea, and all this for fourpence, — as good a dinner as anybody needs. The cook showed me his pantry, made me smell the tea, coffee, and cocoa, and taste the bread which was excellent. For breakfast they can have either tea or coffee with four great hunches of bread and marmalade, or a thick slice of cold meat, — all this for twopence. As a rule they prefer the jam to the meat. . . .

Upstairs we saw the brush factory. They were making hair brushes. The men here were much more cheerful than at the Bridge. In looking from face to face one saw them all clean and intent. The cheeriness of the atmosphere surpassed any workshop I have ever seen. The brushes were some of them beautifully made, others rather roughly put together. . . .

Winch spoke of the dreadful wickedness of the boys, but that they grow out of it so quickly when placed in the right atmosphere, proving that the natural direction of human growth is towards higher things.

The foreman had several blacksmiths and wheelwrights

working under him. He showed me two carts they had built and some trucks for the Salvage Brigade, with an excellent arrangement for carrying bottles. In the same Elevator they make the mattresses for all their establishments and in another department men were at work picking rags. One department was devoted to the care of the engines in all the stations. At the Elevator where the bunks are made they also make good simple furniture, all the benches used at the halls and other plain things. I saw here some fine chairs carved by hand, the work of an ivory carver. They could not furnish the man with ivory, so they gave him oak. The difficulty of selling his work has not yet been met. The manufacturers are jealous and will not allow such high-class goods to be put on the market.

Woman's Shelter, Hanbury Street, Whitechapel. Here women may sleep and have tea and breakfast. For meals twopence each, for a night's lodging the same. No questions asked. They must be indoors before eleven o'clock. The women are very reserved and reticent. They are from the lowest part of the community. Many old women in pitiful rags and tatters. Some have to be called at one o'clock in the morning to go to the markets, where they earn a few pence by picking over fruit. The shelters are kept 60 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit. The mere warmth is often enough to keep life in bodies weakened by hunger and cold. The long room is filled with bunks, or rather boxes. At one of the shelters men were at work making these sleeping boxes, carefully painted and enameled, the superintendent told me, as a protection against vermin. Inside each bunk are a leather-covered mattress and pillow, but no bedding.

A smaller room leading from the large one is reserved for women with children. I visited the *crêche* where, by paying a small fee, mothers can leave their children for the day. I saw one of the Slum Posts. The two Lassies in charge were gentlewomen, the daughters of a well-known Church of England clergyman. Their post is in the worst quarter of London.

"No one ever annoys us; we go in parts of the town where no one else could go safely. No one would hurt a Salvation Army Lassie," they said.

At one of the shelters the women may wash their clothes Tuesday and Friday evenings. Tubs and hot water are provided gratis; the women must bring their own soap.

My interest in the Salvation Army began one hot Sunday afternoon some time in the eighties, at the home of my sister, Laura Richards, in Gardiner, Maine. Looking out in the street, I saw a man beating a drum and a girl with a blue bonnet shaking a tamborine.

"What on earth are those lunatics about?" some one asked. We followed them down to the main street and listened to their simple service of song and prayer. Though this proceeding seemed incongruous in that quiet Maine town, it interested me. The Salvation Army met with that bitterest of all opposition, ridicule. But the more I studied the methods of the Army in London, the more convinced I became that it represented one of the greatest moral forces of my time. At a period when business men were beginning to talk about "by-products" and manufacturers to realize that the by-product was sometimes as important as all the rest of the plant, General Booth was developing the by-product of mankind and turning the wastrels of the race into profitable citizens. On my return to America I was so angered at hearing his methods pooh-poohed that I wrote a lecture describing what I had seen of the Army's work. Under the management of Major Pond I gave this lecture, "With Booth in Darkest England", far and wide. I am glad to think that my voice may have had some small influence in bringing about a better understanding of the Salvation Army in our country.

CHAPTER XVII

Arabian Days

It was in the early days of 1894 that J. and I set sail for Italy, whither his work called him, and that on the way I beguiled him into one of our merriest adventures.

"Our tickets allow us to stop over here for a week," I whispered as the steamer's anchor chain rattled through the hawseholes and the lights of Gibraltar glittered like golden fireflies fluttering over the huge Rock.

"But our luggage is booked for Naples," J. objected. *He* was eager to push on to his studio in Rome. All the afternoon I had been drawn as by a magnet to the mysterious blue coast of Africa. Here we were at the Pillars of Hercules; should we ever be here again? If an ally had not loomed up at that moment I should never have lived my seven Arabian days and nights. He introduced himself with a sweeping bow.

"I am Ferguson, friend of the Americans. You are from Boston; you live, perhaps, upon the Common? I know the best people there, the Quincys, the Shaws, the Winthrops. I will show you their letters."

"It is not necessary," I interrupted, "for I also know Mark Twain, who has told all Americans about you."

The famous guide of the "Innocents Abroad" seemed to dilate at this, till he shut out the Rock itself. He was an impressive-looking person, tall, handsome, with splendid and seductive manners. He came to my aid, and in ten minutes the matter was settled.

"I will show you Spain. I know what you want; some ladies do not understand traveling, but *you* shall see everything! Gypsy dances, eh? Palaces, pictures, Seville, Granada? Yes, we will go to Morocco. You shall visit the Sultan's harem!"

Letters to my mother and sisters give some impressions of that precious stolen week.

[To my Mother.]

Tangier, January 12, 1894.

We took ship at Gibraltar for Morocco, a pleasant sail of not more than three hours. As the steamer drew near the shore a swarm of boats rowed by turbaned Moors came out to meet us. Tangier lies at the foot of a spur of the Atlas Mountains on the edge of an almost circular bay; from the boat it looked like a round white pearl set in a ring of yellow sand. We clambered into a small craft rowed by four Moors and crowded with rival guides and interpreters who fought for us and our possessions. A young Jew, Abraham Levy, won the fight. Ferguson, finding us too small game for his picking, had handed us on to him. We soon found that in Morocco the Jew stands for what in some parts of the world the Christian stands for, — education, intelligence, cleanliness; in a word, the higher civilization. The Moors are a fine race, tall, handsome, with haughty austere faces and a pride of bearing I have yet to see surpassed.

At the city gate our porters laid down our luggage at the feet of three grave Moors dressed in white turbans and bournouses, reclining gracefully in a small cell smoking keef, a mixture of hashish and snuff. No word was spoken; the Moors looked calmly at us and we at them for what seemed a long time. Then the eldest of the trio nodded, the bearers took up our traps and we passed through the gate into the city.

"All right," whispered Abraham, "you see I understand these people. Did you ever pass through a customhouse so easily?"

None of us had guessed that it was a customhouse!

The whole life of Tangier seems to be lived in the streets. The market is a perfect babel of strange tongues. Veiled women seated on the ground sell queer flat loaves of bread and great bunches of violets. The stalls are piled with golden tangerines, tiny limes, mammoth lemons, scarlet peppers, purple eggplant — every fruit or vegetable you ever saw and many you never heard of!

The children are very handsome with enormous eyes and skins of bronze velvet! The Moorish is the best Oriental dress I have seen, save that of the Bedouins of the Pyramids, which it resembles. Abraham piloted us through a maze of narrow twisted streets crowded with strange figures; Moors in white bournouses, Jews in black gaberdines, negro slaves with gashed cheeks and wild-looking Berbers with blue eyes, the descendants of white men settled centuries ago in the hills and fiercer looking even than the Moors. . . .

In the late afternoon Dr. Baltzell (a fellow traveler) and I went for a ride in the outlying country. It might better be called desert, for it was all sand with an occasional fig tree. The sand from the beach seems to have been driven inland and rises up in little hills, reaching far into the interior. We rode into the sunset till we reached the ruins of an old Roman bridge and then back to town in a wonderful pink twilight under a crescent moon. Abraham lifted up his voice and sang a wild Hebrew melody, while Abdallah the donkey boy trotted along beside me, twisting the tail of Zuleiman, my unfortunate mule. When our retinue learned that Baltzell was an M.D., every door flew open to him, as physicians are held in high respect. Abraham consulted him about his fiancée, and Abdallah about his wife. The doctor's offer to go and see the patients was respectfully declined. The symptoms of both ladies were minutely described, and he was urged to prescribe. The doctor's own stock of simples soon gave out, and we commandeered my bottle of soda mints and my box of Brown's bronchial troches, which he distributed freely. At dinner there was quail for the doctor, mere

larks for us; his pillow was of down, ours of straw; he had a fine horse to ride, the rest of us had to put up with mules or donkeys!

I liked the Moors immensely, but they did not like us. A handsome boy bit his thumb at me! When I laughed at his insolence, Abraham whispered anxiously, "Do not notice them — it is better not — it is not safe!"

Raisuli, the brigand chief, was believed to be near the city and we were not allowed to ride far beyond the gates. I asked to see a school. Abraham led me to the open door of a cellar, where twenty boys from three to ten years old were seated upon the earth floor repeating verses from the Koran. The master, an old Moor with a long beard, frowned at us, and a youth of fifteen who was writing neatly in a book closed it hurriedly and started to his feet, muttering angrily.

"He is afraid that the shadow of a Christian might fall upon the page. If that happened, he would tear it out and all his labor would be lost," Abraham explained.

Outside the gate is the Sok, or market place. Here we heard a native teller of tales recite the story of the Fisherman and the Genie. While we were there a caravan from Fez arrived at the Sok, the camels grunted and scolded just like those you remember we rode in the Egyptian desert. That night a friend arranged a concert for us. There were six musicians with a lute, a tambourine, a reban and a shepherd's pipe. The leader chanted a wailing song, the others joining in the chorus.

"They are singing 'The Lament for Granada'!" said our host.

It was on a later visit to Tangier that I made the acquaintance of the famous Sharifa, Madame Wazzan, the English wife of the late Sharif, the native ruler of this part of the country. She was an interesting personage and for many years played an important part in Moroccan affairs. She was a strong, masterful-looking woman

rather Oriental in type, but thoroughly British in her tastes. Her drawing-room was the most characteristically English room I ever saw out of Great Britain. On the walls hung signed photographs of royalties and distinguished personages from all over the world, for this vigorous woman with iron-gray hair and aquiline features was a power in the land of her adoption. She spoke of her late husband with affection. His portrait held the central place on the walls. I met the wife of her son, a pretty Oriental with the regulation henna-tinted nails and palms. Tea was served English fashion and it was not till I was introduced to the Oriental part of the establishment that I realized what the Sharifa meant when she said:

"I lead a double life. With Arabs I am an Arab; with Europeans I am a European."

The Sharifa has done much to help civilize her adopted country. She told me that she had introduced vaccination to Tangier, where she vaccinates hundreds of children every year. I met Muli Hassan, her grandson and heir to the title, a pretty, well-mannered child.

"In certain respects," the Sharifa told me, "my grandchildren are brought up English fashion, as my children were. But I never forget that they are not only noble, but in the eyes of the people here, almost sacred persons. The crowd of cripples and beggars you saw outside my gate were waiting for the chance of touching Muli Hassan's garments when he goes out to ride."

The influence of such English women as the Sharifa of Wazzan and Lady Hester Stanhope upon the Mohammedan world into which they married, is beyond calculation. It must have been a very potent one, and perhaps worth to the British Empire the awful price they must have paid!

[To Laura Richards.]

On board the steamer, bound for Naples, January 19, 1894.

When we saw Granada we did not wonder that the Moors still mourned for their lost paradise.

At Seville we found a good English pension, honest and cheap, and best of all Don Antonio Sucillio, a friend of J.'s and one of the leading Spanish sculptors. He took us to his heart and we had two days of pure unmixed delight at Seville in the shadow of the Giralda, one of the perfect towers in the world, as lovely in its way as the Giglio at Florence. We saw some fine Murillos, the unique cathedral, the Alcazar, and the House of Pilate, only less beautiful than the Alhambra and the fitting prelude to this brightest jewel in the crown of Spain.

We reached the marvelous garden of delight, Granada, at nine o'clock on a full moonlight night. The next morning we were in the Alhambra in the very room where Queen Isabella first listened to Columbus and promised him her jewels for his quest. The capital of the Moors is perched on a high hill behind which rise the snow-clad Sierras. The town of Granada lies at the foot of the hill reserved for the palaces and gardens. The exterior of the Alhambra is grim and simple, but noble in its somber strength. The interior — but it is indescribable! The beauty of design, the wealth of color, the wonderful harmony, the romance, the hot passionate quality of it all makes Greece seem cold and Italy thin compared to it. Charles the Fifth did a little butchering and Ferdinand and Isabella a little more, but on the whole it has been wonderfully preserved. Restoration is only made when necessary and is so perfectly done that one asks not to be told where the original work leaves off and the reproduction begins.

We saw the Zingari of Andalusia living in caves scooped from the living rock. A dance was arranged for us; four girls and one man trod strange and beautiful measures. The best dancer of the five, whose name is Incarnacion, is partly Spanish. When the performance was half over,

each of the women kissed me on the cheek and gave a little mock embrace to the gentlemen of our party. As they were well scrubbed and freshly dressed, I enjoyed the pretty ceremony. We were offered wine, which we declined and they drank.

Andalusia was inhabited by the Moors for seven hundred and seventy-seven years before the Spaniards drove them out! Poor dears, how sorry I am they ever left it. Many of them took with them the massive iron doorkeys of their houses, believing that they would surely return some day to the land their industry had made fruitful, their art made beautiful. To-day in some ancient houses of Morocco these keys of the lost homes of Granada and Andalusia still hang upon the wall!

Andalusia is now chiefly important to the rest of the world as the treasure house of their scattered buildings, each one a gem, while the Moors, since they went back to Morocco, do not seem to have done much for themselves or for anybody else. Was it pleasant, do you think, to stand in the room of the Alhambra where Washington Irving lived, and to pick a leaf from the tree that bore his favorite oranges, also to eat an orange from the same? Our guide, Antonia Jimenez, was the great, great nephew of his guide. Irving's "Alhambra" is a classic; it gives the feeling of the place wonderfully.

How do you suppose it felt to be in Seville and to have Don Antonio Sucillio announced and go out with this fascinating Spaniard and partake of breakfast in a summer house lost in orange trees, to have a hidden singer caroling fierce war ballads and passionate love songs and a guitarist do the things with his instrument that only a Spaniard can do? Oh, week of romance and joy stolen from the workaday winter! A never-failing fount of happy memory. Even the beggars, the sturdiest of their breed in all the world, have a charm. Spain! Spain! It has taken the flavor out of everything else. I must go back if only for Madrid, where only one sees Velasquez. At Seville one gains a good idea of Murillo, who was a native of that charming city of roses. The finest specimens are

LAURA E. RICHARDS
From a photograph by Reynolds

FLORENCE HOWE HALL
From a photograph by Langhorne

in the damp dreadful old gallery where the pictures are suffering horribly. There is the divine San Antonio with the child Christ appearing to him, and a very fine Conception. The week in Spain was comparable to nothing but an Arabian Nights' tale; the dazzle of the Alhambra is still in my eyes!

CHAPTER XVIII

Artist Life in Rome
1894

When we arrived in Italy some of our English and American friends said, "You will find Rome dreadfully changed!"

Having known it in the seventies, I welcomed the changes that had brought comfort and health to the modern capital. The old Rome was all there, if you only knew how to look for it!

King Umberto, whom I had seen take the oath of office sixteen years before, reigned at the Quirinal with Queen Margherita, and Leo the Thirteenth at the Vatican. Francesco Crispi, the last of the great figures of the *Risorgimento*, was prime minister and ruled Italy with a firm hand, while Cardinal Rampolla, strong and astute, was the Pope's Secretary of State.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh was American ambassador and Larz Anderson first secretary of embassy. The British Embassy in the old Villa Torlonia close by the Porta Pia was a far more attractive meeting place than the American. We had pleasant relations with both American and English diplomats; of the latter I remember most distinctly Lord Currie, who came to Rome from Constantinople. I had known Lady Currie in London when she was Mrs. Singleton, writing under the pseudonym of Violet Fane.

I first met her at a dinner given for my mother by Edmund Yates at the Star and Garter at Richmond.

She was gay and handsome then, and I remember her keeping up a brilliant running fire of talk with Louis Jennings and W. H. Mallock. She was graver now, but kept the charm that had made her one of the most sought after women in London.

She still wrote occasionally and was always an omnivorous reader. She often read books for her busy husband. *A propos* of this, she told me a story of their Constantinople days. Lord Currie had given her a life of the Sultan, recently published in England. Was it interesting? he asked her one day. "Yes," she said, "but"—and got no further, "people of importance" interrupting. They dined that night with the Sultan; during the dinner the conversation flagging, Lord Currie had a happy inspiration. "Sire," he said, "an interesting book has just appeared about yourself!" Lady Currie made a frantic effort to reach his foot under the table.

"Ah!" said the Sultan. "I should like to see that book!"

"You shall have my copy!" exclaimed the Ambassador.

The Sultan's parting words were, "I will send for the book in the morning." When they were in the carriage Lady Currie said to her husband:

"The book you recommended to the Sultan opens with this sentence, 'A more loathsome toad than the Sultan Abdul Hamid I never saw!'"

When the Sultan's servant called next day, the volume was not to be found. It was sent for more than once, and the next time the Ambassador had an audience, the Sultan reproached him with duplicity.

Rome in the last decade of the nineteenth century was as fascinating to me as it had been to my mother in 1843, when she came here on her wedding journey. My

aunt still held her little court at Palazzo Odescalchi where I met many of the elder artists. Mr. Richard Greenough, the sculptor, rarely failed to appear on her reception days; he was an exquisite man with the old fashioned "hair-trigger breeding" of a Boston gentleman of the early Victorian age. Mr. William Story was at work upon his last statue, the "Genius of Grief", a kneeling figure of an angel, for his wife's grave in the Protestant cemetery, of which Shelley wrote, "It might make one in love with death to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Marion Crawford was living at Sorrento with his wife and four children. He had become famous and, for a writer, rich. I would rather have found him poor and obscure; the price he had paid for fame and fortune was too high. He had an iron constitution and phenomenal powers of work. I have known him to write a book in six weeks and doubt if he ever took more than three months over any novel. He worked under great pressure, with a full head of steam on, day in day out. The pace he had set was beginning to tell on him, but it seemed he could not alter it. He had little sense of self-preservation and was full of whimsies about his diet. We owed our first Roman home to him, for he lent us his apartment in the historic Palazzo Santa Croce, where tradition says Beatrice Cenci lived at one time. During the first part of our stay here I was harried by a recurrent nightmare. Night after night I found myself in a room that my waking eye had never seen, a blind room, without windows or doors, in the center of which stood a funeral catafalque draped in black. This vision obsessed me: even by day I could not wholly escape it.

After a time it happened that certain repairs were

needed on the foundations of the palace. In making them, the workmen came upon a small closed cellar filled with human bones. Further search was made, and over the cellar was found an oubliette whose entrance, walled up for centuries, was directly below my room. Two nights after this, as the bells of the Pietà del Monte rang midnight, a funeral car drew up before the palace, the bones were carried away, and buried with whatever ceremony the church allowed. After that I slept in peace.

The tower room where Crawford had worked became J.'s studio. On the walls hung casts from the faces of the great men described in Crawford's "With the Immortals", Napoleon, Beethoven, and best of all the famous death mask of Dante. This last so much impressed J. that he made a drawing of it in colored pastels. Dissatisfied with the work, he crumpled up the drawing and threw it in the waste basket. I rescued it, smoothed out the tumbled paper and "unbeknownst" took it to the framer's. When the drawing came home I hung it up in the salon.

"See how nicely your Dante looks now!" I exclaimed.

"Not nice at all! Don't let anybody see it!" was the answer.

Crestfallen I took the drawing to my bedroom. One day when I was ill my Uncle Terry came to see me and caught sight of the Dante.

"What a good drawing!" he exclaimed.

Uncle Terry was an excellent draftsman and J. had great respect for his opinion. The Dante came back to the salon. On my next reception day Mrs. David Kimball, a Boston collector, saw it and bought it on the spot. Later Curtis and Cameron reproduced it as a Copley

Print; it has gone all over the world, taken prizes in Australia and Japan and is, I believe, the most popular modern portrait of the great Italian poet. I tell this story for the benefit of other artists' wives, for it has been my experience that artists are often the worst judges of their own work. They seem to value most the work that has cost them the greatest labor, whereas it sometimes happens that things struck off at white heat, quickly and easily, have more of the artist's personality, which of course is what gives every work of art its value.

Before leaving America, I had arranged to write a syndicate newspaper letter for the *Boston Transcript*, the *Kansas City Star*, the *New Orleans Times Democrat*, a Chicago, and a New York paper. Gathering materials for this correspondence added much to the interest of my life in Rome. I had the sense of being eyes and ears for thousands of readers in different parts of the world. My letters to my family, however, give more intimate glimpses of Rome at this time.

[To my Mother.]

Rome. February, 1894. I see many fine functions at St. Peter's. I never tire of it all, the arrogant scarlet cardinals, the ermine-tippeted canons, the great feather fans carried before Pope Leo, his extraordinary waxen face where only the eyes seem alive, as he passes through the throng carried high above the people, giving the papal benediction with three fingers of the right hand. The uniforms of the Swiss Guard and the Guardia Nobile, the papal chamberlains, the vested choir, the voices of the Pope's "angels", the rich smell of incense are all just as you knew them before I was born. Did you remember that some of the splendid costumes were designed by Michael Angelo?

"St. Peter's is the theater of the Church," Monsignor (now Cardinal) O'Connell once said to me. He is right.

A function there moves me just like any other great pageant. I had n't been here a week when I saw the King, the Queen and the Pope. She is like a queen in a fairy story, tall, beautiful, with golden hair. The King seems better loved by the Romans, the Queen by the diplomats and foreigners. She is very *dévote*, doubtless a fortunate thing for the dynasty. I find matters political very difficult to understand. Mr. Stillman, who is the *London Times* correspondent and hardly less important a personage than the British Ambassador, tells me that Crispi is a giant and the only man able to hold Italy in hand. He is seventy-four years old and after him "the deluge" is feared.

Yesterday Colonel and Mrs. John Hay gave a pleasant reception at their hotel, where I met the Bishop Potters, Mrs. Edward ditto and Stillman's tall wife and daughters. Mrs. S. (Marie Spartali) interests me more than any person I have met so far. A superb romantic creature, a hard worker, a good painter, one of the last of the Pre-Raphaelites. I remember your telling me of her when she was the rage of London, the idol of that group. They all painted her, — Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones. The last portrait is by Du Maurier. We are convinced she is the original of the Duchess in "Peter Ibbetson." She has a thousand little tricks he describes, the likeness is too strong to be mistaken. — Cold to-day, *tramontana* blows and I hug my open fire. I wonder the Romans were ever Christianized; the sun is so all-important for health, happiness, life itself, that it seems strange they could have turned from the altars of Apollo.

Rome, March 5, 1894. At two o'clock to-day Mrs. Potter Palmer and I drove into the courtyard of the Quirinal Palace and got out at the glass doors under the clock. The porter, an immense scarlet-coated person with cocked hat and a long cane of office, received us with ceremonious bows and scrapes.

"Have their Excellencies been summoned for an audience with her Majesty the Queen?"

We "allowed" that we had, whereupon with even deeper salaams he ushered us up a winding stairway with the tiniest steps I ever saw, to the *piano nobile.* Here we passed through several magnificent apartments filled with flunkies in scarlet liveries and silk stockings to an anteroom. The walls and furniture were covered with blue satin brocade, there were many flowering plants, superb hangings and a few good old portraits. Here we found the Marchesa Villamarina, lady in waiting to the Queen *in perpetua,* and the lady in waiting for the month, both of whom wore on the left shoulder a diamond M (the Queen's initial) on a blue ribbon like an order. As we entered, a little old lady very plainly dressed passed into the inner room.

"That is Mme. ——, the widow of a distinguished general," the Marchesa said, "your turn is next."

When the old lady came out we were announced and ushered into the reception room. We courtesied at the entrance, halfway across the room, and again as we stood before the Queen, who received us standing. She was dressed in black velvet embroidered with jet, and wore one string of gigantic pearls. Her earrings, immense, perfectly round solitaire pearls, were in shape and size the twins of Mrs. Palmer's; Mrs. P.'s were the best I thought.

The room was large and luxuriously furnished with windows looking out on the Quirinal garden. The Queen seated herself and motioned us to sit. She had beside her a little table with silver smelling bottle and writing materials. She opened the conversation by telling Mrs. Palmer that she had seen her mother-in-law some years ago. Mrs. Palmer thinks she meant Mrs. Bryan, who came to Rome to arrange for the loan of the Queen's collection of laces for the Chicago World's Fair. The Queen then turned to me and asked if I had written the book about the Woman's Department of the Fair, presented to her by our Ambassador, Mr. MacVeagh. When I pleaded guilty, she said, with the prettiest accent:

"Thank you for the book. It is very interesting. I hear the Fair was a great success; many Italians went to

Chicago and I have heard much about it. They tell me that the Woman's Building was beautiful and the Italian exhibit well arranged and much admired."

When we had threshed out the subject of the Fair, there was a pause. In the presence of royalty you must not speak till you are spoken to; this leaves the choice of the topic of conversation to the royal personage. After a moment's silence the Queen turned to me and asked:

"Are you fond of music?" adding, "It is my greatest pleasure. I had a Steinway piano that I bought in Germany. When Mr. Steinway heard of this he asked me to send it to him and sent me in exchange a piano he thought better. The tone is admirable. The Chickering pianos are also good." She was evidently aware of the rivalry of the two famous firms.

The Queen had obviously been prepared for our visit, for she spoke to me chiefly on matters of art.

"Your artists in America are doing very good work," she said, "and what excellent architects you have. I know that from the pictures of your fine houses I see in the illustrated magazines. I enjoy reading them, the literature is so fresh. We see a great many American ladies here, but few gentlemen. Your men, I hear, are too busy to travel. Two of my ladies in waiting are Americans, so I learn many things about your country."

She rose, shook hands, "hoped to see us again," and the audience was over. Taking pains not to turn our backs (it was n't easy) we courtesied out of the room with three genuflections as on entering.

When she was young, the Queen was a great beauty; she is still handsome, graceful, charming, and took as much pains to be agreeable as if the whole business of holding audiences with strangers was a pleasure and not the unmitigated grind it must be; still she doubtless calls it part of the day's work and likes to do it well.

June, 1894. We have taken an apartment close to J.'s studio in an old palace built by Sixtus the Fifth. It looks out upon the Square of St. Peter's and it has a divine terrace. What a view! The whole of Rome and the Alban

Hills, St. Peter's and the fountains, the Vatican and the windows of the Pope's private apartments just opposite! At the studio J.'s happy family, a pair of pigeons and a falcon, has an addition in the shape of two pretty kittens.

Queen Margherita is a brave woman. She drives about the town constantly, passing this house twice a day with only a lady in waiting beside her. The scarlet liveries of her coachman and footman make the landau a fine target for the anarchist's knife or pistol, but the Queen is quite fearless. Crispi laughs at the attempts to kill him, and they have begun to say he has a charmed life. The King looks as if he would like to be in anybody's boots but his own. Some of Crispi's acts would have brought about a revolution in any other country; the King alone has prevented this, and the unconscious triumph of his simple, honest character is most impressive. He is not a brilliant man, but he loves his people and Italy better than his own dynasty, which he has not scrupled to jeopardize. Crispi is perfectly sincere in the belief that for the country's sake his government must continue. Whether he is right is another question. No matter what happens, have no fear for us. The Romans are the peaceablest people in the world. At Milan, Naples, Turin, Florence, there may be some excitement, but the Romans do not interest themselves in what is happening in the world to-day and won't do so for another generation. You can't make people free in twenty-five years; it takes at least fifty.

On Friday, the day of Santa Lucia, we were bidden to the *festa* of Signora Villegas. Here they celebrate your saint's day instead of your birthday. At dinner I sat between Villegas and Adolfo Apolloni, the sculptor. The Signora is Italian, but Villegas is an Andalusian from Seville. There were Spanish guests, Spanish wine and viands, much talk and merriment.

Our home between 1894 and 1900 was the old Palazzo Accoramboni, or, as we called it, the Palazzo Rusticucci. The agent who let us our apartment was an ignorant man,

and when we asked the name of the palace he told us it was the Rusticucci. It was only after we had had the name engraved upon our note paper and visiting cards, and had lived there two years, that Crawford told us of our mistake. It seemed too late to correct it, so we kept the name, and now it is a source of satisfaction to me to remember that we are the only people who ever lived in Palazzo Rusticucci! The quarter, properly called the Leonine City, is more familiarly spoken of as the Borgo, and is inhabited chiefly by people connected with the Vatican. Our apartment was both picturesque and comfortable. Our terrace, transformed by J. into a sort of hanging garden of Babylon, where we cut roses every month of the year, became one of the sights of Rome, and strangers often rang our doorbell and asked to see it.

Rome is the most hospitable place I have ever known. From the time of the Empire the chief business of the city has been to entertain strangers; it never had any other business and it has never lost the habit of making strangers feel at home. The society is most amusing, for one only has to "sit tight" and sooner or later every important personage in the world passes your way!

[To my Mother.]

July 5, 1894. Yesterday the Ambassador gave a Fourth of July reception with lots of champagne, American flags and a band playing the Star Spangled Banner. There were one hundred and ten Americans present, so you see we are not the only ones left in Rome. I am brisk and well. If one has to be in any city in summer, Rome is the best. Tuesday night Mariano Benlliure came to dine. He is called the first living Spanish sculptor. He has a strong dash of the Moor, as his genius and his name show; all the Bens are of Moorish descent. We also had Mrs. Taylor, a clever

newspaper woman, correspondent of the *London Standard*, sister of Mrs. Augustus Trollope, and Joe Hunt. He has grown a beard and is not quite so cherubic.

I have had two bright letters from William Henry Hurlburt, who is at Cadennabbia on the Lake of Como. He wrote for homeopathic medicines which I sent him. The poor old fellow is n't long for this world. He has an insight into spiritual truths as keen and as fine as when he was an associate of the Transcendentalists at Cambridge; one hears he has another side, but I have never seen it.

You ask me how I pass my days. Up at five and out for a spin on my bicycle. The other day I rode to Ostia and back before lunch. After my ride I get out stores and linen and settle accounts; everything is under lock and key and every *centesimo* accounted for. Out again for errands and at my writing by half-past ten or eleven. In the morning I write and read the papers in the *salotto*. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* has much home news. Lunch at one. After lunch to bed for a siesta.

I make a rule to be indoors by eleven in the morning and not to go out again till five in the afternoon. After the siesta, I go up to my workroom on the terrace where there is a thorough draft and no sun, and work there till six, when I go over to the studio to see how J.'s painting goes on. For a little stroll, and then dinner on the terrace at eight. We sit there till bedtime — so nice and cool, the stars very homelike and pleasant, the same constellations that you see, and just now many falling stars.

During the years of our life in Rome we spent most of the summers there. As the heat increased, one by one the English and American friends and the more well-to-do Roman friends departed, until our circle narrowed down to a few artists, two or three of the younger diplomats left in charge of the embassies, and certain friendly priests, who found our house a convenient stopping place on the way to the Vatican. I learned more of Rome in

these lonely summer months than during the gay season. One August I heard of the death of an elderly American woman whom I had never seen. As I knew her niece, I felt impelled to drive out to the Protestant cemetery to the funeral, for I did not know of any other American in Rome who could be there. The Ambassador, the Consul, the clergymen of both the English and American churches were out of town. When I reached the little chapel, I found a strange clergyman getting into his surplice. The coffin was already there, and a carriage had just stopped containing the niece and the doctor who had attended the dead woman.

"I am a stranger. I only arrived this morning," said the clergyman. "I do not speak the language, I do not know for whom I am to read the service."

"I too am a stranger," I began. The solitary mourner was entering the chapel.

"At least you can tell me," in an agonized whisper, "whether I am to read the service for a man or a woman."

"Oh, for a woman!" I gasped.

I think the memory of that lonely funeral had much to do with our coming home to America for the "last heat" of life. Much as I adored Rome, I did not want to grow old and die there!

January 21, 1895. Uncle Terry still goes to teas and flirts desperately with the girls who make much of the dear old fellow. Mrs. John L. Gardner is here with wonderful costumes from Paris and such furs — sables and chinchillas. My syndicate goes better always. I have seven subscribers now. I am very glad of the new ones, *Louisville Courier Journal* and *St. Paul Despatch.*

February 23. Rome is full of Americans, who keep me very busy. To-day I wrote the first stint of my

newspaper carnival letter, then arranged the flowers and put my house in order for a luncheon party for Mrs. Potter Palmer. In the afternoon drove out with Mrs. Gardner to Villegas' studio where she "acquired" some of his gorgeous stuffs, old Genoese velvet and the like. To tea at Mrs. MacVeagh's, where I had a good talk with the Ambassador; he looks like his brother Franklin whom we liked so much in Chicago. To-night to a ball at the Artists' Club. You must read Paul Sabatier's "St. Francis of Assisi"; it is delicious. I have just suffered Zola's "Debacle." One does n't read that book, one suffers it.

April 1. Sunday was my reception day; there are only two more of them. They are voted a success. Helen (Gardner) makes the tea. The Price Colliers came. She is a pearl. They are an interesting couple. To-day to lunch with Auntie and Uncle Terry. They have bloomed out with the warm weather and look like a pair of roses. Dear old Mr. Hooker was a sad loss to them; his death has darkened their whole winter. Mr. Story is ill, but his daughter Edith Peruzzi is hopeful. Mr. Hurlbert told me that the reason Mr. Story did n't recover was that he did not want to. His interest in life died with his wife. It seems that she had taken care of all the material side, his money, wardrobe, every practical detail! Losing her, he finds himself helpless, "perplexed", as Hurlbert said, "at buying a shoe string."

Saw Salvini in Alfieri's "Saul" last night; a great joy. He is unchanged, showed not a trace of having "gone off!" I had hardly hoped for this happiness, as he almost never acts now, having retired after his last tour in the United States, with a handsome fortune. Mme. Modjeska in a stage box, looking lovely but older, the sad "older" that dresses like twenty-five and has the face and expression of fifty. But, bless you, if you want my news, buy the weekly *Transcript;* my letters are pretty apt to turn up in Rome, as many traveling Bostonians subscribe to it. The Barrett Wendell children confronted me with one of my own letters the other day

and demanded to be taken to the tapestry factory I had described; fortunately it exists.

May 10. Two weeks ago I went to Sorrento to visit the Crawfords, then to Venice for a week with Mrs. Gardner. The celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Torquato Tasso's death took me to Sorrento. Crawford made the chief address, prefacing it with an apology for his Italian. The Bishop of Sorrento told me this was rather a jest, as Marion's Italian was more elegant and correct than that of any other speaker.

In Venice the attraction was the opening of an exhibition of modern pictures. I found time for my old loves, Titian and Veronese, and took on two new ones, Tintoretto and Carpaccio. I was very comfortable at Marion's, where he and Bessie were kind as kind. Mrs. Gardner has the Daniel Curtis apartment on the Grand Canal. John Sargent had been staying there and he had recommended Mancini to paint a portrait of Mr. Gardner. Mancini's method of painting is to put a network of squares about two inches large in front of the canvas and to paint the picture through these squares. You sometimes see traces of these threads in Mancini's work. J. thinks with Sargent that Mancini is a man of genius — he knows him well and I have been to his studio in Rome.

Mr. Curtis's last *mot.* In the dining room of the Grand Hotel some one asks the name of a lady extremely décolletée.

"The Princess Chemisoff, *née* Alloff!" Curtis snapped out.

I am sending you for your birthday two bits of old lace; one is Mechlin, the other Palestrina. I bought them in Venice. Old lace is now almost priceless; there has been a tremendous run on it. Jesurum, the famous lace dealer in Venice, told me that most of the good old lace has gone to America. I got a deal of tutoring about lace from him and now understand something of it. It makes me faint to remember how carelessly I have worn some of your rare old pieces. You must get them to-

gether and let me bring them back to be repaired. I have a wonderful lace woman; she wears the most powerful glasses I ever saw. It's an awful trade, lace making or mending, too often ending in blindness.

April 13. Busy this week with the Lenten services. The *tenebrae* and *miserere* very fine, the ceremony of washing the altar and displaying St. Veronica's handkerchief and other relics impressive and beautiful. Somehow it is all arranging itself in my mind. At first I felt only dismay and bewilderment, now I begin to see the *raison d'être.* It's not particularly Christian, but the symbolism is aesthetic and spiritual, a turning from mere material toil and contemplating the unseen and unknown. It's a sort of theism that seems well suited to the Latins. Hardly a day passes without my going into St. Peter's or to the Vatican. I take refuge there when too many "oxen come about me, fat bulls of Bashan compass me on every side"!

CHAPTER XIX

A Year of Travel

During our long residence in Rome I made frequent flying trips to America to see my mother. On one of these visits my friends, Captain and Mrs. George Hamilton Perkins, asked me to take their daughter Isabel back with me to Europe. Of the many conversations I had with the parents of this adored only child, one phrase alone hangs in my memory. The gallant Captain said to me in a voice strangely moved with feeling, "I want my little girl to grow up to be a noble woman."

My letters for the next year tell the story of our travels. I strove to do for my young charge what my mother had done for me nearly twenty years before; above all, I tried to help her live up to her father's ideal.

[To my Mother.]

Paris. November 5, 1895. We have been in Paris three weeks, weather good for the season and Paris as ever the gayest, bonniest, neatest lass in the sisterhood of cities. We are shopping, sight-seeing, studying French and going to the theater. Last night to the Théâtre Français. The play was "L'Ami des Femmes" by Dumas. Not very "*jeune fille*" but more so than anything they are likely to give. The acting was exquisite and the hero, Worms, a man of eighty, a fine exemplar of the old school of legitimate drama. Rather trying, though, to see a man of that age in a part for a *jeune premier*. Compared to the Français I remember, with Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette in their prime, playing the "Sphinx", "Adrienne", "L'Étrangère" and "Her-

nani", it was slow music. The women were mostly old and the whole atmosphere fossilesque. I wonder if the greed for money doesn't lure away many of the stars, or whether it was chance that made the performance seem so far below those I remember. The opera is only fair, all the best singers having gone to the United States. If they give the "Train de Plaisir" at home be sure and see it. 'T is very funny and will give you a good laugh. The latest art news is that a fine new statue of Meissonier has just been unveiled. Paris is so Americanized that it's tiresome. At the circus and the variety shows English is more spoken than French. At the Folies Bergères the French actors who took part acted in pantomime, while all the dialogue and the songs were in English. Isabel is a dear good affectionate child. If she learns one quarter of what I am learning in trying to teach her, it will be well for her.

Yesterday to see your old friend, Mrs. Greene.[1] She was charming, lying in bed dressed in blue satin and white lace, quite lovely to behold. She told me of Willie Greene's fine boys; the eldest, son of the first wife, lives with her. I can still repeat every poem in W. G.'s two books, "Imogen" and the "Wild Cat Express." His second marriage to his first love, Sally Austin, was most romantic, and has turned out a very happy one!

River Nile. On board the *Rameses III.* December 11, 1895. If you are as cold to-day in Boston as I am in Egypt, I am sorry for you. It is bitter, bitter! The journey began with a sandstorm. Egypt is Egypt still; this unseasonable weather will pass soon, and we shall have the usual cloudless skies. There are always the camels, the people, the dahabeahs, donkeys and palm trees, but I am glad I first saw it before it had become quite so much a beaten track for "trotters." I have a little nig called Abdul for chambermaid. I like him better than anybody on the ship. We can't talk much, but I teach him "trunk" and he says "skunk", and

[1] An old friend of my mother's, once the beautiful Anna Shaw.

I teach him "bottle" and he says "throttle", which is pleasant.

Also I like M. Angier, a French gentleman, a lieutenant in the army. He is from Lyons, a legitimist, a devoted Catholic and an earnest little person. His amazement at the American Meess is amusing. The sunsets are supreme, the river as beautiful, the people, camels, donkeys, goats and buffaloes as picturesque as when you and I saw them. In Cairo things are changed; here on the Nile all is as in the days of Joseph. I read my Bible a great deal, looking up all references to Moses and all the rest of them.

Assouan. December 21, 1895. It is all as wonderful as ever. New temples, some of them unearthed by your Egyptian Exploration Fund, some by the French, are on every side. We arrived at Assouan yesterday. There is a small English garrison here and we had some of the pretty officers over to dance with the girls. Isabel is the sweetest-tempered creature alive. It's nearly three months since we set sail; in all this time she has never been anything but sweet and docile. I think this is remarkable. The beauty of these Nubians is something you will remember. I am in a state of perfect delight all the time at the perfection of their type! The "black Hamburg bloom", as you called it, makes white people look pale and washed out. I should like to buy one of these Nubians and bring him home as a present to you. Do you remember Constance Rothschild's Nubian and how faithful he was to her? Oh, the beauty of Elephantine Island! and best of all, Philae lies before us to-morrow. This morning to the bazaars with M. Philipon, an Egyptologist, to pick up some trifles and to the quarries where we saw the half-cut obelisk lying there all unfinished. There are hotels now at Luxor and Assouan. I grow deeply interested in the lore of Egypt. I should like to pass a year here. I begin to understand the theory of hieroglyphics and would undertake to read the simple ones in six months. It's a fascinating subject, the first step

beyond mere picture language. We are living on very familiar terms with Thothmes, Rameses and Queen Hatasu.

I am not sure whether it was upon this visit or a subsequent one, that I saw in the Museum at Cairo the mummied face of the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the time of Joseph. The features and the hair were so well preserved that one gathers just what sort of looking man this Pharaoh must have been. Of all the wonders that Archaeology has revealed nothing has so much impressed me as looking upon the very face that Joseph saw.

Jaffa. January 1, 1896. It's all just as it was! The house of Simon the Tanner, the queer little hotel kept by the German religious colonists, the big oranges, the delay of the steamer. We are toiling away at the Old and New Testaments. Have much enjoyed talks with young Bliss, son of President Bliss of Beirut College, a learned man bred for the orthodox church and now a sort of Unitarian. He is excavating in and about Jerusalem and is tracing the site of the old walls. We flounder along in Biblical history. We have now got the Jews out of Egypt and pulled Jericho about the ears of the unfortunate inhabitants. We have stopped the sun in the Valley and hanged the Five Kings. Now we are tackling Saul, David and Solomon. How perfectly gorgeous that old heathen's love songs are!

The Bible you gave me before I left has proved invaluable. All through Palestine my Bible and my guidebook have hardly left my hands. My knowledge of the oratorios comes in well. I shall enjoy them as never before when I get back to Boston.

"What is the difference between Elisha and Elijah?" I heard an American tourist ask the other day. The words of our great basso, Myron Whitney, rang in my ears; I heard the stirring chorus from the "Elijah"!

I heard the tourist just quoted say to a fellow traveler: "To-morrow we are going to see the Garden of the

Yosemite," meaning the Garden of Gethsemane. This showed how sadly the study of the Bible is neglected in modern education.

Our stay in Palestine was all too short. We had promised to return to Rome for the end of the season and in February we regretfully left the Holy Land for the Eternal City. During my absence J. had made some necessary alterations to our apartment, adding, among other things, a fireplace to our spare room, where our young guest soon began to feel herself at home.

Rome. February 23, 1896. Great depression here over the Abyssinian War. The poverty is very sad, and the Adowa defeat casts a gloom. It seems now that the carrying on of the war is a matter of pride and a fear of loss of Italy's prestige; the pride will cost the nation a cruel tribute of blood, treasure and broken hearts.

We have just returned from a trip around the Sorrentine peninsula. You remember the beauty of that country? The drive is now completed; we drove to Amalfi from Sorrento and on to La Cava, stopped at Ravello and wandered over the villa of Mr. Reed, the English gentleman you remember. It was all just as it was when we saw it in 1878. From La Cava we visited the Benedictine monastery founded in the eleventh century. Saw many interesting manuscripts, among others a marriage contract written on a sheepskin so cut that one sees where the neck and the legs of the animal came. It is dated A.D. 710. The husband endowed the wife with one fourth of his worldly goods; save the Egyptian papyri, I have never seen so curious a document.

Langen Schwalbach. May 15, 1896. We spent a night at Weisbaden on our way here. There we had the luck to see the German Kaiser at the theater. The town was hung with wreaths, filled with triumphal arches, and quite beside itself on account of the visit of Imperial Bill. He sat in the front of the box surrounded by officers in shining uniform. I don't like him, because he has

treated his mother so outrageously, and because he is so selfish in constantly "dropping in" for a friendly visit to Italy, which costs the Italian Government a pretty penny it can ill afford. The visits are not returned, but he does not take the hint and comes again! He looks like his pictures, only more arrogant. Do you remember how gracious the old Emperor William was, and the Emperor Frederick? He is not like either of them.

Langen Schwalbach. June 20, 1896. I am aghast as you must be at the Cretan horror; and when the newspapers speak of the United States having helped the Cretans so much in the revolt against their Turkish masters in 1867, I think of Papa and you, who were the moving spirits in that great and generous American aid. I feel so little and helpless, I wish I could have been a giant too! But what was Caesar's son? After all, I think you and Papa are lucky in that you didn't have a family of fools, like so many great people.

Partenkirchen. July 4, 1896. Here we are in the Bavarian Highlands, near the boundary of the Austrian Tyrol. You can hardly fancy even with your poet's imagination how lovely it is. Our hotel is a clean countrified sort of place built like a Swiss châlet. The men wear the pretty picturesque old costume almost exclusively. The green felt Tyrolese hat with the bunch of feathers at the back is universal with the middle class. The peasants wear black leather breeches embroidered daintily in green, ending above the knees, which are bare like the Highlanders'; below the knee is a gray or green stocking finishing just above the ankle. The white linen shirt is very full, with braces embroidered in green over it. The jacket, sported only when it is cold, is of gray or green cloth with silver or stag horn buttons. The politeness of the people I never saw equaled. Everybody bows to us, and in the more primitive towns the little children come gravely up to us and shake hands as we pass their houses. The piety is very impressive after Italy. There

are shrines everywhere, and over many of the house fronts frescoes of sacred subjects; so far however I have not caught sight of a priest or a monk. I like these simple mountain folk much. From nine in the morning till nightfall we are out of doors; we climb, we walk, we drive. From here we shall visit poor King Ludwig's wonderful castles, which perhaps cost him his crown, his liberty, his life.

Partenkirchen. July 11, 1896. I sent you a line from Oberammergau written on the way to that enchanted fairyland of the poor mad dreamer, Ludwig. We saw his two castles, Linderhof and Hohenschwangau, dream-like places full of a haunting romance and fantastic luxury. Ludwig used to drive through the forests at night in a huge sledge of silver and blue drawn by six snow-white horses, his way lighted by flashing torches. On his visits to the castles he always arrived exactly at midnight. Hohenschwangau is built close to the old schloss of the Knights of the Swan. There are swans everywhere, a lake full of live ones, and in the Castle a thousand swans, of silver, ivory, porcelain, — every conceivable material. These castles are in the heart of the mountains, far from all other human habitations. The effect of this majestic luxury with the background of snow-capped mountains and foreground of forest and mountain brooks where we saw the deer running wild, surpasses anything I have ever seen.

I wonder if Ludwig II was really mad, or if he was only a born poet and dreamer who had the power to try and realize his dreams in bricks and mortar, as few poets ever had. He drained the treasury of his country to build these palaces, and it was not hard perhaps for his dull and greedy relatives to shut him up so that they might reign in his stead. One of his extravagances was to have the Wagner operas performed at midnight, his favorite hour, with no one present but himself.

We have had many glimpses of the Empress of Austria. She is an imperial looking woman with her splendid figure

and her gorgeous hair, still bright brown, wound in close braids round and round her head. The day when we drove from Linderhof to Hohenschwangau, she walked! It took us six hours to drive and it took her ten hours to walk. She was accompanied by one forester and her Greek teacher, a young man of about thirty. She recognized us, for we have met her several times walking in the forest. She bowed and smiled very sweetly to us. Her face is tragically sad in repose. She lives in great retirement since the mysterious death, murder, or suicide, of her only son Rudolph, who was found with his mistress killed in a hunting lodge.

Baden Baden. August 1. We left Bayreuth day before yesterday. The operas were all that the most enthusiastic Wagnerian ever told you. They are given in the following sequence; the "Rheingold", the "Walküre", "Siegfried" and the "Götterdämmerung." It is all very impressive, more like a religious function than an amusement. We stayed at the house of Carl Boller, *kaufmann*, had pleasant rooms infested with paper flowers and china knickknacks, but clean to a nicety and smelling only of new oil-cloth. The theater is finely situated outside the town on a hill. At four in the afternoon the audience of sixteen hundred and fifty souls assembled. The exterior of the building is ugly and humdrum but the acoustics are perfect. Shortly before the time for the beginning of the opera a band of trumpeters sounded forth a splendid call, different on each occasion and taken from some theme in the act following. At the third trumpet call the doors are shut, and the fellow who is shut out must wait till the act is over before they are opened. The theater is so constructed that it is claimed every seat is equally good, and while one may have one's preference this is practically true; that there are no bad seats is certain. The floor slopes down like that in a circus but not so steep. The orchestra is out of sight. When the audience is comfortably seated the lights are

turned low, the women take off their bonnets and the wonderful overture begins.

It is like a great fairy drama; the romance of it all is beyond telling. You are carried out of the world of mere personal artistic accomplishment into a universe of mysterious, terrible, delightful, primitive experiences. Gods, dragons, and talking birds seem as natural in this fairy realm as electric cars in Boston. You lose the personality of the artists, the wonderful art of the scene painter, the grandeur of the orchestra, all in the sublimated whole. A case in point, — I never cared to ask the names of the artists, and am now writing for a programme. It merely never struck me that these creatures were anything beside what they stood for in the Wagnerian universe.

The Hague. August 16. We are pleasantly situated here in a comfortable, old-fashioned hotel. Holland is quite unchanged, the cities as quaint and clean as ever and the sense of familiarity, of being at home here, stronger than ever. We did not have a Dutch ancestor for nothing, did we? We have some pleasant acquaintances here, the family of our friend John Loudon, Secretary of the Netherlands Legation in Rome. We took tea with these kind people yesterday at their miraculously lovely house, a sort of miniature museum filled with superb Dutch art objects, among others the finest collection of old Delft I know, also rare silver, tapestries, wood-carving and other things all Hollandish. After the incongruous hodgepodge some collectors make of their houses, the perfect harmony of this interior was refreshing. M. Loudon, *père*, spoke of Germany with a sort of intense dread. I gathered that the Dutch live in terror of being swallowed alive by their increasingly powerful neighbor. Of all the countries I have seen on this rather extended tour, Germany is the most changed in the last eighteen years. Nassau, which we remember so picturesque and not too tidy, has taken on an impress of military spruceness and precision that makes one think of Berlin, which

is the same unsympathetic place, only much larger and even uglier than before.

38 Clarges Street, London. August 23. We are delightfully established in London lodgings, very comforting after the long months in hotels. To-day we went to church at St. Giles, Cripplegate, where we heard a good sermon. Yesterday we drove to Windsor and back by coach, a sixty-mile jaunt. The horses were changed eight times.

Braemar, Scotland. September 8. We stopped at Leeds on our way to Scotland and spent two days with the Henry Appletons. He is the leading solicitor of Leeds, a man with a comfortable fortune made by hard work, a delightful home, and an interesting family. The young people were full of friendliness and sparkle. The whole family in type strongly resemble our Boston Appletons and the New York branch. There is nothing more fascinating than this study of types. When I saw the famous Gainsborough portrait of Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar, I realized how strong the Elliott type is. Mr. Elliott, at the Norman farm, might have sat for that portrait, and yet he has no tradition of his descent. How curiously indifferent our people are to these matters!

Our next visit was to Sir James and Lady Bell; he is Lord Provost of Glasgow and owner of the yacht *Thistle*, which he brought to America some years ago. These are brilliant people. The last official act of Lord Rosebery's administration was to write the Queen, asking her to make Mr. James Bell a baronet. They are simply and frankly delighted with this well-deserved honor. They are both Scotch and have a superb shooting property where we stayed for two days. The house was full of gay young people. Our last visit was to the dear Fergusons. Mrs. F. is lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and daughter of the Earl of Bridport. Their gorgeous country house with its enormous preserves is let to rich Manchester

Jews for the shooting season, and the Fergusons are living in a little cottage on the estate. They took us over the great house and showed us the treasures of generations of Fergusons of Pitfour. At luncheon a piper in full regalia wearing the Ferguson tartan marched thrice round the table, playing on the pipes.

We are now at Braemar, eight miles from Balmoral, where we have found "the finest air in the world", much to our liking. Yesterday I saw Queen Victoria twice. I was sitting writing when I heard the clatter of hoofs, sprang to the window and cried out to the others, "The Queen, the Queen!" Two outriders in plain black liveries rode before on iron-gray horses, then came the black landau drawn by four fine dappled grays tearing along at a great pace. The Queen wore a black mushroom hat and a black woolen dress. There were two ladies-in-waiting with her. The resemblance to you is still strong. She is much better looking than her photographs.

Scotland was sublime, I can't remember if you ever saw it. We had only a hurried glimpse, but that included the heather in its fullest purple glory, the admirable city of Edinburgh, the Castle of Balmoral, the Queen, and Ben Marone. I spent an afternoon alone on the mountainside and watched with David Balfour for the red coats creeping through the bracken, and communed with R. L. S. among the hills he loved.

Paris. September 17, 1896. Last night to see Jane Hading in "L'Aventurière"; she is fine, but oh! the formality of the French drama! The Italian school of acting is so much finer that I am rather spoilt for the French; it seems to me stilted and academic after the art of Salvini, Ristori, Novelli, the Duse, and scores of others whose names I do not even know. You can see better acting in the average Italian theater than anywhere else in the world. I have Zola's "Rome" for you. I don't find it very interesting, though you might. The method he followed in writing it is illuminating. His wife and secretary came to Rome in advance and put

in three months in getting the material together for the book. They interviewed scores of people, accumulated folios of notes and newspaper clippings. When all was ready Zola swooped down upon Rome, interviewed the most important people and put through the whole novel in a few weeks. I know so much of the sources from which he drew his anecdotes and characters that the book leaves me cold.

This is positively my last appearance on paper for the season. We came to Paris two days ago and have been hard at work shopping. Of the fitting of dresses there is no end. This will be a hectic visit, the days filled with dresses, bonnets and slippers, and partings with various beaux. We see some friends old and new. People are tonics, narcotics and irritants, also food and drink. David Hall once said I was like bread; now I fear I am more like a very hot ham sandwich!

This is probably the last letter you will receive from me; we sail in less than a fortnight. This almost makes me feel the frozen peaches of your cheek against mine when you come in from your morning trot on a cold day.

In October I returned my precious charge to her father and mother, safe and sound. She was the nearest thing to a daughter I ever had. In that year we were together I learned to understand something of the joys and anxieties parents feel; the delight of sharing whatever knowledge life has brought with a young and ardent spirit, and of forgetting one's own affairs in the vivid interests of youth.

CHAPTER XX

My Mother's Last Roman Winter

When we had been living in Rome four years my mother resolved to come out and pass a winter with us. One of the things that drew her to Italy was the wish to see her sister Louisa again. She had contemplated this visit for some time, but although she was in her seventy-ninth year, found it so hard to break away from the cares and responsibilities of public life that I crossed the ocean to help her get away. For one of the anticipated joys she had delayed too long, alas! In the August of 1898, my aunt, who had long been drooping, faded quietly out of life.

My letters to my brother and sisters give glimpses of whom and what my mother saw in that Rome which in her youth she had apostrophized as "The City of my Love!"

Rome, December 26, 1898. Well, my dears, we had a merry Christmas. In the afternoon we drove to the Pincio, where we sunned ourselves, then to the Odescalchi, where we enjoyed the Christmas tree Daisy Chanler had prepared for her own and the Crawford children. It was Mama's first visit; it seemed best that it was made on this occasion, when youth was to the fore in force. The four Crawford angels, and Daisy's three sported and enjoyed themselves. In the evening young Richard Norton, son of Charles Eliot Norton, came to dine with his bride, a daughter of Professor White of Harvard. We had a real English plum pudding on fire with holly on the top.

We keep up our exercise faithfully. If it is rainy we

play ball, "I put my Ugly Mug In", and "The Barberry Bush." Mama works at her desk just as if she were at home and is hard at it writing her "Reminiscences." I don't believe she could ever have found time to write them in Boston.

January 16. We have seen Mme. Duse in Goldoni's "Locandiera", and in Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Primavera", a rotten piece, with which the great little woman did all she could. To-night we see her in "Magda." The flocking Bostonians are in mid-career; on Sunday afternoons we have a houseful of them. I overheard Mama say to one the other day that she found "Boston more interesting than Rome." *Quand même* she is really enjoying herself immensely and is ten years younger than when she sailed. The comfort of her presence is indescribable. The Richard Nortons are here for the winter; he lectures at the American School for Classical Studies. We may have the pleasure of hearing Courtland Palmer play at a concert to-day, but up till last night it was impossible to ascertain. The plays and the programmes of concerts are usually announced on the day of the performance. This is typical of the place and people. Yesterday we heard a good vesper service at St. Agnese in Piazza Navona, the music very fine. The other morning to St. Andrea della Valle to hear a mass by Chaldeans, according to their curious ritual. The Chaldeans looked remarkably like ordinary American negroes dressed in Oriental splendor.

Good luck is coming my way, for to-day I have an invitation to take tea with our friend Don R., the *gobbo*, a little South American humpback. You know, of course, that a *gobbo* brings luck. You must touch him if you can; if you can only manage to rub his hump you are likely to win the prize in the lottery. They say the reason why such people are so vain is that everybody tries to fondle them. His friend who lives with him, Mr. M., is a man so enormous that in the streets of Boston a lady stopped him and asked, "Sir, why are you so fat?"

The *gobbo* may weigh one hundred pounds; his friend the giant must weigh three hundred; they are a most diverting couple.

Rome. February 26, 1898. Hall Caine has been here for two hours. He got started talking on the subject of the Rossettis. He lived with Dante Gabriel Rossetti for the last eighteen months of his life. Rossetti died in his arms. The horror of the chloral habit which killed him was so indelibly impressed upon Caine's mind that he could talk of little else, once the train of thought was started. Rossetti wrote the "White Ship" and the "King's Tragedy" during this time and read both in manuscript to Caine. I am tingling with the pathos and the passion of it all!

Rome. February 11, 1896. To lunch with Mme. Labatt to meet Hall Caine again. He is a *rosso*, with no body, only a big head and consuming brown eyes. He is arranging "The Christian" for the stage and gave us the whole play from beginning to end in the rough, telling the great situations and giving fragments of the chief speeches. Caine talked to us from half-past twelve till four o'clock. He thinks the Roman campagna disgusting, says there is n't a decent drive near Rome, also says the "Old Masters" are fakes. I said to him,

"Mr. Hall Caine, you have never learned to see. Stay in Italy till you have learned to use your eyes!" We had quite a fine row. We are to go for a drive and I am to try and teach him to *see*. It will be of no use, however!

To-day Mama and I went out to a tea where we met Mr. Butler, the author of Flora McFlimsey — "Nothing to Wear." He is coming to see us to-morrow; he and Mama had endless literary reminiscences together. — We are very angry about the *Maine* tragedy. From the first moment I have been sure of foul play. I know too much of our naval men to believe in the possibility of such a hideous gigantic blunder — no, there 's malice in it.

March 26, 1898. We are living so much in ancient Rome that I can more easily tell you about Caligula and Caracalla, or even Numa Pompilius, than about modern politics and Crispi, upon whom the Chamber has passed a vote of censure. This is very sad, as no one believes that he was guilty of anything but that political dishonesty, which at home goes under the name of "campaign expenses", but it was a cruel thing, though an act for which one must respect the Italian Government. The death of Cavalotti was a great misfortune for the liberal party. He was a remarkable man, the strongest and most honest of the radical deputies in the Chamber. He was a perfect firebrand, had fought thirty-eight duels and was killed in his thirty-ninth by a man with whom he had some political quarrel. The only good likely to come out of it is a generally increasing dislike of duels. Mama is so well that I don't worry about her at all and hardly consider her more than I do myself. For the past hundred years the English doctors have been sending old people who wished to prolong their lives to Rome. This has to do with the effect of the climate on the action of the heart.

April 2, 1898. Raining again, this makes the fourteenth day. This is an old-fashioned rainy spring. We all keep well, for it is warm. Mama went out a little too much last week and so had one rather grievous day. She would drink champagne. It was a bang-up dinner, with dukes, ambassadors and princes, also, more interesting to her, Mrs. Pearse, the daughter of Mario and Grisi, who sang for us. The hostess sang and rather mangled the "Battle Hymn." Mama recited her poem "The Flag" with great applause. — The tourist flood at its height; there will be one more month of it. I could not live without all these dear people from home, but the demands they make are sometimes pretty heavy.

April 29, 1898. The farewells are beginning for Mama. To-day I gave a tea and she a reading especially for the Ambassador and Mrs. Draper, who were in mourning when she

MY MOTHER, JULIA WARD HOWE

read before and have asked to hear her. The little house is brave with green boughs and roses from the terrace and a big azalea in full bloom. Mama will read her "Plea for Humor", the most popular of the papers she has with her for a society audience. We expect J.'s friend, Lady Kenmare, with her two nieces, Lady Beatrice and Lady Katherine Thynne (later Lady Cromer). Our Muse, Mrs. Stillman, will pour tea. In two weeks our darling will sail for home with the Arthur Terrys, unless the war news makes this dangerous; General Draper thinks it will not. I can't get over the feeling that all the enthusiasm at home is excessive — if we were going to hit a man of our own size — you see I know Spain very well. It may be necessary for our lusty youth of a nation to put its heel on the neck of a broken and aged nation, but it should be done in the spirit I feel in McKinley, sternly and firmly and without fireworks or bunkum. This may sound like treason at home, but it looks so to every Roman American I have talked with. It's awful; I wish I were at home and not away from it all and out of the magnetic current, for it is not likely that I can ever enter into what seems to be the national spirit at home. F.'s letters in abuse of McKinley remind me of the Chinese who flog their gods when things do not suit them.

My mother's last winter in Rome was full of activities. She was instrumental in founding an important organization among the Roman ladies, somewhat in the nature of our Civic Leagues. She also organized a literary club where she and other liberal thinkers addressed a thoughtful audience made up about equally of Romans and members of the Anglo-American colony. Among the speakers I remember Richard Norton, who gave us a brilliant talk upon the worship of Vesta, who, he maintained, was the only really original deity in all Roman mythology, the other gods having all been borrowed from Egypt or from Greece; as he put it:

"The gods of Hellas came over to Rome in the chapman's pack!"

Paul Loyson, the son of Père Hyacinthe, was a member of this club and more than once spoke to us. He was a handsome young man, full of poetic impulse and a pronounced liberal in his views.

On Sunday mornings Miss Leigh Smith, a cousin of Florence Nightingale's and a stanch Unitarian, summoned a group of friends to her apartment in the Trinità dei Monti, where we held a little service conducted by my mother. Among those who took part was Paul Sabatier, the French author. Our hostess was one of the most interesting figures in the Rome of that day, and her house was a Mecca to American and English travelers.

The artists admired my mother, who was much in demand as a sitter. She consented to pose for Villegas, who made a quick, powerful portrait of her, excellent in everything save the expression, which to those who remember the extraordinary tenderness of her face in those years, is strangely militant. The sittings occurred just after the sinking of the *Maine*, when the Spanish War was close at hand, and the thoughts of the people of both nations were filled with it to the exclusion of all other topics. Villegas was a Spaniard and full of anguish for his country, while my mother was filled with a righteous indignation at every mention of Spain. During the sittings they could neither of them think or speak of anything but the war, and this accounts for Villegas' portrait showing our old chieftainess in a fighting mood! Something of this stern spirit is also felt in Hendrik Anderson's bust of her made at the same time. People talked so much about her appearance that her niece Daisy Chanler once exclaimed:

"My aunt, I am always prepared for fresh surprises from you, but I confess I had not expected this *succès de beauté*."

For many years my husband designed her costumes. She wore oftenest a white cashmere dress made something like the Pope's robe. For the morning he allowed green or lilac, but black was banished from her wardrobe. She kept the coquetry of youth in her dress, though she avoided looking in the glass because she could not bear to see how old she was. In spite of this, she discussed our plans for a new dress with the zest of a débutante.

The blessing of my mother's presence lingered in some subtle manner in our Roman dwelling after she left; now that she knew our surroundings and friends, I never again felt so far away from her or from home, and wrote with greater freedom than before of the life she had shared. Her letters to me show that her last winter in her beloved Rome was tenderly remembered.

241 Beacon St., March 6, 1899.

My dearest Ewe-lamb: Here I sit in the dear old house which you helped so much to provide for my old age and at the desk where I have ground out the tasks so many years. My book of poems, "From Sunset Ridge", is just out. I don't expect to make any money by it, but am glad to have the poems preserved. I have corrected the proofs for my first installment of my "Reminiscences" for the *Atlantic Monthly*. When you last wrote me you were in Lucca. I did not know it was so rich in works of art. You must by now be settled in your pretty nest. Give my love to the flowers — how I did enjoy them and what a good time I had with you. Your two dear letters just received bring you so near to me that I must write you one word this very day to say how much of your life and cheer these letters bring me. I seem to smell the very atmosphere of the Rusticucci, to see the pictures on

the wall, to hear N. asking for his daily orders. What you say about the Monsignore reassures me; you must not think for one minute that I undervalue your native good sense and power of discernment, only "*them Jesuits*" is very cunning people and I had a momentary spasm of fear which your dear letter has removed.

There were so many ecclesiastics among the habitués of our house that it is not wonderful my mother feared I might like my cousins join the Church of Rome. I have warm friends among the clergy, but never for an instant, while living under the very shadow of the Vatican, did I feel the faintest inclination to change the religion in which I was bred. Was it some trait inherited from my ancestor, that old cavalry officer, John Ward of Oliver Cromwell's army, who after the Restoration took refuge in Rhode Island, that made me so indifferent to the strong influences that from time to time were brought to bear upon me? I like to think so, and that in whatever else I have failed, I have kept the faith!

[To my Mother.]

Rome, April 11, 1899. Lady W., a stout Englishwoman, rich, respectable, a city "knightess" or ex-Lady Mayoress, desires me to help her in the selection of pleasant guests to entertain during the Congress of Women to be held in London in June. The ladies are to stay at her house. Constance Flower (Lady Battersea) asked this and is evidently to be a personage in the coming congress. I was invited to meet Lady W. especially for this object, so do you stir yourself and find out who the American delegates are, and suggest to Lady W. those she might invite, so that she may have acceptable guests.

Yesterday I had a "great daughters" tea party, the Longfellow women, Alice and Edith, Huxley's daughter, and to meet them, Loyson, son of Père Hyacinthe and Penn Browning, son of Robert and Elizabeth.

Anacapri, October 12, 1899. I have begun many letters to you lately and finished some, but all have been torn up because a touch of east wind seemed somehow to get into them — it 's always like that after a long lonely hot summer in Rome. Now I can send you a flood of sunshine. Last Saturday Jessie Cochrane, John Loudon, and I came by invitation and took possession of the Foresteria, a little villa belonging to Dr. Axel Munthe at Anacapri. We had rather a troublous journey down, the Capri steamer was poor, the sea rough. We landed in pouring rain after dark and drove up and up the steep zigzagging road to Anacapri, which I think you never saw, a little town perched at the tiptop of the island of Capri. The road was not finished when you and I were here so long ago. We met Dr. Munthe walking on the road, followed by three immense wolfhounds, on his way to visit a patient. He had not expected us till the next day, so we slept that night at a quaint little inn, the Paradise, and on Sunday morning took possession of our Eden, — I can't call it less. The Foresteria has a small garden filled with roses, passion flowers, grapes, figs and white doves. The house is perfect. I want it. It would just fit J. and me. Loudon sleeps at the hotel but is with us all day. Two dear Capriotes, man and wife, serve us and cook deliciously. We may give no orders to them; our host attends to all this. He lives close at hand, but we hardly see him.

Capri is one of the loveliest places in the world. The vintage is beginning; tall girls bearing baskets of purple grapes on their heads pass constantly up and down the street of stairs. The whole land is fragrant with new wine.

Dr. Munthe is a remarkable man. His patients, who often occupy the Foresteria, are mostly the rich and great of every land, with at least one royalty among them. He is a sort of overlord to the peasants, scolds them, tends them when they are ill, settles their disputes, in fine, acts the part of a benevolent despot. He has made some excavations with rich finds. You remember that Tiberius lived here and there were many sumptuous villas in the Capri of his time.

To call on C. C. Coleman. He spoke much of Kate Field, whom he greatly admired. Called on Captain Butler and saw his wife, the daughter of my old friend Anna, the guide of the Villa of "Timberio." She has traces of the great beauty J. remembers, splendid teeth and eyes. Butler, who lost an arm in the Civil War, was a landscape and animal painter. After the loss of the right hand he had to learn to work with his left, and took up portrait painting, in which he is very successful. His attitude towards his wife was tender and chivalrous. The couple interested me deeply. They have a daughter and three sons, one a famous football player. They were living in a house they had taken near the pretty cottage Butler gave Anna. They gave me a glass of Capri wine, a present from the husband of Mrs. B.'s godchild. This relationship seems to be especially considered here. A godchild is a member of its *madrina's* family. Mrs. Butler said she preferred the United States to Capri (they have a farm in New Jersey), but that "out there" she "missed the flowers." I don't wonder. The wonderful broom is ablaze, passion flowers such as I never dreamed of clasp and curl about every gate and pergola. The lovely myrtle is in bloom. The island is starred with wild flowers, many quite new to me.

To-day I enjoyed a sea bath at the Marina Grande, driving down from Anacapri. It was so like Newport, the cool blue water so very native, that I felt a little homesick. Tea at the Quisisana, a delightful hotel but expensive. The moon, a blood-red crescent, made a splendid descent behind the Sorrentine Peninsula. We watched it set from the balcony outside our room. The Bay of Naples was a pale turquoise, the sky old-rose color. The people here are as beautiful as tradition holds — the handsomest I ever saw.

November 9, 1899. Mother! The first cream of this day I skim for you as it is my birthday, and but for your kind assistance, I should never have been born at all, so in some measure you have your rights in my natal day. I don't like to be quite so elderly (I heard you say to J.

that you hated to see your daughters grow old) but I don't mean to be so melancholy about it as your poems seem to imply you were, — "The shell of objects inwardly consumed, etc." Last night John Loudon dined with us for the last time. He leaves to-morrow for the Hague where he has a fine appointment in the foreign office. He is in despair at going. Rome has gripped him hard and tight. His going leaves, as you will know, a great blank for us. He improves always, and the wrench I had at parting with him is the most severe since I put you on the steamer at Naples. My best news is that I am having an Emerson spree, having "shook with ol' Shakespere" all summer. Read again the essays on Compensations and Self-Reliance.

The warm weather hangs on; last night at dinner my table was covered with roses from the terrace. Heard the "Barber of Seville" this week splendidly given. How I thought of your singing "Guarda Don Bartolo" and "Pace gioja sia con voi." I like your singing better than the new soprano Tetrazzini, who has a flute-like exquisite voice.

December 4, 1899. To-day I begin my Christmas letter. May it find you as it leaves me, hopeful and in good spirits. The magnum opus (J.'s Public Library ceiling) is getting finished. Paul Sabatier saw it the other day and wants photographs to illustrate an article he will write about it.

If you should be in New York be sure and see Marion Crawford. His address is always the Macmillans. I wish you could write him and ask him to spend Christmas with you. He is very near to you and is better worth while than the silly intrusive strangers who gobble up so much of your time and strength. Do you remember the man who wrote you asking you to send him your "thoughts on the personality of God, by return mail?" Make good resolutions this new year to keep yourself aloof from mere curiosity seekers and lion hunters! A lecture, my little dear, from your wise old grandmother in Rome!

Did I write you how delightful Henry James was? We saw him constantly while he was here preparing the material for the life he is to write of Mr. Story. He is now old bacheloresque, but so dear though a wee thought cranky. I saw Apolloni and told him about your letter *in re* Mme. Papa (a lady who had been attacking the Italian Government). He said you were quite right in contradicting her, also in your view that the best hope for Italy is still in the dynasty. I feel pretty sure di Viti di Marco would say so too. They both deplore the suicidal policy of the government but A. say *á propos* of Mme. Papa's attacks in America, "Let us wash our dirty linen at home."

Villegas has been made Director of the Spanish Academy of Art in Rome and is much pleased with the appointment. Miss Leigh Smith and all your Roman friends are very sad not to have you among them again this winter as they had hoped. Miss L. S. reports that the recovery of the manuscript poems you left with Florence Nightingale cannot be hoped for.

Rome, April 26, 1899. Yesterday being the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Cromwell, I had a tea party to honor the event. The "proceedings" opened by my reading a brief sketch I had prepared; this was followed by Reverend Leverett Bradley, who was the chief speaker. Then Paul Loyson in a masterly spirit took up certain points in Bradley's address and poured forth a fine flow of eloquence.

To-day Lady Kenmare brought Henry James to tea. He was perfectly darling about your "Reminiscences", saying the only fault with the book is that it is far too brief. He felt that on almost every topic touched you had not set down all you had to say. In spite of this he said,

"I find the volume perfectly delightful."

CHAPTER XXI

Queen Margherita at Our Studio

The twentieth century dawned for us in Rome, where we were now in our sixth year of residence. The opening of the new cycle was marked by the magnificent pageants of the Pope's jubilee. The pilgrimages that season exceeded all others in splendor. Pilgrims from all Christian lands, of every class from prince to peasant, poured into the Eternal City, past our windows to St. Peter's and the Vatican. Looking back, this time seems one long carnival, when the streets were crowded by picturesque figures from every corner of the earth, clad in strange and striking costumes. The Russian Catholics wore rich Cossack dress; one huge fellow had a belt studded with turquoises a queen might have envied. The Easter church services were gorgeous and attracted crowds of tourists from England and America; the Anglo-American colony were hard put to it to meet the demands for hospitality that each day brought. For the English this was a grave time, as the tragedy of the Boer War cast its shadow wherever they assembled. I remember the excitement at a large dinner when the news of a Boer victory was whispered. I sat between two young diplomats representing a country much out of sympathy with Great Britain. I shall never forget the malicious expression of one of these attachés as he exclaimed:

"*Elle est fini!*" or his surprise at my sharp rejoinder: "England finished? That 's something you will never live to see, young man!"

Among other distinguished visitors was the old Duke of Cambridge (cousin of Queen Victoria) who served in 1854 at Alma and Inkerman and for fifty years was Commander-in-chief of the British army. He was born in 1819, the year of my mother's birth, and showed the same uncommon vitality at his advanced age that I have noticed in others of the exceptionally large number of famous people born that year. I had a tender spot in my heart for the Duke on account of his romantic marriage to the woman he loved in defiance of the commands of the Queen. With his sons, Colonel and Admiral Fitz-George, the old soldier came to pass some weeks at the Grand Hotel. It was the duty of the military attaché of the British Embassy to plan the Roman days of these exalted personages. As the Duke was not interested in antiquities, the attaché was sometimes hard pressed to fill up the time. Some one suggested that he bring the Duke to my husband's studio, to see the Boston Public Library ceiling, now nearing completion. I was not present at the visit but well remember J.'s description of it.

The visitors were interested in the portraits J. had lately made of three heroes of the Boer War, Lord Ava, the handsome young son of Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Winchester and General Wauchope. These portraits were J.'s contribution to Lady Lansdowne's fund for the families of officers killed in the Boer War. He asked the Duke if he would pose for his portrait for the same charity.

"Why not, why not?" was the cheery answer. The sittings were full of interest, the Duke proving a genial

sitter. He occasionally fell into a doze from which his son would gently rouse him, whereupon, to show how wide awake he was, he burst into song with snatches from grand opera in a voice that showed traces of a musical training. My husband was fortunate in making an excellent likeness. With the help of Lady Kenmare and Hamilton Aïdé the four portraits were taken to London and became the nucleus of the exhibition and sale of pictures held at the house of the Duke of Sutherland for the war fund. The portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, I believe, found its way into the War Office; the other three were purchased by the families of the fallen heroes.

Among the imperishable memories of this year is the long-drawn-out agony of Ladysmith, where for four months General White kept the enemy at bay. In this siege my young cousin Hugh Frazer was wounded. He recovered and lived to lay down his life in the World War, eighteen years later.

We seemed to be living more in South Africa than in Italy, so closely did we follow every move of that dreadful war. One night at the Grand Hotel I sat at dinner very near to Cecil Rhodes. He was the center of interest in a crowd of celebrities gathered together to commemorate some important event. Though I have forgotten what the occasion was, I can see the face of the great Dictator of South Africa as if I had seen it yesterday. He looked the empire builder he was, but most of all he looked like an American. He spoke as one having authority, and compelled, apparently without in the least wishing to do so, the attention of every person in the large company.

A year or two later I was fortunate in meeting Hunter Weston, the hero of the Boer War and the Gallipoli cam-

paign. He held at this time the rank of Colonel, and was on his way home from the Transvaal, invalided. We met several times at Villa Florida, the home of Major Davis in Naples, and later he came to our house in Rome. What impressed one most about him was an amazing virility, together with a charm of speech and a grace of manner that made him a marked man in any gathering. He was a *preux chevalier* among the sons of Mars.

Lest I forget, let me anticipate my story to note that we were in London at the close of the Boer War. The day peace was declared, May first, 1902, we took a cab and drove about the city. London was beside itself with joy. The streets were filled with people singing, dancing, cheering; the traditional English calm was swept away by a storm of rejoicing. J., who had lived out of his country since his boyhood, could not believe his eyes.

"I don't know my own people," he kept saying; "this is not my London." A few nights later Colonel Hunter Weston dined with us. Talking of the demonstration, he agreed with what J. had said, adding, "Perhaps you do not realize how much cause there is for rejoicing!"

[To my Mother.]

Rome, April 10, 1900. This will be, I believe, my last Eastertide in Rome. It is a restless time, floods and floods of people from home. Other kinds of floods too; the rainy season has been unspeakable. Great fear for the crops. The Tiber is higher than I ever saw it. J. says if it were not for the embankment, people would be rowing about in the Piazza del Popolo as he once saw them when the Tiber overflowed. Life is full and interesting, with more delightful strangers in town than we can do justice to. The Thomas Bailey Aldriches are here. I had one good talk with him; he is as enchanting as ever, though not looking very strong. Mrs. Aldrich

came to my reception, bringing one of the twins with her. I met the Vernon Harcourts at lunch on Sunday at the Embassy. His talk about the political situation was illuminating. She asked about you and wished to be remembered.

May 30, 1900. J. sent off the drawings of General Wauchope, Marquis of Winchester and Duke of Cambridge in the British Embassy bag to Mrs. Hope. Villegas and the Signora called to take farewell. They are off for Seville day after to-morrow. Only two months more of our Roman palace; we begin to feel the tug of parting. The Easter lilies are all in bloom. Miss Kemp buys plants from the terrace for four hundred and twenty-one francs. This, with one hundred and fifty from Mr. Bagot, for the roses, is quite a sum to pull off our terrace.

May 31, 1900. J. wrote careful explanatory letters to Mrs. Hope (Lady Lansdowne's secretary) and to Hamilton Aïdé about the drawings. A long visit to Miss Leigh Smith, who showed me a London paper with a report of your having spoken at some public meeting for the English. Miss L. S. pleased you should have come out strong for her people, I more pleased to learn you were stirring about and making speeches on your eighty-first birthday.

June 2, 1900. The plants sold Miss Kemp have been taken downstairs. It has been a dreadful day to me. The lovely things were ruthlessly torn from their home and carried down the long stairs — it has made me almost ill. Six tall spirea in full bloom, four boxes of pink ivy geranium, two large azaleas, two giant honeysuckles (one J. dug up at the Villa Madama in the face of an angry bull), four wistaria, thirty-six chrysanthemums, two rhododendrons, nine coral geraniums.

June 4, 1900. Saw Miss Kemp and our lovely plants in their new home. Terrace pulled together but much reduced; half its front teeth are missing. To see de Musset's "Lorenzacchio", with Zacconi. A slow dragging drama in five acts with great poetic quality but crudely put together. Only a first-rate actor could have made it "go" at all. Visit to the studio from Miss Wauchope, the sister of the General, and her friend Miss Tesiger, daughter of the Lord Chancellor. Miss Wauchope spoke in the warmest way of J.'s portrait of her brother. Said it was inspired and far the best thing ever made of him. Mr. Leech thought he might like to buy the remaining honeysuckles, but found them too big. Decide to give Miss Kemp the seventeen ivies, as they are hardly saleable in pots, but will do finely in the ground, and their future will be assured in a good garden. Have combined with Ignazio, our gardener, to take care of Miss K.'s garden for thirty francs a month. Quite a comfort; the dear plants will be well cared for by him, who more than any one else helped J. create our paradise. Sent to the auction room much *roba*, — better to sell it for a few francs than to pay for packing and shipping.

June 5, 1900. The de Stirums want plants from the terrace for thirty-four francs, Jessie Cochrane for one hundred; this brings up the plant sales to six hundred and seventy francs. The gardenias are astonishing, finer than ever before. J. has given the two big honeysuckles and the passion flower to Boni to set out in the Roman Forum. This is consoling.

June 9, 1900. Last evening at eight o'clock came a messenger from the Marchese Guiccioli, chamberlain of the Queen, with the news that the royal lady would come to the studio the next day at six in the afternoon. Great excitement in *casa* Elliott. Early in the morning we raided the Villegas villa for flowers and borrowed Lorenzo, their handy man, to come help put the studio to rights. I dreamed of a crimson carpet hired for the event and

palms to redeem the grim entrance in the rear of the old Palazzo Giraud-Torlonia, but J. said:

"No. She is quite accustomed to going to artists' studios and finding them as they are."

Perhaps he was right, but I hankered for the crimson carpet. The little outer studio was made neat and a corner of the great barn itself looked brave with our big rug, the gold screens, a few good chairs and the Portuguese leather armchair you always sat in. J. asked Lord Currie to come and help do the honors. He was there promptly at half-past five. We were all three in waiting at the shabby old green door when the royal carriage with the scarlet liveries drew up. Lord Currie handed out the Queen, saying,

"It gives me great pleasure to present my compatriot to your Majesty."

The Queen took the long flights of stairs easily, her lady-in-waiting, the Duchess Massimo, panting behind. The Queen was delighted with the work and looked at it from every point of view. She asked for the sketches, studied them and asked many questions about the building, the light, etc. She looked at every little drawing in the studio, laughing heartily at the portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, exclaiming:

"It is the old man to the very life."

The visit lasted half an hour and was as friendly and easy as heart could desire. The visitors departed in a blaze of scarlet and gold lace, with congratulations and farewells. Lord Currie said that the Queen had been really interested in the work. She certainly said things to me that were pleasant to hear.

Queen Margherita has always been the friend and patron of artists and musicians and is greatly beloved by them. She finds a certain relief from the formalities of court life in the world of art, wherein as an excellent musician, she finds herself more at home than some royalties. She is herself a collector; on the occasion of

my parting visit to her, some years later, it was a source of great pleasure to find in her private apartments two pictures by my husband.

July 4, 1900. Left Naples where we have been having a little outing and returned to Rome, arriving at two o'clock. I tried to find some Americans to foregather with, but there was no reception anywhere. Left cards at the Iddings, out of town for the day at Frascati. If I had not been away from Rome, I should myself have given a Glorious Fourth tea. Saw the dear flag over Iddings' door and had a little drive with Mr. Richard Greenough.

The Chinese horror (the Boxer Rebellion) hangs heavy on us all. I doubt if a single European escapes from Pekin, or indeed from China. Their doom is sealed,— the opium traders seem to be responsible for it all.

July 6, 1900. The Chinese horror confirmed. Last night came news that all the Legations and the men, women and children had been destroyed, the Empress Dowager and the Emperor forced to take poison. There are said to be one hundred thousand Christian converts. If true, I look with intense interest to see if Christianity retains its leaven. Strange if our religion should spread and conquer this stubborn old race. It will certainly count for something in the coming struggle. — Mr. and Mrs. Iddings and Mimo (Mrs. Hugh Fraser) to dine. She is very fascinating. She told us much of Pekin. She has lived at the Embassy and knew many of the people butchered there. I can think of little else.

July 13, 1900. Yesterday came Miss Mason of the Castle School at Tarrytown with six or seven jolly American girls from Texas, Missouri, etc. They spent an hour at the studio. Miss Mason told me that she had heard Bishop Potter describe J.'s "Triumph of Time" in a sermon and that she could not leave Rome without seeing the picture.

July 14, 1900. While we sat at dinner a messenger from the Casa Reale was announced. We had a guest dining with us. J. went out and stayed for some time. He came back with a letter in his hand from the Marchesa Villamarina, who wrote "in the name of her august Majesty" asking him to accept the accompanying jewel for his wife in memory of her visit to the studio. He handed me a box wrapped in soft white paper, saying, "I fancy this is for you."

I opened it and found a medallion of blue enamel with M, the Queen's initial, set in diamonds on one side, on the reverse the royal coat of arms, the whole encircled with diamonds and set swinging from a bar pin of platinum and brilliants. A very beautiful jewel.

July 27, 1900. A vast American pilgrimage is now in possession of the city. The pilgrims brought a great sum of money as their present to the Pope. They drive about the city all day in cabs and landaus, four and five inside and a female on the box beside the coachman. The Romans stare; such a sight as a woman on the box they never saw. Seeing the American Roman Catholics in such large numbers one recognizes a composite type, very unlike the typical clean-cut New Englander.

On the 29th of July the King of Italy was assassinated by an anarchist at Monza.

Rome, August 2, 1900. The King is dead, long live the King! The little new King, Victor Emmanuel III, has made so far a favorable impression by the deep feeling he has shown. He got the news of his father's murder on his yacht, cruising with his young wife, the Montenegrin Princess, in southern waters below Brindisi, and hurried directly to Monza in Piedmont. Both the young people are reported as having cried themselves sick. The King refused to see all officials and ministers and rushed through Naples and Rome on his special train. At Naples, when he heard that Crispi was waiting in the station, he sent

for him. The old man, very feeble, was brought into the carriage and the two sobbed together. A letter was handed him from the Queen directed simply "*A mio figlio*"; I suppose she could not so soon give him his new title. She sent word to the lady to whom poor Umberto had been attached for many years that she might come and see the body at Monza. The bearing and behavior of the Romans is admirable. I had looked for excess and hysteria. The contrary has prevailed. The people are deeply moved; there is a sombre hush everywhere, a decent, reserved mourning, more what one would expect in England than Italy. Great indignation is felt about the impunity with which two Italian newspapers, published in Paterson, New Jersey, where the murderer had lived, have advocated the murder of all rulers, especially the King of Italy. Surely such sheets should not be allowed and the authorities should have knowledge of what is printed in the papers, whether in Italian, Yiddish or English. Nothing yet announced of the funeral ceremonies or for the installation of the new king. I shall see all I can of these events. Strange, I saw the great Victor Emmanuel alive, I saw him dead and lying in state in the *capella ardente*, at the Quirinal; I saw Umberto when the troops took the oath of allegiance twenty-two years ago, and now I shall probably see him dead and his son take the oath to support the Constitution. The anarchist programme does seem to be having a measure of success. It looks as if the plan to make the thrones of Europe so hot that no royalty will sit upon them was succeeding.

Both the Prefect of Monza and his own court entourage had objected to Umberto's going to the festa at Monza, where he was killed, as there was a general sense of uneasiness, but he was one of those mortals who seem to be absolutely without fear, as brave a man as ever lived. Courage, honesty, simplicity were his chief characteristics. Whenever there was a serious fire, a bad accident, a public disaster of any sort, he was sure to be on the spot among the first. The Chief of Police told me that once,

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY

when there was a terrible fire, he found the King among the *vigiles* (firemen), giving orders and helping generally in a most dangerous place, where a wall was on the point of crumbling that might have fallen and crushed him. The *Capo* remonstrated with the King and begged him to go away. The King refused; he liked the active stir and rush and being able to do something besides planning and thinking, which were not in his line. Then the *Capo* said:

"Majesty, perhaps you have a right to risk your life, but have you the right to risk ruining me?" The King saw the justice of the plea and sadly retired to his palace. He has looked old and worried lately and above all puzzled. He wanted so much to do the right thing, but did not seem to know how to do it. I believe now he has gone that account will be taken of the giant strides Italy has made during his reign and that he will be found to have been a more significant figure than his critics have realized.

August 5, 1900. It was lumbago. How did you hear about it? Who do you suppose cured me? Henry James. He came to lunch one day early in July. I managed to struggle into an armchair and sit at table. Before he left he told me he had suffered much from this devil and that he had found the only cure for it "perspiration!" only he didn't use that vulgar word of course; this is what he did say:

"Believe me, dear lady, there is but one cure for lumbago,—transpiration, transpiration. Only transpire freely enough, and it disappears, but alas! it is a malady that returns."

After he had left with J. I managed to crawl up to the terrace at four o'clock of a broiling July afternoon, found an old broom, and while the heat was positively grilling, swept the terrace from end to end. I got into a perfect bath of "transpiration", rolled into bed where I gradually cooled off, slept like a top and awoke next day cured.

August 6, 1900. Grave news. The two big canvases have been taken off the stretchers and rolled up. The engineer of the palace forbade J. remaining longer in his studio. The cracks in the walls have been growing wider and wider. The engineer said, and Boni bore him out, that there was danger the roof might fall in any day and destroy both artist and pictures.

August 14, 1900. The packers come tomorrow at nine for the big pictures. They will be shipped August 21st on the Anchor Line steamer *Bolivia* and will be three weeks reaching Boston. To dine with the Dutch Secretary, de Stirum, who has taken John Loudon's place. Met the Danish minister who told me that there really are grounds for hoping the Legations (at Pekin) are safe. If this is true, the newspaper correspondents who sent the despatches with the horrid details of the supposed murders ought to have some of the tortures they invented practiced on themselves. Mme. de Lucca (she was Miss Kennedy of New Orleans) the mother of one of the Italian secretaries at Pekin, met me in the street the other day. I suppose my face showed the sympathy I felt for her, as the morning papers stated that all the people at the Legations had been killed.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked. "Don't you suppose I should know if my son were dead? He is perfectly well and safe!"

August 20, 1900. J. decides he wants to go to Oberammergau for the Passion Play. We got right to work at closing up, and shall work like Indians till the last minute. The real hot weather began about mid-July and has kept up steadily. No terrible days like those in Seville where the mercury this month goes up to 110, but a dead level of 85, rising to 90. Nights always cool with a sea breeze coming up about ten o'clock. We dine on the terrace; at night the loss of the flowers does not trouble us. There is always a jug of iced lemonade for callers; as our terrace is voted the coolest place in Rome,

we are popular and keep late hours, making up for it next day by the inevitable siesta from one to three. In the shadow of St. Peter's Dome we watch the constellations march across the sky and think of you at home, looking at the same old Cassiopeia from the piazza at Oak Glen.

For many years I kept up a desultory correspondence with Henry James; we wrote not more than a few times a year and only when we had something particular to say. I ought to have kept his letters with greater care, but in my wandering existence all papers became *anathema maranatha.* From the few that have survived I chose the following, written after receiving some rather poor photographs of J.'s "Triumph of Time", which he had watched with such keen interest as it slowly grew into a reality in the Roman studio. It was now in its place on the ceiling of the Children's Room in the Boston Public Library.

Lamb House,
Rye.

August 2d, 1901.

My dear Maud Elliott.

Your beautiful Newport (if Newport I may call it) letter greatly touches and interests me, and the effect of it is enhanced or confirmed by the arrival almost at the same moment of the pale photographic reminder and pale, though not wholly ineffectual, of the monumental composition. All thanks for everything, and most of all for the friendly remembrance that has dictated them. It is a great pleasure, a great pride, for me to possess the dim shadows of the picture, and, shadows though they be, I shall suspend the most substantial on one of my little room-walls, where it will keep constantly in memory for me those too few weeks in Rome, more than two years ago, when I assisted a little at the glorious but difficult

birth and since I am afraid I shall never see the great canvas itself in place. And your letter is full of other echoes too and of a further-away past and a prior state, almost, of being; so extremely does your description of your soft grey day in that unforgotten Clime bring the whole place and air and feeling back to me, and transport me to my long-vanished youth, or put it again before me. I am delighted you have so mildly-melancholy a refuge from the rather screwed-up American summer. We read awful things of heat-waves over here, but I hope you successfully oppose them with the waves of the sea, since you suggest that you lead more or less an amphibious life. We have moreover our own heat-waves here, overwhelming enough (the globe surely is being resolved again into its primal ball-of-fire condition), and without any sea-change for *me*, whom salt-water afflicts and distance (the shining sands are 3 miles off) discourages. I greatly regret to hear of your mother's failure of health; it must be a comfort for you — as such comforts go — to be able to be with her. She must indeed be grand, and above all strongly fortified. May she long, may she subtly, and not too painfully, resist! I venture to send her the benediction of my sincerity. Your best news is that of your possible appearance here at no distant date. Of course Elliott must go back to Rome and of course the chance will come and the situation reconstitute itself. Tell him, please, with my kind regards, that I put up for you both that friendliest prayer. And don't wait too long; I want to see you there again; and *my* sands are running low. But I want to see you here too, and I should warmly welcome you.[1] Keep up your heart, dear Maud Elliott, and believe in the extreme constancy of your affectionate old friend

Henry James.

[1] Please give me as to this the first gleam of a possible announcement.

CHAPTER XXII

By the Tiber and by the Charles

Boston, January 1, 1901. We thought we had seen the birth of the Twentieth Century in Rome; when we reached Boston we found out we were mistaken, for here the new century begins to-day — what luck to celebrate twice! Last night at fifteen minutes before midnight, we were on Beacon Hill, outside the State House, where half of Boston had gathered for a mass meeting, called by the Twentieth Century Club. The services began by Boston's G. O. M., Edward Everett Hale, reading the Nineteenth Psalm. The night was mild, not a breath of east wind, the stars like diamonds, the opening words most appropriate:

"The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

The Handel and Haydn Society sang a cantata in great form, then a host of trumpets rang out a splendid call, the retreat of the dear old Nineteenth Century — I felt that I held it dying in my arms. The whole vast crowd that had stood silent then burst out with "My Country, 't is of Thee" as I never quite heard it sung before. At twelve o'clock the bells swung and rung themselves hoarse in every belfry in Boston, and people began to wish each other "Happy Century", instead of "Happy New Year!"

January 2. Last evening to an original festivity arranged by the Saturday Morning Club. All the dresses were of the styles worn between 1800 and 1880. The prettiest was a tulle ball dress of 1859 worn over a large

crinoline; the ugliest one a magenta silk of about 1870 with a ruffled train and an enormous bustle.

The papers are full of stories of old people who have lived in three centuries; we who were born in the fifties have n't that chance.

January 7. Gave a talk upon my Roman experiences before the New England Woman's Club. I sounded a blast for the American School for Classical Study in Rome and for Richard Norton, who made it the vital place it now is. The school was dead-alive till he took it, breathed upon it and made it alive with his life. A greater transformation I never saw, nor a more striking illustration of how a man can work his vitality into a stodgy institution like yeast into heavy dough, and see it rise, almost overnight.

1902 was a year filled with the absorbing interests of travel. We had for our companions two young friends, Gladys and Marion Lawson. As I write, *vingt ans après*, my clearest memories are of our visit to Greece, and of London in this the coronation year.

[To my Mother.]

Athens, March 29. We arrived yesterday at Piraeus, more dead than alive, on the *Prince Abbas*, a cockle-shell that brought us from Alexandria. Things are no better to-day on the Mediterranean boats than when Lord Byron made his memorable trip on board the Lisbon packet! Mr. Cook, or his agent, plucked us and our baggage out of that dark hold where we had languished many days and seated us, a demoralized party, in a comfortable landau. We each drooped languidly in our corner, our spines damp macaroni. Gradually limp vertebrae stiffened up, heads lifted, eyes opened. We were restored by the elixir of the air, the color of the sky and fields. At a turn in the road, before we were quite prepared for it, came the first view of the Acropolis. Half a lifetime had passed since I had

left it, and it has only grown in beauty. Athens is much improved. The roads are better, the streets cleaner, the whole city better kept than I remembered it. The people look prosperous; there is a general air of well-being in all classes.

We hurried to the Acropolis, where we found the old immortal glories and much that was new and interesting in the small museum behind the Parthenon. The two most precious objects of Greek art which the last twenty years' research has brought to light, you are familiar with, — the Victory untying her sandal and the Hermes of Olympia. The museum contains curious archaic statues discovered buried in a deep trench. The theory is that in the age of Pericles and the consummate art of the sculptors of that time, these earlier sacred statues of earthenware and painted stone were dethroned and decorously interred in the sacred soil of the Acropolis. It does seem a little shabby to unearth these poor discarded gods and tuck them away as curiosities in a little shed behind the temple of Athena Parthena, where they once reigned supreme! We sat on the steps of the Parthenon and watched the sky change from blue to purple and gold, waiting for the moment when the violet mist rose up out of the sea and draped Mount Hymettus with a veil.

My audience with Queen Olga was rather sad. The palace was positively shabby and badly in need of fresh paint. The Queen was kind and gracious. She had been well coached for the visit and spoke of what Greece owes to Papa. In spite of all this, I took away a melancholy impression, the Queen seemed so grave and preoccupied. She was tastefully dressed in heliotrope serge with amethyst ornaments of the same color. I learned afterwards that she has lately had a trying experience. As an act of devotion she had a new translation of the Greek Scriptures made at her own expense by eminent scholars, inspired doubtless by the English revised edition of the Bible. This act of grace was taken very ill by the people, and she was made to feel their displeasure

bitterly. The Crown Princess, the Kaiser's sister, is more popular.

The Richardsons at the American School of Archaeology were most kind and told us of the latest amazing discoveries. Dr. Evans, an Englishman, has found in Crete the palace of the Minotaur, that must have been four stories in height. We saw at the Museum some of the small gold double axes and the beautiful gold Vappie cups found there. Miss Boyd, an American girl, has discovered and excavated a prehistoric village in Crete. It was cruel we could only stay a matter of days in Greece when there is so much of absorbing interest to see and learn!

Ye Miller of Manchester, Goring, England, June 30, 1902. The disappointment of the postponement of the Coronation fêtes on account of King Edward's illness was so dire that to compensate I brought my young people to this lovely spot. The inn is like one on the stage, with tiny diamond-paned windows, climbing roses and honeysuckles. The life is of the waterside; all the hours when we are not asleep are passed in boats, canoes or punts. 'T is the most beautiful bit of the Thames I have seen. To-day is gloriously filled by the joyous vitality of the two young creatures, who are drinking deep from the cup of life. It is very stimulating to go about with them; my bones are being well rattled and I hope I am getting very much up to date. If you have n't young people of your own, you must borrow them from time to time or fall hopelessly out of the running.

Cornish, New Hampshire, August 15, 1903. In spite of the untold tedium of rainy days, doubtless no more here than elsewhere, we are in an ecstasy over the beauty of this place. I never could describe the world I see from this hilltop. The mountain opposite is a sort of Fujiyama; people become magnetized by its beauty. Every morning we watch for the moment when the veil of mist is dropped and the dark-blue beauty of Mount Ascutney shines out on us. I am reading with deep interest Wil-

liam James' "Varieties of Religious Experience." Very illuminating and coördinating to my mixed and scattered thoughts. Nothing new yet, even to me, but the orderliness of the ideas is useful. Yesterday Clara Potter Davidge (one of the Bishop's twins) called; we are to have supper with her to-night, and to-morrow with St.-Gaudens. The people here are all painters, sculptors or "literary fellers." Lucia Fuller comes back to-morrow. Her house is picturesque, her children ditto.

Cornish, September 5. We are working away on our hilltop. I have finished another Roman paper. At last J. has found a place in America where he can work. He is doing a good many landscapes. The beauty of Cornish is not believable. It is like Italy. I look out upon a scene I call the Val d'Arno, it is so like the part of the Arno one sees from above Florence. The atmosphere of work counts for something too. We don't see people much, for they all, like ourselves, are "grindstoning" away. All are kind as kind, however, willing and anxious to be friendly. Newport has given me such a horror of summer society — not the dear Papeterie, nor our cronies, but the big Newport — that it is stimulating to be among people of our own sort who observe as a sacred commandment the rule that nobody goes to anybody else's house till four or five in the afternoon. Sherman Jordan, the stone mason, is a slow giant who only works when he feels like it, an enormous Hercules of a man who could fell an ox with his fist. He speaks in a high silly voice that is enough to make you scream with laughter.

"Why did n't you come to finish laying that wall to-day?" J. asked him.

"Because I did not feel very well," he said. Speaking of Winston Churchill, who is much in the public eye, Jordan said:

"Mr. Churchill is very tony; he has an automobile that scares the hosses to death and he drives tantrums (tandem) besides."

I remember the early years of the new century as a time of inspiration; the spirit of hope was abroad, the whole world seemed to have received a new impulse; good resolutions blossomed into good works. Men felt their strength to be as the strength of ten, and women that the twentieth century was theirs as no other had ever been. Like everybody else, I felt the impetus and finally finished, in collaboration with my sister Florence Hall, our long-delayed book, "Dr. Howe and his Famous Pupil, Laura Bridgman."

[To my Mother.]

January 9, 1904. Twenty-eight years ago to-day Papa died. For the first time since I began to work on the Laura Bridgman book, I can think of the day without smiting myself. Now another stunt will be to see that a statue, or some appropriate monument, is set up to his memory. I suppose one might trust his grandchildren, but I remember your old slogan:

"If you want a thing done you must do it yourself."

I am tearing away at my Roman papers; they are acting like the devil. I may have to go to Margaret Deland to consult about them. I seemed to get a fine start; now the work grows stodgy, dull, soulless! Have had a letter from the *Century*, accepting my "St. John's Eve in Rome" and offering me $100 for it. I have finished another paper for the Lippincotts; that will make five.

The Roman papers were published in book form in two volumes, "Roma Beata" and "Two in Italy." Of the many letters received about the Laura Bridgman book, two seem best worth preserving.

[From Henry James.]

Lamb House, Rye, Sussex,
November 9th, 1903.

My dear Maud Howe.

There is a process known as heaping coals of fire, of which you are past mistress, and I uncover my poor old bald head to it, and kneel before you abjectly and take all you will give me. This A.M. comes to me your book and your sister's, about your illustrious father and Laura Bridgman, and the generosity of it leaves me so touched and confused that I scarce know where to look or what to do. I daresay you are generous enough perhaps not to remember that you sent me months and months ago another book, a book of verse (by some hand not known to me, or apparently much known to you) and that this offering was basely never acknowledged, though it was accompanied by the kindest of notes, and though I have been helplessly meaning to until this hour. It is the thought of my baseness that makes me beat my breast and bless your charity now. The source of evil was the embarrassing little book of verse. I couldn't read it and by no fault, doubtless of its own, and I was shy of telling you I couldn't, and I thought that by waiting I might be able to say, brazenly, I *had;* and then with this, waited so long that I was ashamed to say anything, there seemed so much to explain and such a mountain to lift, and it all came from my not writing the very day with the wisdom of the serpent to say I was going, as soon as possible to devour the graceful volume; which I did n't do really, because that is what one does to the importunate and the intruder, and you were such millions of miles from either. Now, somehow, you cheer me up, and I don't mind being brazen about anything. I have already been looking into Laura B., of whom you make a wondrous tale and who shines out as pathetically human through her strange prison bars. It is among other things a most curious and characteristic *American* document. I like immensely your aunt's story of the girl's feeling for her rings, brace-

lets, etc. and finding none, and saying luminously, "Poor?" and then, when she *did* find her earrings, exclaiming promptly, "Vain!" "Poor but vain!" is a delightful verdict from such a source. I wish your solid book a large success. — For the rest, I am afraid that I have done nothing more distinct or definite (for the page of history) since that evening of so long ago at the Henry Harlands, but hope and pray that the chance might be given me of meeting you again. But you haven't come, and though I think I have vaguely heard of your being again in Europe, I have fully lost track of you and the waters have closed over the question. I am a very rusty country cousin now, as far as the terrible London of the early summer is concerned. I put in each year 3 or 4 winter months, but I flee when the season begins, like some great dangerous beast, ominously to growl.

November 3rd. I blush to confess to this length of interval. I was obliged to break off this unfinished apology for something better and before I could resume it again I was obliged to go for several days up to town. Hence endless complications and further interruptions and delays. But meanwhile I have been reading further your Laura Bridgman, which has not only brought back a hundred old recollections and reverberations to me, things of the past, images and persons, which I more or less perceivingly knew about then, but has freshly reconstituted for me your father's high distinction and the greatness of his beneficent career. When you last wrote me you told me of your mother and of her continued triumph over time. I hope it is even yet not seriously menaced, and I beg to be recalled to her indulgent remembrance. Your husband has my best wishes for whatever of beautiful and slow he may have in hand. To which I must add my goodnight before I am again interrupted and despoiled of the last tatters of what has tried to be the reparatory promptness of yours very constantly,

Henry James.

HENRY JAMES
At the age of twenty

[From Theodore Roosevelt.]

White House,
Washington.
October 29, 1903.

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

I shall read the book with the greatest interest and refresh my memory of the story. I have always felt peculiarly drawn to your family, and I appreciate the compliment of receiving such a book from your father's daughter.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

[To my Mother.]

New York, March 20, 1905. The Reverend Percy Grant of Ascension Church sent me a photograph of J.'s drawing of you, with the request that you write a few words on the same and return it to him with some remarks concerning your memories of Ascension Church, where grandfather sat with you beside him and listened to the good English preached by Bishop Eastborn.

September 3, 1905. How dreadful the news of the Russo-Japanese War. I seem to be the only person who is for Russia. Every one I meet says,

"Plucky little Japan!"

But Russia is Christian and her people are white, and Tolstoi is Russian. I suppose in the eternal verities it is all right, and that out of her humiliation a new life will spring for Russia. I am dreadfully sorry for both peoples; the loss of life is so inhuman that it makes the Boer War seem like child's play.

Cordova, Spain, December 18, 1905. The great mosque of Cordova is one of the wonders of the world. It represents the finest religious architecture left by the Moors, as the Alhambra is the finest monument of their secular architecture. It was rather late and the light was not good, but the impression was one of surprising beauty. The forest of columns of alabaster and every kind of precious marble brought back your lines:

Columns that demurely paired guard the solemn aisles!

Spain seems two hundred years behind Italy. Already I feel I am getting some understanding of this strange race. The racial type, after the Egyptian, is the strongest I have seen; there are a few varieties often repeated. I fancy there has been little intermarriage with other races, for the dominant traits do not seem to have changed since the time of Philip II. I see him everywhere! The people all look like Velasquez portraits. The gravity, the politeness, the pride all weigh upon one like tangible atmospheric conditions. Such manners I have not seen, even in France; honesty, cleanliness, sobriety, seem common virtues.

In Seville I had a wonderful morning in the cathedral, where I heard High Mass with both organs pealing grandly and such a choir! It was very moving to stand beside the sarcophagus that it is claimed actually holds the ashes of Columbus and to remember that we had seen both in Santo Domingo and in Havana, the places where his bones formerly lay! — Found your letter here. What a gay time you have had lately. "First in fun, first in sport, first in the heart of her familee."

Madrid, December 21, 1905. Our good friends, Villegas and Lucia, met us at the train and brought us to their house, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage, typewriter too. We have an alcove room with an open fire where we burn olive wood. Lucia's housekeeping is a fine art, the most perfect neatness imaginable. The cook they brought with them from Rome gives us the dear old Italian dishes; the Spanish cooking is good but deadly rich. Here's the best recipe for "left-overs" I know. Take whatever scraps of meat, poultry and fish you have and bake them in a foundation of rice, olives and tomatoes, slightly flavoured with onion. It sounds incredible, it is delicious.

Christmas was a nice bright day. I wanted to go to Mass, but the English doctor, called in for a slight cold,

forbade it. There is a lot of influenza and some smallpox in the city. In a family where there is illness the old women and the children are sent to church to pray for the sick person, and so the contagion is spread.

In the evening, Rosilio, the painter who followed Villegas from Spain to Italy and has now followed him back from Rome to Madrid, came to greet us. When J. first knew him in Rome he was a lad of twenty, with a divine tenor voice. Rosilio, like Villegas, is an Andalusian, the race that has inherited most of the art and feeling of the Moor. In Rome R. used to be pounced upon by the other artists of the Spanish colony and made to sing Spanish songs, Andalusian ballads, Zingari ditties. His listeners were torn by homesickness and moved to tears by his songs. Now a strange thing has happened. With the translation of Villegas, the leading spirit of the group, to Spain, the colony broke up and many of them followed Villegas to Madrid. Now the tables are turned; the homesickness is for Rome. Last night Rosilio was called upon for song after song in the soft Roman dialect; he is a nightingale and sang the tears into my eyes and the heart into my throat!

Among the habitués of the house is Don Antonio Weyler, son of General Weyler, once military governor of Cuba. Until recently the General has been the Secretary of War, but with the change of government is now out of office. Antonio has adopted us and we call him "the key" because he seems able to open all manner of locked doors to us. He intends to enter the Church, — the call seems to be more a political than a spiritual one, as he wishes to devote himself to diplomacy. His model seems to be our old friend, Monsignor Merry del Val, who is now Secretary of the State to the Pope.

December 30, 1905. J. is posing for the figure of the King of Spain in the wonderful portrait Villegas is making of Don Alfonso. He looks very nice in the court suit with the little dress sword and the order of the garter. This has only just been awarded to the King, and J.

wore it to pose in, before Don Alfonso himself ever put it on. Yesterday his leg went to sleep — the King's breeches are woefully tight for him — and nearly fell off the model table, spraining his finger. The King will hardly sit at all for the portrait and so J. sits or rather stands. The pose is a killing one, which accounts for the downfall.

"The King, the King," Villegas kept grumbling, "he can go hunting and amusing himself all the time, and I must stay and work on his picture, about which he does n't care enough to give me a decent number of sittings!"

"A hundred years from now who will know or care that the King went hunting?" I said to Villegas; "and how many people will be glad that you stayed at home and worked on his picture?"

He went back to his work, comforted as a child who has been coaxed into good humor. Villegas has an itch for work as compelling as that of Brother Harry or any other over-nerved Yankee. He is never satisfied with what he paints, always falling short of his ideal and agonizing at the failure all the world applauds as a success. He greatly enjoys his position as Director of the Prado Museum and Court Painter.

Naples, June 16, 1906. Steamship *Schleswig*. The outline of Vesuvius is sadly altered; instead of the one great peak you remember there are two gentler ones, twins as it were. This startling change took place at the time of the late eruption, when ships in the Bay of Naples were covered with fine dust like that which destroyed Pompeii, and the splendid peak of the mountain simply crumpled up and disappeared.

Rome, August 24, 1906. Here is a petal of the great Egyptian lotus that has for days past bloomed in the salon and delighted our eyes. It grew in the lake of the Villa Doria and was brought to me by our old gardener, Ignazio. He is the same lean brown faun you remember. He welcomed us back to Rome so prettily and hoped we

would have a terrace or a garden and that he might minister to it. He confessed that in all his days no terrace like the Rusticucci had he ever seen.

To-day J. had a great pleasure. Enrico Coleman has been doing some of his finest work this summer, but has had no luck, has not sold a picture for a long time and is in the worst way for money. J. got him to send us his summer sketches — a wonderful showing — twenty landscapes, each handsomer than the other. J. knew that the fellows at the British Embassy had just made up a purse to buy one of their colleagues a wedding gift. He got them over here, showed them the pictures, and it ended by settling the question of the wedding present, — it won't be silver or furniture but a lovely painting of the Roman campagna with a bit of the aqueduct. Then one of the young secretaries wanted a picture for himself, and there were two sold. A third may be bought by a young spark named Paliaret, or as we call him, Pantelet! J. went to Coleman with the news. The old fellow was rather torn at hearing it, said there was no money in the house, and had not been for days. He felt insulted at the word "subscription", thought there had been one to buy his picture, whereas it was made to buy the wedding present and, as one of the young men expressed it, "collared the bood" for him.

Yesterday to hear a lecture and see an amazing chart of the Italian telegraph system, prepared by an American company that is trying to induce the Government to accept its system of telegraphy, the quadruplex, the best yet, according to my friend who has the matter in hand. When he asked the Italian Government for a map of its wires, he was told such a thing did not exist and could not be made. My Yankee friend promptly made the map and presented it to the Government. The occasion was instructive though I found my friend's lecture dry. It now looks as if the Italians would adopt this new American telegraph system. How pleasant it is to find every day the American genius reaching out farther and farther. Mr. Vickers, an English diplomat, told me a curious

thing; in a remote Greek country town he found American dollar bills circulated as currency; all the inhabitants have relations in the United States who send them money!

I am rather cross with the President for sending the Harry Whites to Paris. They have gone to great trouble and expense to fit up an Embassy magnificently, and before they have time to turn round in it, they are whisked off to France. I hear the Whites are much put out by this treatment. The man who is coming as next Ambassador, young Lloyd Griscom, is a nice fellow, I believe, with a young handsome wife.

Rome, Via Maria Adelaide, October 27, 1906. You see a new address on this letter, did I tell you we had taken a nice little apartment with a terrace? Not a patch on the Rusticucci, of course, but with some improvements, — an elevator in the house, an up-to-date bathroom, tiled floors, instead of brick, consequently no fleas. I have but to turn my head to see out of the window my great friend, St. Peter's dome, with a pink morning flush upon it. I have counted the wash, must see the cook, and be off to the Classical School where I am taking a course of lectures on Roman History, or rather the history of Rome — not quite the same thing.

Rome, November 16, 1907. The most important thing since our return has been the improvement of the terrace. The long summer had not hurt the beginnings of our roof garden and now we are much excited over our bulbs. The flowers "lap", you know, in this blessed country. There are seven fine chrysanthemums in bloom and two cyclamens; we have high hopes of jonquils and hyacinths. The most interesting fact I have to tell you after the flower news is that the new American Ambassadress, Mrs. Lloyd Griscom, née Elsa Bronson, is a diamond of the first water. She is a lovely young woman full of ardor and charm.

Rome, November 28, 1907. To-day to Thanksgiving dinner at the American School. We sat down forty-one

at table. Lloyd Griscom, the new Ambassador, was there, just back from a flying trip to America. It took him seven and one half days to get from Washington to Rome. He calls it the record trip. So we are n't so far apart, are we?

In the apartment below us lives Mme. Rubinstein, widow of the Russian composer — do you remember our hearing him play when he came to Boston? To-night she has a man with a stupendous baritone voice singing Russian folk songs. After a Cecilia concert lately I told her how well Sgambati had played something of her husband's. She wept with pleasure and exclaimed,

"They have forgotten him too much; it is long, long since they have given any of his glorious compositions."

At twilight we sometimes hear her softly playing her husband's music; as she never practices and only rarely plays, her piano is a pleasure not a pest."

Rome, December 29, 1907. You will feel dear Minnie Pratt's death very much. She was a fine soul, but she was one, I think, who would not have been very happy as an old person — we are not all "built that way." I think of her as always young and sparkling. Bell and Pratt no longer. What will become of the twin who is left?

Marion Crawford had been very devoted lately — darling old fellow, for he seems very old. He comes up to Rome a good deal and always comes to see us. He wrote a nice Christmas letter and sent me a calendar, and for luck, a ball of red string with all sorts of warnings about it; you must not throw it away, you must keep every scrap not used or light a candle with it; he really is superstitious! He does not forgive A.; he told me the other day that he never forgot the way you "flew at her like a wildcat in his mother's defence." Curious what things stick; he adores you for that flash of the cold greys!

On Christmas Eve J. brought home vast branches of holly to put round your portrait by Villegas in the dining room. Just below we arranged and decorated

a group of the family portraits on a table. This made our *festa* pleasant and ancestral. The custom of adorning the family effigies comes to us from the ancient Romans. In the early days before the Greek gods came into Italy, they had practically only ancestor worship, in a spirit quite like that of the Japanese to-day.

I read my *Outlook* faithfully. It does not give altogether an accurate view of things at home; what publication does? It is on the right side of enthusiastic optimism, however, and that is the best reading for American exiles.

Rome, January 6, 1908. The *festas* are not yet over. To-day is the feast of the Epiphany, Twelfth Night. I do hope and believe the last of the Christmas *fêtes*. It is a trying time; everybody you want to do any work for you is completely demoralized; the laborers will not labor, and the servants are forever gadding. It would be a good thing for Italy if these long holiday rites of junketing and idleness could be shortened. It is n't that the people do anything disorderly or wrong, they just don't do anything but amuse themselves. At home we keep adding new holidays — fatal policy! Last night being the eve of the Befana, we went over to the Piazza Navona to see the fun, and buy toys for the porter's children. The piazza was lined with booths with toys and goodies for sale; the fun was fast and furious and I must confess quite innocent. Nobody gets drunk and there is no brawling, only bedlam of tin trumpets and other festive noises. Befana is to the children here what Christmas is at home. Christmas is little made of save as one of the great feasts of the Church. New Year is the day for the exchange of presents and felicitations among "grown ups", and Befana for children. Befana is an old woman for whose coming the children hang up their stockings beside the kitchen fireplaces as we do for St. Nicholas.

March 4, 1908. Spring looked at us and then shook her head and took another nap. We are having the cold

spell that always comes between the first and fifteenth of March.

Our friend, the Monsignor, comes to see us a great deal and is a real comfort. The other day I passed him in a cab. It had come on to rain furiously; as he had no umbrella and I was going past his door, I stopped and asked if I should give him a lift. He refused shortly and soon after came to see me and told me that it would have made a scandal if he had been seen driving about Rome in a cab with a lady.

The American pilgrims are teaching the Romans a thing or two. Among them are Bishop Ireland, his sister and a large group of "sisters", traveling together. They take cabs every day and drive about with the Bishop, and nobody seems shocked!

Rome, Palm Sunday, 1908. Isn't it wonderful that the winter is really over and that we are again going to have summer? It is a new mystery every year and how the things in nature go regularly on, and the acorns swell, the grain germinates, the coral insects toil and only this silly fool's work does not grow and finish itself! Man's a blur and a blot on the whole scheme, on account, I suppose, of his free will.

I hope to go down to Sorrento on Thursday for Eleanor Crawford's wedding. I shall be better perhaps for a little sea air and change, as I have been pretty steadily at it since I returned to Rome nearly a year ago. I am by nature what the Arabs call "a son of the way"! If there are female tramps among them, I suppose it would be called a daughter of the way.

The first great Woman's Congress will be held here soon at the new Palace of Justice. Etta de Viti and Cora Brazza (two American girls married to Italian noblemen) have worked so hard for it they are on the verge of breaking down. Last night we had an interesting man for dinner, Wilfranc Hubbard, the new correspondent of the *London Times*, who takes the place of Wickham Steed, who has been sent to Berlin. The position of the *Times*

correspondent here is almost an official one, and ten times as important as most official appointments. Carl Federn came too, the man who, I am told, first gave Emerson to Germany through his translation. He is a little flame of a creature like zigzag lightning; he is a friend of Elizabeth Fairchild and the defender of Linda Murri, whom he believes was falsely accused of murdering her husband. Most interesting of all our guests was Cunninghame Graham. He is a writer and a lovely person of exquisite charm. Of an old Scotch family, he has inherited much from a Spanish grandfather. He is a liberal if not a socialist. He has comforted much, for I get so confused with the pressure on my mind of Rome's conservatism. You see almost all artists are naturally conservatives. They say there has never been a great art without great art patrons. The argument that neither republicanism or socialism makes for art is hard to refute. "The greatest good of the greatest number may be a high ideal, for a state to strive for," they say, "but it is leveling! Every man will be his own poet and painter."

Rome, December 28, 1908. I reached home safely at six o'clock in the evening of Christmas Day. The great Christmas present was the fact that the picture (Diana of the Tides) was finished. Just as J. was signing his name to the big canvas the telegram announcing my arrival was slipped under his door. Rather a neat coincidence!

Towards the close of the year 1908 there occurred the most stupendous disaster that, until that time, had come within my ken; this was more than five years before that fatal day when Germany let fall the mask and the World War was declared. During the night of December twenty-eighth, Sicily and Calabria were visited by one of the greatest earthquakes in history, the cities of Reggio and Messina were destroyed and two hundred thousand people were killed, among others the American Consul

and his wife. For the next six months my husband and I threw ourselves into relief work for the survivors. He played a really important part, being one of the volunteers who under the gallant leadership of Commander Reginald R. Belknap, the naval attaché of the American Embassy, sailed on the relief ship *Bayern* for the stricken region with a cargo of food, clothing, tools, and medicines. The expedition was organized by an American Committee headed by our Ambassador, Mr. Griscom.

The report of conditions brought back from the devastated country was so terrific that our government, acting in conjunction with the American Red Cross, followed it up with a relief expedition on a much larger scale. This undertook and accomplished nothing less than the building of a whole series of villages to shelter the survivors. They established headquarters at Messina, where a complete village was erected in record time, with a large church, a comfortable hotel, schools, offices and dwellings for twelve thousand people. The story of this unique undertaking has been well told by Commander (now Captain) Belknap in his interesting book, "American House Building at Messina." In my "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun" I have given some description of the American village on the plain of the Mosella at Messina and of what our people contributed to the Villaggio Regina Elena, where a modern, up-to-date hospital was erected and named for the wife of our ambassador. In all this work my husband had the privilege of acting as architect, designer, and general helper to his intrepid and resourceful chief Belknap, who in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, in 1909, pays Mr. Elliott the following tribute:

"Thanks are due in a measure that I cannot express

to Mr. John Elliott, who shared every hardship with unfailing good humor, and left his beautifying touch on every part of our work. He was the first volunteer, and the most devoted worker; rendering service that can be appreciated only by one who enjoyed his close companionship and discerning counsel throughout a long period of pressing occupation."

Rome, January 12, 1909. Friday J. sailed bravely away from Civitavecchia for Messina with the American Relief Expedition. Last night I had a message from the Embassy saying he was well and doing splendid work on the *Bayern*, the ship fitted out by the American Committee to go to the smaller desolated Calabrian villages that have as yet had little or no help. The *Bayern* is a North German Lloyd steamer our committee chartered and loaded with food, clothes, tools, nails, household and field utensils, coffee, medicines and tobacco. One dear American sent ten thousand cigars and five hundred boxes of cigarettes. He said:

"The poor devils will need a little luxury!"

From J.'s letter he spends most of his time in the hold, sorting out stores, when he is not interpreting for commander Belknap, or ravaging the cargo for sterilized milk. I had begun to write something of the Roman end of the frightful earthquake when I was taken ill from overwork for the *profughi*. How terrible it is that in this shuddering horror which really has engulfed all of us and turned the idlest into tremendous workers, I should still want to make notes for future use as "copy"? I do, though. It is like doctors and undertakers. They are not glad to have people suffering or dead, but as people must suffer and die, they must pull something out of it to their advantage.

Rome, January 25, 1909. J. came home last Sunday, none the worse, indeed much the better, for his errand of mercy in spite of the fact that he had been in a motor accident and his face was done up with sticking plaster.

Commander Belknap, the leader of the expedition, called to tell me what good service he had done. My committee work keeps me very busy. Rome is crowded with the refugees and we are all at work trying to feed, clothe, and work for these poor bereft people. Of course this dreadful calamity, one of the most tragic events in history, has thrown everything out of kilter in the life of the city and the individual. The exhibition of "Diana of the Tides" had to be postponed — nobody has wanted to see pictures or do anything but his share in helping the sufferers. Queen Margherita has sent word that she will come in the early days of February to open the show.

One of my families of Messinesi, who have lost seventeen near relations, have asked me to try and find some black clothes for them. Poor lambs, we have all been so busy trying to keep them fed and alive that we have overlooked too much their natural feelings of grief and their desire to show respect to those they have lost by wearing mourning. I am buying up enormous quantities of handkerchiefs for my people — they all weep so terribly. It is a detail the larger committees leave out perforce.

Rome, February 23, 1909. To-day "Diana of the Tides" will be taken off the stretcher and packed. Till the last both Romans and tourists have swarmed to the studio. To-day came dear Mme. Helbig and the Professor. He called me his Aspasia and remembered my having posed for his tableau all those years ago. Mme. Barrère, the French Ambassadress, came to-day for the second time, bringing her daughter, who was a great friend of Mme. Blanc and knew all about you. It was one of the pleasant things to have the tables turned and to have the Romans who did not happen to have met or heard of you, admire your portrait as the mother-in-law and sometimes as the mother of the painter. You must not mind; the Romans had never heard of Paderewski when he came here quite lately to play. During his first concert they treated him rather cavalierly; that put him on his mettle, and before the end of the programme he had

won out, but his audience with few exceptions had never heard about him, and were quite unaware that he was held to be the first living pianist!

Now comes the break-up of our second Roman home and our return to you. We shall have "wot larks" together. I shall not leave you again as long as you and I live, except at your request.

Boston, January 2, 1910. Went to our old friend Bowdoin's (formerly my father's steward) funeral and sent a wreath with this legend:

"From the children of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in loving memory of their friend, Anthony Bowdoin." The service was all as one would have wished, very properly done. I felt it deeply! The last of the old faithful hunting hounds of our great Huntsman gone! I think so much of that quality of leadership he had; when he wound his horn how these good hounds leaped to the chase,— Anagnos, Paddock, Bradford, Bowdoin, how many others, hardly a puling one in the pack.

Mr. Clement sent me a heavenly article about Papa. Not a review, but inspired by Laura's book.[1] He has views, good ones, that we should interest ourselves in the memorial to S. G. H. If the movement is still-born as I fear, and there is nothing doing, I should like well to tell you Clement's views. Where do we most belong, — in to-day, yesterday or to-morrow? That is the problem that confronts us all! We owe much to those who are gone, more to those who are living and most, perhaps, to those who will come after!

[1] "Life and Letters of Samuel Gridley Howe," by Laura E. Richards. Estes and Lauriat, Boston.

CHAPTER XXIII

Washington in 1910

Between 1894 and 1910 we lived more in Italy than in America and had the opportunity of observing the amazing developments that were taking place in the country that was, until the World War, the youngest of the Nations. Modern Italy was born in 1870, when France and Germany were too busy cutting each other's throats to interfere with the realization of that dream of a United Italy that had so long haunted the imagination of poets and patriots. America's part in the Risorgimento has still to be written; like England, the Great Friend, she played no small rôle in the happy consummation. From the early part of the last century Italian patriots and political exiles were comforted and upheld in the United States. In my mother's girlhood some of the greatest lived in New York by giving Italian lessons. She and her sisters numbered in their circle of friends Foresti and Albinola, the companions of Silvio Pellico.

In Italy Margaret Fuller and other ardent Americans threw themselves and their resources into the struggle that gave the world a free and united Italy. We Americans are bound to Italy by the strongest of all alliances, — sentiment and sympathy. The American colonies in Rome, Florence, and Venice, while not to be compared in size with the "Little Italys" of Boston and New York, have done much to create a mutual good-will. They have fostered a reverence for Italian genius in our own land,

and the reaction has been that the Italian immigrants in America have been received with a more intelligent understanding than many others. The marriages between American heiresses and Italian nobles — though it has been the custom to scoff at them — have proved, for the most part, extremely fortunate. The children of these unions show that the American woman can be safely trusted to choose her mate among Italians, to the advantage of both races.

About the middle of the nineteenth century Luigi Monti, a young Italian liberal, fleeing for his life, managed to conceal himself on board an American vessel lying in an Italian port. Though he had little English, the lad made the Captain understand that he wished to go to America.

"I will take you to the only place in America worth living in," the Captain assured him. After a long cruise the skipper brought his young friend to Nantucket, where he was hospitably welcomed by the inhabitants, and settled down to learn English and teach Italian. He remained on the island for some time, in the belief that he was in the most important place in the United States, an impression first given by the skipper and fully maintained by the islanders. Somehow — and here my memory is at fault as to just the how and wherefore — Longfellow got wind of the young Italian teacher at Nantucket and managed to convince him that Boston was even more important than Nantucket. In my youth Signor Monti was one of the most prominent Italian residents of the Hub and held, if I mistake not, the post of Italian Consul.

In Sicily, after the Messina earthquake, Roosevelt was given a reception by the survivors that surpassed their

welcome of their own King Victor. The horses were taken from his carriage and he was drawn by a cheering populace, who hailed him with shouts of:

"*Viva il nostro presidente!*"

The other day two Italians were seen at Oyster Bay, scraping up handfuls of earth from Roosevelt's grave.

"What's the idea?" asked the guard on duty.

"We are returning to Italy, where Theodore Roosevelt is greatly honored, and we wish to take this sacred earth with us as a relic," the Italians explained.

On one of my visits to America, during our long residence in Rome, I had the happy idea of founding in Boston a little Italian club, now grown into an influential society, known as the Circolo Italiano. During the first few years of its existence, my mother was the leading spirit of the Circolo, in which she held the office of Honorary President. The first acting President was Count Salone Campello. We met at the houses of the members once or twice a month, and from time to time enjoyed a banquet at one of the Italian restaurants at the North End. At a certain dinner at the Lombardy Inn my mother made a great hit when she said in her speech of welcome:

"Out of the egg of Columbus was hatched the American Eagle!"

Novelli, the actor, who was the guest of honor, congratulated her on her beautiful enunciation. Years before Tommaso Salvini spoke to me of her rare gift of oratory; and Adelaide Ristori, who twice acted with her in private theatricals in Rome, praised her acting. It is not wonderful perhaps that my love for Italy is second only to that for my own country, for I have been privileged in knowing some of the great Italians of my time.

The first decade of the new century was nearly over before I found myself in America with the prospect of remaining there. An artist's wife, like a soldier's, must be ready to march at the tap of the drum and follow her husband wherever his work calls him. I remember saying this to Marion Crawford, and his whimsical summing-up of the whole duty of wives:

"My dear, no matter where your husband's affairs take you, the most important thing you can do for him is to remind him to put on his rubbers when it rains."

While thankful for all I had enjoyed in Italy, I rejoiced to be at home again among my own people. During the winter of 1910 we were much in Washington, for the installation of "Diana of the Tides." This creation of my husband's brush was given by our friends, Isabel and Larz Anderson, to the New National Museum, where it now occupies a place in the hall of the totems. We missed our friend, Czar Langley, who had been much interested in Diana.

Mr. Langley, for years secretary of the Smithsonian Institute and leading spirit of its manifold undertakings, died in 1906. It has been said that his useful life was shortened by disappointment at the failure of his flying machine and the cruel ridicule he received when the airplane, after rising from the ground, came to grief in the Potomac River.

One bright winter day, two years after Mr. Langley's death, the notables of Rome were assembled on the russet plain of the Roman Campagna to witness America's latest victory, the conquest of the air. King Victor was there, surrounded by a group of officers and representatives of the great powers. The Americans were led by the Ambassador's wife, lovely Elsa Griscom, who seemed,

with her eager upturned face, her slight figure a-thrill with expectation, the living embodiment of American genius. It was a proud moment for us when the white-winged airship appeared from its hangar, ran along the ground for a few rods, and rose, circling like a gigantic bird, up and up till it looked no bigger than an eagle.

"Hurrah for Wilbur Wright!" The words burst from an excited Westerner.

"Hurrah for U. S. us!" shouted another compatriot.

I could only murmur under my breath, "Oh, Langley, Langley!"

"This is an historic scene!" a friend said. "Wilbur Wright, the first man to make a practical success of aviation, soaring over the towers of Rome. Not since Daedalus flew from Crete to Cumae and hung up his wings in the Temple of Apollo has such a thing been seen in Italy."

A few nights later I met Wright and his sister at an Embassy dinner. Miss Wright, a breezy, sprightly girl, took pains to impress it on me that her brother Orville deserved as much credit as Wilbur for their joint invention, though for the moment Wilbur seemed to be getting the lion's share of limelight. I put this question to Mr. Wright:

"Will you tell me just how much help Mr. Langley's experiments have been to you?"

He gave an evasive answer; for all that, the name of Samuel Pierpont Langley of Boston will always be numbered among those pioneers who, for good or ill, have made aviation possible. Years before either Langley or Wright, Tennyson foretold it all in Locksley Hall, as the poets have always prophesied every step in human progress:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonders that would be;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the Nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Washington, since we had seen it, had grown in grace and beauty beyond belief; it was now a noble city with broad avenues, spacious parks, magnificent public buildings, and palatial dwellings. In this, the second year of President Taft's administration, the capital seemed gayer than ever before. The entertainments were far more formal and elaborate than in the sixties, when my mother visited Mrs. Eames of the famous salon. One dined out every night as a matter of course, just as in London during the season. I found a few of the old friends, Mrs. Bayard, Senator and Mrs. Cabot Lodge, Justice and Mrs. Wendell Holmes, and Uncle Joe Cannon. Some of these regretted with me the changes in the social life since the simpler days I remembered of Miss Loring's Sunday evenings and Mrs. Bancroft's afternoons. The changes were inevitable, of course, and only reflected those in the life of the nation. In our great cities to-day, plain living and high thinking are rare as snow in August; this does not imply that they do not exist; only one must light a candle and look for them! The growth of wealth and luxury seems even to have affected the national physique. There were fewer of the spare American type than when I first remember Washington, and more fat men among our legislators. Marking this, I became reconciled to the monstrous growth of public interest in athletics and sports. Uncle Sam, realizing the dangers

of too good living, has gone into training as a matter of self-preservation!

On this visit I first realized that to-day the world is run by committees. I spent much time at the Capitol, where the best speaking was heard in the different committee rooms, rather than in the Senate or the House. The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy on the preservation of the forests and other natural resources was the issue of the hour; my journal records that I was present at many of the hearings.

More than once we were included in the group that gathered every day for luncheon at the table of Henry Adams. He lived in a large house built for him by his friend, Richardson the architect. The dwelling was characteristic of both men; it had a rare flavor, expressive of its owner's taste and character — all for use and comfort, nothing for show — and the ample spaciousness the colossal architect put into everything he built.

Mr. Adams was that *rara avis*, a good talker who is a good listener as well. This in some measure accounts for the many distinguished men among his intimates; he possessed, besides, a positive genius for friendship, not often found in our hurried land, and his company was eagerly sought by such overworked men as Roosevelt, John Hay, Saint-Gaudens, John La Farge, and Cabot Lodge. Though Henry Adams accomplished more than most people, he gave the impression of a certain large leisure and of always having time for his friends. This was in part due to his having a fortune large enough to make him independent, yet not so cumbrous as to bring heavy responsibilities, and in part to the tragedy of his married life. In middle age he lost a beloved wife. All the pain and mystery of his irreparable loss his friend, Saint-Gaudens,

was able to express in that shrouded bronze figure, popularly called Nirvana, that broods over her grave in Rock Creek Cemetery. No happily married person can hope to compete in the capacity of friendship with such a man as Adams, if for no other reason, because the day is but twenty-four hours long.

He was working, I think, at this time on that unique volume, "The Education of Henry Adams." Interesting as it is, the book does not do justice to its hero, and leaves behind a curious sense of disappointment and thwarted ambition that one did not feel in the man himself. The same thing is true of the autobiography of his brother, Charles Francis Adams. Both the Adamses were men of uncommon ability, gifted far above the average of their fellows; each attained an enviable distinction in their day and generation, yet in their memoirs they seem to confess themselves woefully disappointed with life. Different interpretations have been made of this attitude of frank disillusionment, in both brothers. I believe it to have been purely temperamental.

"Is life worth living?"

"It all depends upon the liver."

The last time I met Henry Adams I found him delightfully mellowed, like a russet apple in the month of February. His wit was less caustic; it was as if, in spite of himself, the man were softening. It could not have been long after this that he said to the friend who bore him company during the latter stage of the journey:

"I have not heard my wife's name spoken for over twenty years. That was a great mistake."

The mistake was largely his own. His friends believed — and no man ever had warmer friends — that Mr. Adams did not wish them to mention his wife after her

tragic death. So, wittingly or unwittingly, he and they entered into a conspiracy of silence that was only broken when the sands of his life were nearly run.

[To Laura Richards.]

Washington, March 15, 1910.

This morning our old friend, Franklin MacVeagh, now Secretary of the Treasury, called for us by appointment with the Treasury carriage — rather an old-fashioned turnout with two horses and a colored coachman — and took us to call on President Taft. We drove to the executive offices in one of the new wings McKim has added to the White House. We waited in a big round room with a soft green carpet. A picture of Roosevelt hung on the wall, a vase of pink roses stood on the table under it.

"I brought you early," Mr. MacVeagh explained, "that you might see the Cabinet assemble and meet the Ministers, while waiting for the President."

The first to arrive was Mr. Dickinson, Secretary of War.

"Is this your office?" I asked him. "Aren't these roses emblems of peace rather than of war?"

"My office is next door," the Secretary answered, "but there are roses there too. Washington is famous for its flowers; we have many fine conservatories. I have, by the way, more concerns of peace than of war on my hands at present. The Panama Canal and the Philippines take up most of my time."

George Meyer, Secretary of the Navy — and incidentally our distant cousin — was the next comer. He was very dapper, wearing, like the others, a frock coat and tall hat. We had not met since Meyer was Ambassador to Italy. He asked many questions about Rome, which he seemed to regret. We talked of the splendid work our navy did for Italy after the Messina earthquake. I asked him if he had read Commander Belknap's report.

"Enough of it to get an idea of what good service you all did down there," he answered.

I seemed to hear again the click of Belknap's typewriter at the American camp at Mosella, when he sat writing those notable reports to the Navy Department late into the night.

Admiral Brownson thinks that Meyer is the best Secretary of the Navy we have ever had. Adams says that Senator Lodge got him the job. Mr. Lodge was offered the post of Secretary of State, but refused it and tried to get the position for Meyer, but had to be content with the Navy portfolio.

"What gossip!" I hear you cry.

Well, isn't to-day's gossip to-morrow's history?

Mr. MacVeagh next introduced Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, a small stocky man with an harassed face. He was the only one of them who seemed to show his hand. One had a sense of the heavy weight — superhuman almost — that rested on all these men; the others seemed to be able to make light of it for the moment, while Mr. Knox seemed troubled and nervous. His son's sudden marriage last week may have had something to do with it.

"I have been bothered by interviewers all the morning," he complained. "We are unlike any other Cabinet officers in the world. Delcassé tells me he never sees any but the most important persons, and those only by appointment. The English Cabinet members are equally well protected. We are at the mercy of Tom, Dick and Harry. Our time is wasted on all sorts of minor matters, by insignificant nobodies. Some of us, like your friend MacVeagh here, have social duties as well. I myself avoid those as much as I can."

"I like to dine out," Mr. MacVeagh put in; "it takes my mind off public affairs and is a real treat. I even like to make calls on certain people — this season they have been out of the question, we are all too hard pressed with work."

"I get my rest in walking and driving," Mr. Knox observed. "Whenever it is possible I run down to my farm at Valley Forge."

As we were talking, President Taft walked in upon us, unannounced. He has a perfectly disarming personality, kind blue eyes and the golden smile of a child. As he shook hands with us, he looked a little piteously at Mr. MacVeagh for prompting. The royalties we have met learn their lessons better, and seem to know quite as much about you as you can know about them.

"Mr. Elliott had a very nice letter from you, Mr. President," Mr. MacVeagh explained, "thanking him for the work he did at Messina and conferring upon him the medal of the Red Cross."

The kind blue eyes, that had been so bewildered, softened as Mr. Taft said:

"Miss Mabel Boardman is the Red Cross — I am only the President. Every now and then she tells me what to do and I do it."

The sweetness and lack of pose of him were enchanting. Many men would have let us suppose that he was the power behind the Red Cross, but he gave all the credit to a woman. Mr. MacVeagh then told him that, like La Fille de Mme. Argot, I was the daughter of my mother.

"I have had some correspondence with her about the Armenians," said the President. "I was obliged to her for bringing their sad condition to my notice."

"I have brought you a poem written by the old sibyl in her ninety-first year. It contains a message for you all." I handed him the magazine containing the poem on the Capitol, with these lines underscored:

> Let him who stands for service here
> With deeply reverent soul draw near,
> To lift the weight that most offends,
> The need that other needs transcends.

We now passed into the Cabinet room, where we were introduced to Mr. James Wilson, for the last thirteen years Secretary of Agriculture.

"Sit in my chair, Mrs. Elliott," was his greeting. "We shall have women in the Cabinet some day, you know."

When Mr. MacVeagh told him I was Mother's daughter, he almost hugged me; he seemed to feel the magic of her name more than any of them.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!" he quoted. Mr. Wilson looks much older than the others. He seems a man of real weight, with an impressive personality. He is tall, grave, and cavern-eyed. How he must have suffered from the battering of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy! I showed him a photograph of Mama.

"I never saw her," he said; "but she looks just as I thought she would."

"I brought this for our Unitarian President," I confessed, "but I did not have the courage to give it him."

"Let me have the honor," Mr. MacVeagh volunteered.

The Cabinet was now assembled, it was time to leave.

"Thank you all for letting us have a peep at the centre of the big beehive," I said.

"You are right," Mr. Nagle exclaimed, "we are all busy as bees."

I told Mr. MacVeagh I felt ashamed to have taken up even a few minutes of their time.

"Not at all," he answered gallantly. "We are all glad to see you. You did not want anything; if everybody would only let us off so easily!"

This was as he was putting us in the carriage. We drove to the White House to leave our cards, then to Mr. Adams' for lunch. I told him how all the Cabinet impressed me as being men too heavily weighted down, but very gallant in their bearing.

"They are," he said. "We kill all our Presidents. There is never more than one ex-President alive. By killing, I don't mean murdering them like Lincoln and McKinley; we work them all to death."

The fact is, we have outgrown ourselves! The evolution of the machinery of government has not kept pace with our amazing development as a nation. I imagine in the future we shall be forced to subdivide the country into departments, like the Ancient Romans, grouping the

States into South, North, Middle West and North West, all united under the central Federal Government, as were Hispania, Britain, and Gaul, at the height of Rome's power.

Since that visit to the Cabinet, I have been torn with conflicting feelings. I am still furious about the treatment of Gifford Pinchot and all he stands for, but this is the crew that must sail the ship this voyage, this is the captain with his hand on the tiller. We ought all to stand by, ought n't we? And yet, and yet, we cannot forget! The situation is very strange! There was an article in the *Washington Post* last week, called "The Back-to-Elba Club." It is aimed at the Rooseveltians. They are a strongly entrenched body, Henry Adams one of the strongest. There is a sort of romance, a "Charlie-over-the-Water" sentiment, which is lovely, romantic, and touching — but is it quite fair? Harry White has ranged under the new banner, though he was unjustifiably chucked out of office by the Administration. He is now in high favor, and going down to South America as the head of the delegation to the Conference at Argentina. I am full of wonder about this Cabinet. The present is surely in a very difficult political situation. I suppose to those who have more knowledge, this is true at all times.

In the winter of 1912 I was again in Washington, on a visit to our old friend, John Loudon, and our new friend, Lydia Loudon, his charming American wife. Loudon was now Minister from the Low Countries to the United States, and the Dutch Legation was counted one of the most attractive houses in the capital. The Loudons had been stationed in Japan, where Lydia had taken a course in the art of arranging flowers. Early on the first day of my visit we drove to the market, where I watched her choose with care branches of yellow forsythia, bunches of daffodils, jonquils, primroses, sprays of feathery mimosa. By lunch time it seemed that spring had come

to the legation, though winter still reigned outside. Madame Loudon, like every true artist, is possessed with the passion for perfection that compels her to do whatever she does with all her heart. As I watched her patient, tireless hands, weaving the spell that held her guests of the afternoon enthralled, I had a realizing sense of my own artist's motto:

"If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well!"

The Loudons' musicale brought together the music lovers of Washington, who listened in complete silence to a perfect program. Madame Loudon's singing is a pure joy. As I heard the rich notes of her contralto voice blend with the dearly familiar tones of my old friend, the harmony seemed happily to express the union of these two uncommon persons. The Loudons are what all hostesses recognize as the rarest of created beings, a perfectly delightful couple. We all know plenty of charming women, and dozens of interesting men, to invite to our dinners; but a pair like the Loudons is a rarity not often met in any sphere, least of all in formal society where such twin souls are scarce as roc's eggs.

During my stay I had the pleasure of lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Lodge, another pair of wedded stars; and after lunch I had a few words over the coffee with the host, on the subject that was at that time beginning to be whispered wherever Roosevelt's friends chanced to meet. I asked Mr. Lodge flatly if in his judgment it would be expedient to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President at the June convention.

"No," he said, very decidedly. "In 1916, possibly — it is too early to say more."

In spite of this pronouncement from Roosevelt's sagacious and well-loved friend, I went a few days later

to see Mr. Roosevelt, at the office of the *Outlook* in New York, and urged him to allow his name to be proposed for President at Chicago. In that hour I nailed the Roosevelt colors to my mast where they still fly. Looking back to that time, and weighing well all that has happened since, I do not regret my action, though it cost me more than one of my best friends. Could I hope to be remembered at all, it would be as one of the founders of the Progressive Party. Like thousands of Progressives, I would have died for Roosevelt without a thought. We loved him without measure and beyond reason as our leader, the champion of human progress, the hope of the world, the greatest American of our time.

CHAPTER XXIV

Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Party

In October of the year 1910, as the first decade of the Twentieth Century was drawing to a close, my mother passed from the world where for nearly ninety-two years she had lived and labored. It seemed to us that for a moment the restless throng paused to note the passing. A long succession of meetings of commemoration were held by her church, her clubs, the many associations she had founded and worked for. So great was the outpouring of love and reverence that it seemed as if her beloved name were writ in fire across the firmament. The largest of the memorial meetings was held in Symphony Hall, Boston, and was given by the city.

At the request of the committee of arrangements I had written, — asking Mr. Roosevelt to address the meeting. His answer has been preserved:

The *Outlook*,
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
January 6th, 1911.

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

It would give me the utmost pleasure were I able to be present on the 8th, to speak of your dear mother. You know that I felt for her not merely the highest regard, and indeed I may say reverence, because of her work, but a very warm personal affection. Unfortunately my engagements are such that it is physically impossible for

me to get to Boston before the 10th. There was not a man or woman in America for whom I felt the same kind of devotion that I felt for your mother. I am more sorry than I can say that I cannot be present.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

It may well be that I inherited my devotion to Roosevelt from my mother, but I rather think that it was her spirit in me that recognized in him the leader of those causes dear as life itself.

January 11, 1911. J. went to see Henry James, whom he found in bed, very poorly. He is nervously ill and looks badly. Before the visit was over he jumped up and went about the house in his pyjamas and slippers, showing J. some pictures by his nephew, William James, son of the elder William. He brightened up wonderfully during the visit and seemed almost himself, J. says, before he left.

January 12, 1911. This morning I had a "bust of feeling" and wrote a note to Theodore Roosevelt, sending with it a volume of Mother's poems and my "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun." J. took them and found "Rosy" at Judge Lowell's. He was most cordial and said he would try and look in on me that afternoon. He came, bringing Kermit, at four o'clock. Bridget the cook opened the door and said I was "out"! I heard a roar; "I am Theodore Roosevelt," and flying to the head of the stairs I begged him to come up. He came roaring and magnificent into the room, looking, J. says, twenty years younger than the day he last saw him at Messina.

March 24, 1911. To-day, at long last was produced "Hippolytus", the play Mama wrote for Edwin Booth, and that he and Charlotte Cushman were rehearsing when the jealousy of the stage manager's wife, who had a part she did not like, prevented the production. This was a lifelong disappointment to Mother! The play, thanks to

Margaret Anglin, was given at the Tremont Theatre with Walter Hampden in Booth's part of Hippolytus and Margaret Anglin in Charlotte Cushman's part of Phedra. The play was splendidly produced; Miss Anglin's rendering of Phedra was admirable and Hampden was a perfect Hippolytus. The audience was deeply moved. The beauty of the lines is consummate. The play has pulse, passion, and dramatic climax. The youth and romance of it all impressed everybody. It has been a long hard struggle to have this play produced but I am rewarded. Miss Anglin is an angel, and Isabel Anderson and Betty Wiggins archangels, for having worked like Trojans for this. Miss Anglin is one of the serious and inspired actresses of the day, with temperament, beauty, charm, and that steadiness of character without which dramatic talent is so ineffectual.

The Box, Contoocook, New Hampshire. March 1, 1911. Being rather run down, came up with Isabel Anderson to breathe the elixir of this New Hampshire air instead of going, as some friends advised, to the South. Davos cannot be more exhilarating than Contoocook. Went for a four-mile tramp. The walking good, the snow crisp and hard enough to bear. Saw hardly a person moving. The loneliness is appalling. No children, no young people coasting or frolicking! Farm after farm silent and lifeless; had it not been for the smoke from the chimneys they might be abandoned, like those farms I saw in Maine a few years ago. These eight days have built me up wonderfully. The wide waste of the snow world outside, lonely and wild as the Russian steppes, with the contrast of the cozy interior of the Box where not a crumpled rose-leaf hurts, is piquant enough. Isabel is in her loveliest mood. We went over a story of hers and she sketched in a children's play that seems to have real possibilities for a merry Christmas frolic. Some of the pictures of this visit will remain with me long: Isabel with her white fox furs leading me for a tramp through the snow. J. and Isabel warming the butterflies to life before the mammoth fireplace up at the bungalow, where

the fire of white birch logs roared on the hearth bringing out the perfume of the green balsam branches that covered the roof. Outside the wide circle of hills topped by distant Mt. Kearsarge seen through the thick veil of a violent snowstorm — the bare brown and purple hills with the frozen lake at their feet — what a panorama! Why, O why, do we have to go to Switzerland when we have New Hampshire?

Washington. January 23, 1912. Talked with Count Von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador. He said, *à propos* of Mr. Roosevelt's possible election:

"Everybody seems to want him, but we in Washington are so faithful to the Administration."

January 27, 1912. Lydia Loudon's dinner for me. Thomas Nelson Page, Senator Newlands and Edith, Miss Mabel Boardman. The talk was largely political, the general drift, of course, towards the absorbing subject, "Taft or Roosevelt"? Miss Boardman reported that Mr. Taft had said,

"I can never forget what Roosevelt has done for me, but his conduct has seared my soul."

John Loudon's summing up is the wisest I have heard:

"Roosevelt is really a great man; it seems a pity not to use him while you have him."

Page read aloud one of his funny darky dialect stories. I read two of Mother's poems.

The Loudons sang charmingly and Edith Newlands played beautifully, a feast for which the peerless Dutch coffee and cordial fortified us.

February 1, 1912. A letter from Mr. Roosevelt asking me to come to see him. I found him in the outer office of the *Outlook*. The place was filled with reporters and others waiting to see him. I caught a glimpse of T. R. talking with a fat blond-bearded German. I asked one of the clerks who he was; he said "an artist", as if that were an answer. Finally T. R.'s secretary took in my

card. T. R. came out and shook hands with me; his first words were:

"I could no more have come to lunch with you than I could have flown"; then told them to take me to his private office, a suite of three rooms all filled with men. I was shown into the outer room where there were the fewest. A gentleman of his own sort was reading a book of poems; I think it was one of the classics. T. R. had given me a copy of the *Outlook* published that day containing a long article of his on Woman Suffrage with many tributes to Mother. When he came in, I thanked him for the article.

"You know that neither my own mother nor my wife is in favor of suffrage," he said; "I believe your mother more than any one else converted me to it."

"To her it was not so much a question of right as of duty," I reminded him.

"That is just what I am trying to teach them," was his answer.

Then I cried out, "Come back to us, come back to us!"

"But Massachusetts does n't seem to want me back," he protested; "or, at least, the Back Bay does not."

"I find that the people who love you best say, Wait till 1916, but the people who love the country best say, Now, now, now!" I said.

"That 's just it," he flashed out, "the time to set a setting hen is when she wants to set!"

He looks a little older and stouter, but his perfectly tremendous personality impresses one more than ever. He is more like the Corliss engine than anything else!

February 27, 1912. Yesterday Roosevelt announced that he would accept the nomination for President if offered to him. He is staying at the Brandegees' in Brookline, and spent the day with Robert Grant. Matsu (a highly educated Japanese servant) says he is like Napoleon and is turning from his greater to his lesser self. I do not see it so, but many people do. I feel

Loudon was right. When you have a man of genius it seems a pity not to use him.

Newport, March 17, 1912. Worked on my paper, "Artists' Life in Rome", for the Current Topics Club. I tried to give three vivid pictures, — Ancient Rome, the Renaissance, Modern Rome.

March 19, 1912. Much telephoning about the pictures for the little show to be held in connection with my lecture.

March 20, 1912. A fine day for our show. To town on the nine o'clock trolley to help hang the pictures. Wm. Sargeant Kendall generous in lending several of his best canvases. The show proves amazingly good and is very well hung. The audience remarkably large for winter Newport. The lecture a little heavy, must lighten it with a few more laughs.

March 21, 1912. Harrison Morris writes me that he and Mrs. M. are for Roosevelt. I am thankful to find at last some one among my friends who feels as I do. The papers continue to slang him. The great, patient, silent army of men and women at the bottom of the ladder are silent. Will they be allowed to lift their voices and speak at the election? There is no doubt for me that we should elect T. R. unless all our delegates are "*influenced*" by fear, the trusts, and the sacred property-right idiots. Property isn't sacred — only ideals. Much embarrassed to defend my views, as I am attacked by nearly every friend I possess. This doesn't change my conviction that he is the man of the hour. He has a mind large enough to cope with the loosened floods of humanity that socialism and practical Christianity have partly freed from their frozen slavery. Taft is the mouthpiece of the rich class, Roosevelt is the tribune of the people.

March 31, 1912. Made a great effort to go to church, it being Palm Sunday. Ill rewarded. The minister made a most unchristian address. He began by analyz-

ing Judas Iscariot, found that wounded pride was the cause of his downfall, and coupled with him Daniel Webster, Aaron Burr, and Theodore Roosevelt. A bitter, burning attack. I wept with anger and was on the point of rising and walking out of church to show my disapproval, when the thought that I was sitting in Mother's seat and that she might not approve the action restrained me. After church I avoided speaking to the minister as I usually do.

April 17, 1912. To-day came the awful news of the sinking of the White Star Steamer *Titanic*. Even greater loss of life than when the *Ville du Havre* sank some forty years ago. Little news yet, but apparently all the great ship's company, save some six or eight hundred, went down in that icy polar sea. First reports say there are six hundred survivors on the *Carpathia*. The ominous words, "boats all accounted for", mean no hope of other rescues. We have more than one acquaintance on board. It is believed that Frank Millet is among the survivors. Poor John Jacob Astor is apparently lost, his wife and her maid saved. The romance of the rescue is soul-stirring. No one thinks of anything else.

April 27, 1912. Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi recited a parody of the Apostles' Creed in the Senate as an attack upon Roosevelt. The most blasphemous happening that has ever disgraced the Senate in my memory or knowledge. Feel to write a protest and will try to do so. — Did write the protest and sent it to the *Boston Herald* and *Woman's Journal*.

April 29, 1912. J. and I went to a meeting at William Sargeant Kendall's. J. is asked to be one of the founders of the Newport Art Association. We nominated Mr. Kendall for president. I think we could make a good thing out of this. It is really an outgrowth of the little exhibition that went along with my Current Topics Club lecture on "Artists' Life in Rome."

April 30, 1912. Am possessed to arrange a banner with Mother's name and portrait for the Suffrage Parade in New York on Saturday. With great effort arranged to have it made by Baldwin Coolidge. After the order was given I heard that Mrs. Blatch, leader of the procession, had written Boston headquarters, asking for such a banner. Another case of "wireless." I get them oftener and oftener.

May 3, 1912. To Boston on early train and to Baldwin Coolidge's. The banner very successful. On one side a good reproduction of J.'s portrait of Mother, her name above — below "Our God is Marching On." The reverse shows the legend, "Gens Guilia" at the top — below, "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat." Got Margaret Foley from the Suffrage Association to see the banner and promise to carry it, as Coolidge assured me I was not strong enough to carry it myself.

May 4, 1912. A perfect day for the great parade, which led by fifty young women on horseback marched from Eleventh Street up Fifth Avenue to Carnegie Hall. Marion Lawson and Clara Fuller among the riders. Florence Hall and I marched with the Massachusetts delegation, who were all dressed in white. Miss Foley gallantly carried the banner, little Floss and I walking on either side, holding the gold cords that held it in place. It was greeted with great applause all along the line of march. One very rough-looking man took off his hat to the dear portrait and stood bareheaded until we passed.

May 10, 1912. A good letter from Mr. van Allen of the Church of the Advent, thanking me for the protest in the *Herald* against Senator Sharp's profanity. I believe that the offensive remarks will be expunged from the *Congressional Record.*

June 24, 1912. Much cast down about the result of the Republican National Convention in Chicago. Mr. Taft has the nomination. Roosevelt will try and form a third

party. In Massachusetts Arthur Dehon Hill and Matthew Hale are among the young blood who will support him.

August 7, 1912. To Point of Pines with LeRoy Dresser for the first great Progressive rally in Massachusetts. Mr. Roosevelt arrived at half-past three. He shook hands with us and thanked us for coming. Though we had good places, I lost much of his speech made in the open air to ten thousand people. For me the great speech came later at the banquet of five hundred people. There he opened his heart and called upon Massachusetts to take her old place as the leader in every reform. Likened the forming of the new party of the Progressives to the founding of the Republican Party by the abolitionists and the liberals of that time. The Golden Rule and the Decalogue must animate all our legislation.

"Industrial freedom" is one of the battle cries. Mr. Roosevelt spoke an hour and a half in the afternoon and half an hour at the banquet.

The enthusiasm was heartfelt and magnificent. I felt that I had been in good company, the very best.

Newport. August 24, 1912. To the Tennis Tournament. A great spectacle. The girls charming in 1812 dresses. I sat with a group of pretty madcaps who could only talk of the Cornelius Vanderbilt Oriental ball last night, said to have cost fifty thousand dollars. A whole opera troupe was had on from New York to amuse the guests. The young people danced till six o'clock in the morning. None of the girls in my group had been to bed at all. Some had gone for a swim, some for a motor trip after the breakfast of sausages and scrambled eggs. Though none of them had slept, all were dressed in their morning finery for the tennis match at eleven. *O tempora, o mores!*

August 28, 1912. While at work this morning, I was haled to the telephone by the message, "Providence is calling!"

"Who is there in Providence who can want to speak to me?" I asked, impatiently. It proved to be Mr. Tuttle, the National Committeeman of Rhode Island for the Progressive Party. He asked me to take charge of the woman's part of the state campaign. I hesitated a moment. As I waited the voice of the telephone operator, passionless as fate, kept on repeating, "Providence is calling!"

"Perhaps Providence is calling," I exclaimed. "Mr. Tuttle, I will take the job!"

August 31, 1912. To-day founded the Newport County Woman's Progressive League. A good deal was accomplished at this meeting in the way of rousing interest. I think now to arrange meetings as soon as the Men's League is started. Winston Churchill has come out for Roosevelt, glory be! I started to raise the fund for the Woman's League as I had done a few days before for the Men's League by telling the story of Mrs. Howe's dollar. At the New England Woman's Club, whenever a good cause was presented and a subscription asked for, Mother used to take out a dollar and lay it down with the words;

"I can't do much but I can give a dollar." Mrs. Howe's dollar grew to be proverbial, as it was in many cases the nucleus of great and important funds.

September 4, 1912. To Boston with J. to see the Old State House where his portrait of Mother will hang when finished. A wonderful place for it; I like to think of her there in the midst of that hurrying crowd of State Street. To a meeting at Progressive Headquarters. Saw there the New England Progressive women leaders, among others Mrs. Rublee of Cornish, Miss Huntress of Concord, and Mrs. Bird. Charles Sumner Bird, her husband, is the Progressive candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He is a splendid man. The Massachusetts campaign is well planned and now in full swing. The men and

women leaders are of the best caliber. The women will put through their job of raising ten thousand dollars to pay for the campaign expenses.

September 6, 1912. Mr. Tuttle tells me that they have as yet no campaign funds from the National Committee. I see that we must raise the money for our own expenses and fight hard to get it. Miss Cora Mitchell asks me to take the presidency of the Newport County Suffrage League. I delayed decision but suppose I shall in the end accept, unless we can find another person. With the heavy work I have undertaken as secretary of the Art Association and for the Progressive Party, this seems the last straw.

September 9, 1912. A good Bull Moose meeting of women at Mrs. Hughes'. Twenty-five present; all joined the League. We finally got our committee together. Three hundred and fifty dollars were pledged.

September 21, 1912. To Providence for the State Convention; the Executive Committee plus a committee of delegates elected by the enrolled members of the Progressive Party throughout the State. There were twenty-five men, I was the only woman present. The Reverend Boley Greene opened the meeting with prayer. We sat from 7.30 to 11.30, working on the state platform.

September 26, 1912. To Providence for the great Progressive meeting at Infantry Hall. I spoke briefly between the two famous and popular speakers, Mr. Foulke, the old war horse of Indiana, and Jacob Riis. I was greeted with the "Battle Hymn", the audience rising and singing the Glory Halleluiah with a will. It was very moving and I felt it deeply. It is all for Mother — and I stand and take her honors, while she —

September 30, 1912. To Providence for meeting of Executive Committee where we hammered away at the platform. I introduced two planks that were accepted, — on infant mortality and domestic education.

October 8, 1912. Started from Market Square, Providence, with the Flying Squadron, consisting of two automobiles, the good ships "Theodore Roosevelt" and the "Equal Rights." A fine send-off. The motors decorated with banners bearing the legends, "Pass Prosperity around", "Let the People Rule", "Protect the Laborer." Our party, Mrs. Algeo, Doctor Garvin, Mr. Tuttle, Reuben Peckham, and Mr. Thompson. The men all wore bandanas, the campaign badge, around their heads. A crack cornetist played the "Battle Hymn" on a silver trumpet beautifully. We all made brief addresses and started off to great applause, with our own drummer beating his drum. I very poorly with a cold, full of alarms and expecting to die of pneumonia. First stop outside one of the great mills at Lonsdale. The hands came out at twelve o'clock when the whistle blew. We handed them "literature" as the campaign documents are incorrectly called, and told them to hurry back for the meeting at twelve-thirty. They came back sharp on time, and we alternately made speeches and dealt out "literature." Arrived at Woonsocket in the afternoon. Held a good meeting in the square, then to the Bleachery, where we spoke to the mill hands as they came from work. I think it was at this place that I spoke to a group of Italians in their own language. The Italians are all solid for Roosevelt.

October 9, 1912. Charles Sumner Bird's motor came for me and I drove to East Walpole, where I stayed at Endean, the house of dear old Frank Bird, papa's college chum and lifelong friend. Had not seen the place in forty years, found it much enlarged and greatly embellished. In the upper corridor hang the portraits of Sumner, Andrew, Wilson, my parents, and many other leaders of the old time. Hurried from the meeting to the train to rejoin the Flying Squadron in Rhode Island.

October 10, 1912. To-day the way led through darkest Rhode Island. First stop, East Greenwich, where my

correspondent, old Mr. Vars, greeted us. An aged and infirm man but staunch and true. Mr. Hill, the Progressive leader, very helpful. Got together with the local committee who reported a good meeting last night, and then on to Appanaug, where we saw Mrs. Richmond, the woman leader. Such a beautiful creature! Wherever we go we find that the leading clergymen are with us. At noon and at five o'clock, spoke at the gates of some of the great mills in the Valley. Talked with the manager of a large textile manufactory and remarked upon the apathy of the operatives.

"Three generations in the mill is what does it," he said, "and no wonder!"

Made headquarters at six. Took the Fall River boat for New York.

October 11, 1912. Arrived late in New York, delayed by the rain. To headquarters, where was detailed to go out and speak from a motor. My speech was printed in the *New York Tribune* and *World*. Meeting of the Progressive Women at three o'clock. We all told what we had done in our States for the cause. Maryland was finely represented, and so was Georgia, by two brilliant women. These Southern ladies are splendid creatures once they get started, showing such fire and devotion. We were only allowed three-minute speeches. I said what I could for Rhode Island. In the evening to a banquet of the Equal Suffrage League where all three parties were represented. A horrid, heckling woman spoke for Taft, and another, hardly any better, for Wilson. Jane Addams, all in white, for Roosevelt, towered above them all like the Jungfrau. Her expressive, grave face was an inspiration to us all. Her speech, her very presence made the trip worth while. Miss Carpenter spoke well and Frances Keller was superb; she is like a black diamond, full of fire and power.

October 12, 1912. To Providence, made the journey with Mr. and Mrs. Bird and her nephew, Richard Wash-

burn Child, the writer, who gave me many good hints. He is one of the able men among the younger Progressives.

October 15, 1912. At Weld. The maid brought in my breakfast with the announcement, "Roosevelt 's been shot."

I sent a wire:

"Theodore of the Lion's Heart, the women of Rhode Island are praying for you."

Called up Newport and Providence and asked for prayers. They were held at Trinity Church in Newport by the Reverend Stanley Hughes.

To-day the presentation of J.'s portrait of Mother to the Bostonian Society took place at the Old State House. The speakers were Governor Long, Mr. Mead, the president of the society and Mr. Wendte, the prime mover in the whole matter. Mr. Wendte played on a little ancient organ while a girl with a lovely voice sang the verses and we all sang the chorus of the "Battle Hymn." Mr. Finlayson had sent in a beautiful votive wreath from Weld and there were other flowers. Rosalind Richards unveiled the portrait that had been draped with a flag. Mr. Downs delighted with the portrait. All agreed it is perfect as a late likeness. This interlude in the campaign has been most refreshing. Words are only hot air; art is more lasting and far more worth while.

October 16, 1912. Early to Providence where I spoke at the Congregational Church on the Missions in Europe and the East I have visited, the school at Assiout, Robert College at Beirut, the Gulick School in Madrid, the Gould Home in Rome and the Methodist Mission there. The meeting began, at my request, with silent prayer for Roosevelt.

October 18, 1912. Spoke for the Y. M. C. A. who are just completing a whirlwind campaign for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I was kindly received and showed the precious little gold purse with the gold pieces in it given to Mother on her eighty-fifth birthday. I gave

one of them to the cause. I decided that we must take the splendid headquarters, which the Y. M. C. A. are just giving up, for the Progressive state headquarters till the end of the campaign. I consulted Mr. Ballou, who fell in with my views, and together we tackled Smith, the owner of the building, in his office. He was rather horrid. At first he set the rent at $400 for the remaining two weeks of the campaign and then raised it to $500. I called the League together and proposed to them our taking the headquarters. They all agreed. I got Newport on the 'phone and explained the financial situation to them. They reported one hundred and fifty dollars in the League treasury and agreed to mail a check to me to-night. With the advice of Mr. Ballou and Doctor Harris, the president of the League, decided to take the step I should have taken long ago, — make the Progressive League, the home of the Progressive Party, attractive and comfortable. At noon Mr. Ballou got the deal through. We had not been sure that Smith, even at that unholy rent, would give us the building. The men, all good Bull Moosers, worked like maniacs half the night, getting the place in order. At eight o'clock to speak at the Zion Baptist Church with Julius Mitchell, the colored member of our State Committee.

October 22, 1912. This day Winston Churchill came to speak for our Rhode Island League. We took "Churchill House", a very elegant sort of a Club, and sold tickets at one dollar. A good audience about one half hostile to the cause, and interested only in hearing Churchill, the famous novelist. Professor Courtney Langdon of Brown University introduced Mr. Churchill who spoke for more than an hour, sanely, lucidly, and temperately. He told of his fight with the Boston and Maine Railroad in New Hampshire. We had worked very hard for this meeting and were thankful we came out of it so well. All expenses were paid and one hundred dollars clear profit. In the evening there came to our headquarters William Gillette, who made one of the great addresses of

the campaign. The actor's art, the reformer's faith, and the Progressive's fire made a combination not often met. This was a red-letter day full of high words and higher thoughts. The headquarters are grand and in full swing, with constant meetings and great enthusiasm. No time has been lost.

To dine with Dr. and Mrs. Terry. Large dinner, talk chiefly political. I had rather a disagreeable set-to with Professor—who spoke insultingly of "Roosevelt and the rabble that follows him", knowing quite well that I was one of the "rabble."

A few days since I dictated to a reporter an article giving the reasons why we all owe a debt to Greece, and how we are morally bound to work for the Greeks in their efforts for complete national independence. Never saw the article but fancy it was not bad, for I get letters from Greeks every day, thanking me for what I said.

To Boston and to Mrs. Kehew's to speak for the Progressives. A fine old house on Chestnut Street that used to be called the Bayley house and later belonged to Edwin Booth. Full of tender childhood memories for me of our own Chestnut Street days when I was discovered one morning with the largest nail brush in the family, scrubbing the white marble statue of a nymph in the garden that I greatly admired and thought in need of a spring cleaning. I had a splendid audience and was supposed to try and break the solid front of the Back Bay Roosevelt had warned me of. Fear I did n't succeed. The audience was about half and half, for and against us; the "fors" applauded furiously, the faces of the "againsts" were grim and set! After the meeting, to Walpole with Mrs. Bird and then to Watertown, where I spoke for an hour, holding the rally till Arthur Hill and the other speakers should arrive. I find it hard to give two first-rate speeches of over an hour in one day, but they all say I am learning fast.

October 27, 1912. After dinner to the Teatro Verdi in Little Italy, where I gave the Italian speech I have been

preparing. They asked me to read from the daily paper Wilson's insulting remarks about the Italians, taken from a book of his. When I had finished I tore the paper in two and threw it on the ground. This *coup de théâtre* was much applauded and reminded me that I had once studied for the stage with Tommaso Salvini, that he had offered me a place in his company and drilled me in the part of Desdemona. The Italians gave me lovely yellow chrysanthemums tied with the national colors, red, white and green.

October 28, 1912. Early meeting of the Executive Committee to plan the work for this, the last week of the campaign. At eleven started for a noon rally at the Corliss Engine works. In the evening Bourke Cochran was the drawing card at headquarters. I held the rally till he arrived and then faded away while he spoke like a demigod. Such superb oratory I have rarely heard. He spoke for two hours and at the end we all begged him not to stop! Very tired at night, to bed at eleven-thirty. Holding out pretty well; I think few are putting in as many hours a day.

October 29, 1912. Started for the office at nine; finding it not yet swept, went to Mr. Shehadi, our treasurer, for counsel. He reported $112 in the League's treasury. Decided we must draw on Newport for enough at least to pay the expenses at headquarters. Shehadi gave me delicious Egyptian coffee and *such* Turkish delight! Did some work at headquarters and started at eleven-thirty for a long "Flying Squadron" day with Mr. Dresser, Mrs. Algeo, Mr. Humes, and Mr. Tuttle. Esmond the first stop. Next to Chepachet, where we found darkest Rhode Island, indeed. No one welcomed us until at last Abe Hawkins, the blacksmith, a tiny man with nothing but the color of his hands to mark his strenuous trade, invited us to speak in the space or common before his forge.

"I am the sheriff of this town, and I guess you folks will be given a show!" he said, gallantly. Boniface, the innkeeper, most hospitable, but very discouraging in his views. One citizen who asked me not to quote him said:

"There 's nothing doing here. Every vote in this town is controlled — well, bought, if you like the word better — by two or three men in the pay of the machine."

The machine in Rhode Island is a pretty nearly perfect one. We owe it in part to Senator Aldrich, in part to the blind Boss Brayton and some others whose names I do not know. The machine does not represent either party but an unholy alliance between Republicans and Democrats which parcels out the offices of the State as per agreement. At present the order seems to be that the national offices go to the Republicans and the city offices to the Democrats. So complete is the harmony between the powers that a group of innocent and enthusiastic reformers, who tried to oust from his office a Democratic mayor of Newport who was a disgrace to the city and the State, found that it was impossible for them to elect their candidate because their own party was working against them and even financing the opposition. Rhode Island politics are still in the "rotten borough" stage of development.

Slipped over to Maplewood, and there held a little rally. Came upon a man who had been in a Rhode Island regiment at San Juan and carried despatches for Teddy. He had his horse shot under him. The way he told us the story showed him to be a natural orator. He is a teamster and took charge of a mountain of literature in English, French and Italian, which he promised to deliver for us at the three mills they were destined for.

Dined at Pascoag, where we held a meeting at the street corner. Reached home at eleven-thirty. It was a wonderful day, I loved being in the open air and meeting the Progressives right in the heart of the enemy's country. Wherever we go we are impressed with the character of the people who welcome us. The heart and conscience of the country is with Roosevelt.

October 30, 1912. After a morning with the Flying Squadron, took the train for New York that brought me there in time for the Great Progressive Rally at Madison Square Garden. The whole top of the arena a vast American flag so arranged that the blue was in the middle, and it seemed that we were looking up into a starry bunting firmament. An enormous sheet in front of the grand stand showed a series of moving pictures, etc.

The picture of Jane Addams drew much applause. At last we saw T. R. on his grand tour in many different parts of the Union. Now he glided into the arena in an automobile, bowing and smiling, and now he was seen speaking from a platform of a train, now reaching down to shake hands with a man in the crowd. Everywhere the people stretched out eager yearning hands towards their leader as plants reach up towards the sun for help to grow! At last he appeared before us in the flesh! Senator Dixon who presided was earnest and eloquent, and Oscar Strauss made a powerful address. He is the brother of the Mr. and Mrs. Strauss who went down on the *Titanic*, the wife refusing a seat in the lifeboat because she preferred to die with her husband rather than to live without him. Hiram Johnson made a very excellent speech, but everything paled before T. R. He stood for forty-three minutes, while the people sang the campaign songs, waved the flags, and applauded. He looked a trifle pale and hardly used his right arm. If I had not heard him at the Point of Pines, I should hardly have realized that he was not yet in full vigor. A wonderful speech.

November 2, 1912. By first train to Providence; at work for our fair at the League's headquarters for campaign expenses, *i.e.* hire of hall, cost of printing campaign literature, and salary of our stenographer. All the other workers are volunteers. The spirit of sacrifice shown by these people, nearly all of very modest means, is very heartening. I spoke at length at Central Falls, and later had the pleasure of introducing Jacob Riis

and Doctor Woods Hutchinson. We got Professor Courtney Langdon and Professor Theodore Collier of Brown University to speak for us.

November 3, 1912. Speaking most of the day. In the afternoon to the Italians at the Teatro Verdi. I wore all J.'s Messina medals, my best dress and jewels. After my speech, one of the Italian managers said to me, "When I saw your rings I knew that you were a true lady!"

Pleased to find that while at the earlier Italian rallies there were only a handful of Italian women present, at the later ones there was a large representation of them. Our women are being educated politically at a great rate, but they still have much to learn. Who has not? During my reading of Mr. Wilson's derogatory remarks about the Italians, a man in the audience called out:

"*Porco lui!*" (A pig he!)

After the sins of the Republicans had been described, a stout Italian woman summed the matter up with the words:

"*Sono majaille!*" (They are swine!)

In the evening to the First Baptist African Church. Impressed with the quality of the audience. They were fine-looking, well-dressed, prosperous looking people. Julius Mitchell, the colored member of our committee, made one of the best speeches of the day.

November 2, 1912. Governor Hiram Johnson arrived at Providence on a special train. I met him at the station with a car. At the head of a long procession of motors, we drove about the city and finally to the Opera House. I had voted for a free show and had opposed the rest of the committee who were for charging an admission, well as I knew our need of funds. Governor Johnson was very angry when he heard that an admission fee had been asked. Both the men and women workers sat on the platform. The house was only fairly filled in the beginning.

I heard Governor Johnson's secretary say to him, "It looks like a frost!"

It was n't, for Mrs. Algeo, Miss Hanscom, and some of the others went out and brought in people enough to crowd the Opera House. The advertisement in the Providence morning papers had been forgotten, which accounted for the slim house in the beginning. Johnson was very fine and his address noble and uplifting. For me, both Gillette and Burke Cochran had been more convincing. Hurried to Boston for a meeting to raise money for the Greeks. Gave one of Mother's precious gold pieces to start the Greek fund. Bishop Lawrence presided.

November 5, 1912. Yesterday, election day, was very busy. From morning till night in a motor speaking at the mill gates and street corners. Dear J. roared himself hoarse calling through the megaphone, "Vote for Roosevelt!"

We distributed hundreds of campaign buttons both of silver and bronze. The silver ones were the most popular. In the Jewish quarter J. offered a bronze bull-moose pin to a man in the crowd.

"No," he said, "I want a white one. These were made for the colored people!"

"There are no more white ones," he was told.

"Then I don't want any, but I will vote for Teddy all the same."

Remained till midnight at the headquarters for the election returns that were confusing enough, but prepared us for the news of Mr. Wilson's election the next morning.

CHAPTER XXV

The Art Association of Newport

When I was asked to write that paper on "Artists' Life in Rome" for the Current Topics Club of Newport, I little thought what the consequences would be! Glad of the opportunity to tell those thoughtful women about our wonderful years in the Eternal City, I set gaily about my task. Had I foreseen just what those consequences would be, would I have accepted the club's invitation?

Looking back, I now see that between us all we sowed a seed that afternoon destined to germinate and grow into a living plant, whose nurture was to become the controlling interest of my life and my husband's. For the direct outcome of that innocent talk was the Art Association of Newport, an institution of which, since its founding, I have been the secretary and pulling horse, and he has been the power behind the throne.

In the month of May, 1912, a group of artists living in Newport issued a circular letter proposing the incorporation of an Art Association, whose prime object should be the cultivation of artistic endeavor and interest among the citizens of Newport. The response was instant and cordial. A month later, the new association was organized with one hundred and forty-one charter members. Our first home was the old Hunt studio on Church Street, formerly used by William Morris Hunt, the painter, and by his brother, Richard Hunt, the architect. In her diary for 1865, my mother speaks of having given a

lecture in the Hunt studio, to help the fund to send her beloved pastor, Charles Brooks, on a much-needed vacation to Europe. In this studio Henry James, his brother William, and John La Farge studied art under William Hunt. When he moved to Boston, Richard Hunt took over the studio, and here the plans for some of the famous architect's noble buildings were drawn. After Mr. Hunt's death, the studio passed out of the hands of the family and, when we took it over, it had fallen from its high estate, having served for some time as an upholsterer's workshop. The place had an atmosphere about it, though, as if some influence of the extraordinary personalities of those two men of genius still lingered there. Though it was in a rather dilapidated condition when our artists took possession, they saw great possibilities in it and bravely set to work to restore it to its original status of an art center. In the little garden at the back, syringas, lilacs, and shade-loving flowers were planted. The two spacious ateliers on the ground floor and the large upper studio were transformed into excellent exhibition galleries. The paved courtyard, connecting the main building with the old stable in the rear, soon took on a picturesque air, and here on warm summer afternoons the artists and their friends gathered round the tea table and discussed the future of the young institution.

Among those who rallied to our fellowship were several men and women well acquainted with the history of the old town; with their help I began to hunt up the art traditions of Newport. These proved astonishingly interesting to us all, and we spent much time in tracing out what was to be learned of the earlier artists who had lived here. Their names are legion, the best known perhaps being Gilbert Stuart, Edward Malbone, the painter

of those exquisite miniatures treasured in many old American families, and John Smibert, the Edinborough carriage painter, who came to Newport in the train of Bishop Berkeley and made the famous portrait of Berkeley and his family at Yale University.

From the beginning, the founders of the new association were filled with enthusiasm and worked for it early and late, in season and out. It will be seen from the following extracts from my journal how it grew to fill an ever larger and larger place in the lives of my husband and myself, and that it always had a certain breadth of character, from having from the first been identified with matters of national and international significance.

January 7, 1913. To the William Sargeant Kendalls', where we discussed plans and laid out an excellent programme of work for the Art Association. We must not abandon this enterprise into which J. and I have already built so much of our time and energies. As I work more in these matters of public service, I see that all human undertakings are merely different uses of the stone from the same quarry. Institution building is perfectly fascinating — you can throw all of yourself into it, make it a means of self-expression and yet get rid of the sense of ego that underlies all mere personal work. We are to have a course of lectures, I to open it with a paper on "The Art Traditions of Newport."

January 31, 1913. J. busy about his Red Cross picture show and sale for the Balkan Relief Fund at the Art Association. He has shown great energy and persistence and the artists have rallied generously, as they always do! He has secured paintings by twenty-five of the leading Rhode Island painters. Kazanjian, the Armenian, frames the pictures as his gift. A Greek resident, Mr. Cascambas, has contributed some of his excellent confec-

tionery for the tea, and all the Greeks have shown a fine spirit. One tall fellow said to J., "I have often taken flowers to Dr. Howe's grave at Mount Auburn!" I have not been allowed to work at this venture at all, J. preferring to put it through himself, with the help of an excellent committee, Doctor Terry, Doctor Brackett, and others. William Safford Jones issued a stirring call, beginning with the words:

"Come over into Macedonia and help us!"

February 3, 1913. Opening of J.'s Red Cross exhibition. A terrific blizzard — a large attendance for such a day. The pictures looked fine. The first to be sold was Mrs. Kendall's landscape, bought by Miss Ellery, perhaps the person who could afford it least of all who visited the show. Mr. Cantrell read Byron's "Isles of Greece", then Whittier's "Hero." Mr. Merrill explained the connection, how the first poem had aroused the Philhellenes of England and America, how S. G. H. had gone out to help the Greeks, and how Whittier's poem described an incident of which Papa was the hero, in the Greek campaign. George Merrill also recited a lovely poem in French by his brother, "La Pluie." The rain drumming on the roof made it very real.

March 23, 1913. News of the killing of poor King George of Greece came two days since. I danced with him more than once at the court balls in Athens years ago. The murderer seems to have been a crank; how many such murders there have been, and how near we have been to some of them. We were in Rome at the time of the murder of King Umberto; in Madrid when poor Don Carlos of Portugal was killed, and when the attempt on the life of the King and Queen of Spain was made on their wedding day. How uncomfortable to be a crowned head! They are fast becoming real martyrs to the cause of monarchy, as they must think.

February 14, 1914. I had a wonderful visitation (I cannot use another word) in the night. Mother was with me, looking in every way like herself. It was a dream of course, but a more vivid one than any I remember. We had a good deal of talk. I asked her, "Are you happy?"

Her answer, in her most energetic and characteristic way, "Very happy."

I asked her if she had suffered much, referring to her end. She said, with the same optimistic cheerfulness: "No, not much." She went on to say that she had rather expected to be left to the care of nurses, "but when I saw my dear Maud's face", meaning, as I thought, that she had been aware of the agony my face must have expressed. She seemed to be accompanied by a tall silent figure like Dante. At the end of the interview the side of the house melted away, and the two figures seemed just wafted from me. A most comforting and glorified vision! If I could believe such things, I should believe that her spirit had sought to reach and animate mine. I am none the less comforted and animated.

April 22, 1914. In the evening came rumors that war with Mexico has begun, though not yet declared. Vera Cruz has been invested, the Customhouse occupied. Four of our young men have been killed, twenty wounded, Mexican loss about one hundred and fifty. This dreadful news somewhat discounted by a talk with Captain Belknap, who thinks there is strong hope the matter may go no further. Our Japanese servant, Matsura, gave warning at six o'clock, with the following note:

"They have a great Japanese (of East) an assembly at New York, so I must go there to meet. I will start this night, and if you do not pay money that I earned six days you may don't pay."

With this he departed. In speaking to J. of this meeting, he mentioned "Carnegie Hall." He came to us late one night two years ago without recommendations, pale, thin, hollow-eyed, all his belongings, a map of the U. S. A., and a Japanese and English dictionary, tied up in a hand-

kerchief. He leaves with two handsome, brand-new, leather suit cases, much better than J.'s, filled with clothes J. has given him, fat as a seal, and speaking and writing English.

August 4, 1914. Looked in at Lady Decies' tea. She afflicted by the news of war, which now takes all the color out of life. We think and speak of little else. I am deeply afflicted by this war. Where is all the boasted progress, the hope of peace universal?

August 9, 1914. Captain Belknap sailed to-day with twenty-four hours' warning, on the *Tennessee*, as aide to Mr. Breckenridge in carrying help to stranded Americans in Europe. The whole Continent is honeycombed with Americans, gone over to spend the summer and take their good American money out of the country. This war will teach them how good a place U. S. A. is to live in! The papers are too full of the small discomforts of these travelers. Millionaires are coming home in the steerage; this may improve the conditions in the steerage for future emigrants.

August 17, 1914. The war news always worse and worse, the whole of Germany and the whole of England are pitted against each other. The sweet summer earth has become one awful carnage pit. We in America can only agonize and try to help the stricken peoples with a little money, saved or earned, so that we are morally helped by our intense desire to serve those others. There are also great commercial opportunities, brought us now by the conditions of world struggle, and every day the press harks on the people to take advantage of the fact that we can supply the markets that, for the moment, neither of the fighting nations can supply. Still we seem to suffer, too. The prices of flour, sugar, beef, almost everything, except fruit, have gone up dreadfully.

September 24, 1914. The grim tragedy of the war settles more and more upon our spirits. The horror of

horrors is that so many intelligent people feel that the peace movement and all the ideals of the higher civilization are proven to be all in vain, and that the world must and will, after this lesson, return to the more purely military attitude of an earlier time. What we call the higher civilization seems to these people merely a symptom of effete weakness. The word for the hour is "In time of peace prepare for war!" People talk most about our own unpreparedness. Roosevelt says in a recent speech that he has seen the plans of two foreign nations for the conquest of the United States; it is understood that Germany is one of these nations. His comment is:

"Let them destroy our cities, but do not let us give a dollar for ransom."

The ransoms demanded by these modern Goths upon the cities of Belgium, the cheerful, hard-working, little nation, are enough to sicken the stoutest optimist. Laura and I are now glad that Mother has not lived to endure this pain. The worst of it is, the mildest people are turned into furies, even by the faint and distant echoes of the passions that are destroying Europe and England. I feel a savage exultation when I hear of so many Germans killed or wounded. Then comes remorse for the hateful feeling, the remembrance that those men are inspired by a passionate patriotism, that their wives and mothers love them as much as English wives and mothers love their men; but the ugly feeling was there, was uppermost before reflection seized and tried to down it.

Gardiner, October 19, 1914. Here in my sister's house they do not feel the war quite as we do, and the gloom is not quite so intense as in our own house, and yet the news, of course, is the thing of the day, but after it is read the day's work is taken up quite firmly. The girls are all knitting socks for the soldiers. The idle hands of many American women, I trust, will grow as tirelessly useful as the hands of the German women! A telegram from the Progressive National Service, asking me to speak for Gifford Pinchot in his campaign for senatorship in Penn-

sylvania. I am more interested in relief work. The whole political world seems to be overclouded and obscured by Europe's horror; we somehow feel that our fate, too, is bound up in the great struggle.

Gardiner, October 22, 1914. Harriet Blaine Beal came down for tea, delightful as ever. I had bought a nice pair of aluminum needles. She set up my first muffler for the British Relief. The war news continues indefinite.

General John Richards to dine. He is wonderfully rejuvenated by the war that has so sadly cast down most of us. His old stories of the Civil War are again rubbed up and thrill us as all real war stories do. We were reminded of his military skill and the part he played as Adjutant General of the State of Maine at the time of the Spanish War, when his Maine militia were the best equipped men who appeared in response to the call to arms. The fact that we all looked up to him as a military authority helped to animate what has seemed of late a very much diminished vitality. It's an ill wind!

November 1, 1914. To Providence to speak before the People's Forum on the report of the Voters' League, a very valuable document, non-partisan in character, giving the political history of every candidate for election in the State, and all the measures he has stood for or opposed. I never was in such a bear-pit before. After my forty minutes' speech, which they had the patience to listen to, I was asked many questions; and afterwards the members made five-minute speeches. Most of the speakers were socialists, the others anarchists or cranks. One demagogue, a cockney Englishman, spoke very well as far as force and fluency goes, but his doctrines were poisonous. He contended that organized capital had no end save the exploitation of the workers. The spirit revealed was dour, bitter, and most distressing. Hatred seemed the dominant note. I have not often been so depressed. The atmosphere of passionate discontent appalled me.

I have read of such things, but have never before actually felt the atmosphere of angry hatred and distrust.

November 3, 1914. To a fashionable tea party of ladies, where no mention was made either of war or politics! It was known early that Mr. Beeckman, Republican candidate for Governor, would carry the State. The election has proved a Republican landslide. A good deal more depressed than is philosophical. Well, it's a long way to Tipperary! This fight goes on under other names and other leadership. The longer I live, the more sure I grow of the justness and wisdom of the middle course Roosevelt has steered, between the rancor of the "have nots" and the greed of the "haves"! The Progressive platform, in its essentials, will gain year by year in the Nation's councils.

November 9, 1914. My birthday! Well, I still am glad to answer "here" when the roll call sounds, and that's all there is to say. I have some cares and some pains, but I like life, I like my husband and my job, and that's more than many a woman can say. Therefore, I have much to be thankful for, but I don't like to grow old.

November 25, 1914. Last night a gentleman said to me at dinner, "When Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, was at the Newport Reading Room last summer, he said, 'If we win, we shall be over here in another five years.' Is it possible that he could have said this? If so, it ought to be made public!"

Thursday, November 26, 1914. To-day is Thanksgiving. Filled with an immense gratitude for all that I have to be thankful for: health, a beloved and loving husband, a warm house, plenty to eat, a faithful helper, farther off a circle of kindly neighbors, and, not too far away, dear sisters, a beloved brother, nieces, nephews, friends, and oh, my country! Well may we Americans hold our heads high. This is our hour of success, in spite of Roosevelt's defeat — if he is defeated! With the

world gone war-mad and murderous hate beside us in Mexico, beside us in Canada, we cling to our ideals of peace, we are the courted of all the belligerents and we, out of our plenty, are the naturally appointed helpers and friends of all who are wounded, ravaged, desperate, bankrupt. "Golden Hope of the World," said Roosevelt, and said it well. Never shall this golden hope be dragged in the dust. In this *dies irae* the Americans are proving to be all we hoped. The women of fashion, many of them only known as society belles, are nursing the wounded in France and in England. Everywhere is the same story of help and sacrifice, warm generous giving, giving, giving. And yet let us not forget two words of the hour, — Kaiser William's advice to his army "to remember Attila and the Huns and strike terribly", and Kipling's "The Hun is at the Gate"!

This conscious savagery from a highly intellectual people like the Germans seems new in history. There is something deadlier in this barbarity that knows it is barbarous and openly admits that it is using barbaric methods than in the unconscious brutality of the wild Moroccan hordes of savage men whose gospel is war. The cynicism of the man who assumes that he is acting as God's partner and representative on earth, and yet is willing to lead his people through the Red Sea of blood, in order that they may win to the fat lands of his rivals, passes anything I remember in history. Beginning with his treatment of his mother and following with his treatment of his enemies and of Belgium, his record grows from bad to worse. And Belgium? On the scroll of History she has written a deathless name, for as long as men shall tell over the stories of great heroic acts, they will thrill at the names of Thermopylae and of Liège.

We dined at Mrs. Shaw Safe's. Sir Arthur Herbert took me in to dinner, and we had much talk of the war. He echoed Kitchener's wish that some bomb might fall in London to wake up the people; said that our papers gave better news than the English. He spoke of the behavior of a certain type of his people, who wrote

letters to the papers, complaining when German waiters were dismissed from hotels "that it was hard on their wives and children." Said that in the clubs Austrians and Germans were allowed, the common law holding that if you elected a German a member of your club, you could not put him out. Said that in wartime these civil laws should be set aside for military laws. Said a certain German nobleman, of whom many people were very fond, had a big house in the country, where all the important political people visited. It was proved that all the servants at this house were German soldiers or spies. The place is still honeycombed with spies. He himself had been hoodwinked completely. Until war was declared, he had no suspicion that Germany was unfriendly to England. Had heard that the Crown Prince said to Mrs. Whitehouse (née Armour) that Germany wanted war; would crush France first, England second, and two years later, would come to America!

Boston, December 1, 1914. Busy all day preparing for the Belgian Relief meeting at Tremont Temple, where I am to preside. The meeting was very fine. I took great pains, wrote out my speeches, and took the whole day to think out what I should say. Thrilled by the sight of the familiar old hall, crowded to its capacity; there were thirty-five hundred people present and one thousand turned away. I introduced first Margaret Deland, next Josephine Peabody Marks, last Madame Vandervelde. Major Henry Higginson, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, sat in the front row, many other old friends scattered through the house. Madame Vandervelde was deeply interesting. We took in $5,000 for the Belgians. It was a heart-warming occasion, reminding me of many notable gatherings in Tremont Temple in the old heroic time. Is n't this perhaps the new heroic time? I think so. To see Mrs. Gardner's new additional rooms at Fenway Court. The Chinese room downstairs like a Chinese temple, rather awful in its dark thrill, like a tomb. These new rooms seem to me the best in the palace.

I first remember Mrs. Gardner in the old Boston Music Hall. Any picture of the Harvard Musical Thursday afternoon concerts would be incomplete without her elegant figure, her expressive face as she glided quietly to her seat escorted by — to be exact — *escorting* three conspicuously well dressed, very young tow-haired gentlemen, Mr. Gardner's orphan nephews, much of whose upbringing was intrusted to her care. Two of these blond boys lived to attain considerable distinction. The oldest Joseph Gardner died young, the youngest, Augustus, familiarly known as "Gussie", served his state and country well as a member of Congress, made a name for himself in the Spanish War, and gave his life for the preservation of civilization in the World War. He married the daughter of Senator Lodge, and is said to have remarked when the newspapers were full of his good service at San Juan Hill:

"They cannot say I did *that* because I was the son-in-law of Cabot Lodge!"

The third brother, Mr. Amory Gardner, is still with us; he is a classical scholar of note and a member of that interesting group of masters who have made Groton School famous the world over.

In those days Mrs. Gardner was called "Mrs. Jack" by her intimates to distinguish her from the elder Mrs. Gardner, her husband's mother. At that time it was the custom for ladies to carry bouquets at balls or evening receptions. There was a good deal of rivalry among women of fashion as to the number and style of these votive offerings. Mrs. Gardner was always among the most favored of our belles, and I have a vision of her now, coming into a certain assembly at the old Horticultural Hall, resplendent in a Worth dress of white uncut velvet,

MRS. JOHN LOWELL GARDNER

From the portrait by John S. Sargent

her arms filled with flowers. It was an open secret that, while outside the houses of many of our belles one could see on Friday mornings, before the city carts made their rounds, the faded bouquets of the week thrown carelessly into the ash barrels, the flowers Mrs. Gardner had worn or carried were never thus desecrated. It was said that she herself committed the faded blossoms to the clean flames. I have always remembered this as a small instance indicative of the good taste that in her has proved equivalent to genius, and to which the art world owes beautiful Fenway Court, in the future to be known as the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum.

At the time of which I am writing, the Gardners lived at Number 152 Beacon Street, an attractive house whose windows looked out upon Charles River. Mr. Gardner was a genial, kindly man, greatly beloved by a large circle of friends and relatives by whom he is remembered as the prince of hosts. I learned from him one valuable secret I pass on to all young housekeepers.

"Why is the coffee at your house so much better than other people's?" I once asked him.

"Because we are very extravagant. The only way to have good coffee is to buy the best, and use a lot of it!"

The Gardners lost their only child, a promising boy, in infancy. They both took a great interest in young people of talent, and if all the boys and girls this generous couple helped to educate should raise their voices in grateful praise, there would be a veritable chorus of appreciation.

Among Mrs. Gardner's qualities is the capacity for making enduring friendships, not too common a trait in our restless age when people are continually on the move. Her circle has always included the talented and brilliant people of the day, and most distinguished visitors to

Boston pay their court at Fenway Court. With all the pressure of her busy and interesting life, she always finds time for her old friends, among whom I am happily numbered. In our family she is best known as Kepoura, the Greek word for gardener, a nickname given her by my brother-in-law Anagnos, who greatly admired her.

January 3, 1915. Finished reading aloud Richard Harding Davis' "With the Allies." A good walk over the winter fields to Lawton's Valley with A. He is very comforting and fine in many ways, but there is a note not quite in tune. "It's the easiest thing in the world to make money or a reputation," he said. This shows in a nutshell what I have always felt about him. It is *not* easy to make either! This is a false view of life and not good, I think. Still it is a wholesome antidote in these materialistic days of grab and swagger.

January 25, 1915. To-day came the news of the sinking of the *Blücher* with many men. The ship carried over eight hundred and between one and two hundred were rescued. Strange that she should bear the name of the famous, or infamous, Prussian Field Marshal, who, when he visited Barclay and Perkins' Brewery in London, after Waterloo was manhandled by the British workmen because of the cruelties committed by his soldiers at his command, in the Napoleonic war. The worst of it all is that we have all grown so full of wrath that the first instinct was a primitive savage joy at the loss of the *Blücher*. Only as an afterthought comes sorrow for the men who were drowned and for their families, but the first impulse was the natural brute instinct, alas!

January 27, 1915. War news, chiefly echoes of the last real happening we have knowledge of, the naval battle in which the *Blücher* was sunk. The Germans insist the English lost three ships, one large and two small. This the British deny. They must, however, have been some-

what punished. To-day was the Kaiser's birthday. The Germans interned on the *Princessen Cecile* in Boston got leave to have a concert in his honor at the bandstand on the Common. Nothing was said about this in the evening papers. If the celebration did come off, our press would not notice it.

January 28, 1915. Mr. Samuels' lecture on the "Humor and Philosophy of Woman Suffrage in England." He was neither humorous nor philosophical. He was loudly applauded by a group of Antis. I had written Flossie to come and heckle him at the close of the lecture, which she did extremely well. Going out, I shook hands with him and said:

"No hard feelings. You will make more converts to our cause than I ever can!"

February 2, 1915. To Boston and to the Opera House to see the ballet, "Silvia", given for the Suffrage cause. Spoke with Alice Blackwell, Maud Wood Park and others. They advise Beatrice Forbes-Robertson to take the taste out of Newport's mouth after that unspeakable Samuels. Stayed with the L.'s, much Christian Science in the air. It's an excellent thing for both of them, especially for M., "to get religion", but people of this sort act as if they had a patent on Christianity and all other sincere religious conviction. I have yet to meet the Christian Scientist who ever thought seriously about any other form of religion before he took this up. They are like the lovers who think they have discovered love, and the young mothers who believe that they only understand the true depths and meaning of motherhood. In the evening to the reception for the opening of the new wing of the Museum of Fine Arts, given in memory of Robert Evans by his widow. Found it just as it should be; everybody there, — Beacon Street in evening dress and diamonds, Shawmut Avenue and the South End in half dress, Jamaica Plain and Dorchester in bonnets. My portrait by Porter in a place of honor. It holds its own well.

February 9, 1915. Scareheads in the papers which I believe to be German propaganda, stating that the *Lusitania* was flying the American flag as she sailed into the harbor of Liverpool. Much talk of this simple fact, which proves a common and justifiable expedient in war. I grow more and more afraid of Germany and of a certain exasperating density of the British that is Germany's great ally!

February 14, 1915. To-day the one hundredth anniversary of peace between the United States and Great Britain was observed in the churches. Safford Jones' sermon was to the point, and the quotation from Emerson's Manchester Address very apt. To see Mrs. Lorillard Spencer. She is most interesting in telling of her experiences in the Philippines and her work under Bishop Brent for the Moros. The change of administration and the poor appointments Wilson has made have brought about a state of things out there that she describes as "hopeless." Spoke of the work done there by Cameron Forbes and the others of his kind as of some splendid structure whose foundations have been shaken! More and more it seems to me we should follow the methods of France and cut out the spoils system. All people concerned in constructive work should be permanent and not floating appointments to suit the politicians.

February 17, 1915. Many serious developments in the war. Talked over the matter of an entertainment for the local British Relief association. To meet Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, who arrived late through the mistake of her agent. To the hall in fear and trembling. Had worked hard to get an audience and found we had succeeded beyond all hopes. The president and vice-president of the Antis and all the Suffragists were there. She gave a good summing up of the suffrage situation in England and then spoke of the woman question in the U. S. A. A very fine address; she spoke nearly two hours

and nobody felt it too long. Her art as an actress made it admirable from the dramatic point of view, as well as good sound common sense.

February 28, 1915. To see Mrs. —— after church, found her and her husband at home. A signed photograph of the German Emperor in her parlor, — the mark of the beast! Wherever you find this, you find the people who own it completely pro-German. It has cost him a good deal in photographs, and it has cost our people a good deal in gilt and silver photograph frames with an imperial crown atop, but it was a cheap outlay for what it has brought about for German propaganda.

May 7, 1915. To-day Germany dropped the mask and stood, declared to all the world, a Savage Nation. She has thrown behind her with both hands the civilization which the ages have slowly raised, and stands an exultant rebel, a magnificent Brute with all the human qualities gone. The Cunard steamer, *Lusitania*, was torpedoed by German submarines off Kinsale, three miles from the coast of Ireland, and sank eighteen minutes later, carrying down more than one thousand souls. Our neighbor, Alfred Vanderbilt, died like a brave man; he is reported to have given away his life belt and also tried to save some of the children. The shock of it stuns us all. Elbert Hubbard and his wife are lost, and many others known to us by name. The first outcry is for war — revenge! Sober second thought with most takes on another complexion. Germany did this thing with the idea, above all else, of provoking us to fight. From the observation of the clever spies who live among us, it was known that the two events which had roused our people more than any other since the Civil War were the sinking of the *Maine* and of the *Titanic*. This outrage of the sinking of the *Lusitania* was the thing best calculated to make us declare war. As we stand now, the silent friend behind the Allies, we are one thousand times more deadly to Germany than if we went into the war. The great stream of food,

arms, money, stores of all sorts, doctors, nurses, helpers of every kind, the resources of our nation, in fact, would be diverted and kept at home. The hot-bloods clamor for war, but not the long-headed, — or so it seems. Italy would never have attained her freedom and the unification could never have come about, if England had not stood solidly and quietly behind her, the great friend and helper of the liberals. To-day we stand much in the same attitude as the England of that time, and we must fulfill the rôle as best we can.

In a little more than four years after its founding, the Art Association had already outgrown the little Hunt studio and, thanks to the group of powerful men and women who had become interested in building up the new association, we secured for its home the fine estate, formerly belonging to Mr. John N. A. Griswold, on the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Touro Park. It was with something of a heartache that we gave up that modest first home of ours, for the larger dwelling with the greater possibilities of service. One of the last general gatherings in the Hunt studio was a New Year's reception.

January 1, 1916. To the Art Association for the New Year's reception and musicale. Lydia Hughes (Dudley Foulkes' daughter) sang charmingly. My brief speech was all about our new home, the Griswold house. I recalled the story of Apollo coming to Delphi to establish his temple, and how the god, finding no people to serve him, compelled some sailors who were passing in a boat to come on shore and act as his servants. I then sketched the wonderful influence of the Delphic oracle through many centuries; spoke of the part played in history of civilization by the temple, the oracle, and the priests, and likened ourselves, the pioneers of the new temple of the Arts, to those sailors compelled by the god to serve him, — the servants of Apollo!

When we were youngsters we played a game in which one child, placing a closed fist on the palm of another, whispered:

"Hold fast what I give you."

From the moment war was declared and I realized that all I held dear and sacred was in danger of being wiped out, I was haunted by those words. If our civilization is to survive, the two main factors of its salvation must be religion and art. Those of us who worked for the young Art Association were a small band, holding an outpost of civilization against the forces of anarchy and materialism. Because the garrison was small and hard pressed, the fight was worth while. In the great cities were thousands far better equipped to carry on the forlorn hope; here in the small community, where for so long my people had lived and labored, I saw my chance to "hold fast."

In the midst of the chaos that seemed to threaten the civilization I knew and loved, I had the feeling that, like the coral insect, my duty was to sit tight in my own little cell and work at it for all I was worth. The impulse to toil at the building of this particular cell — the Newport Art Association — was more like a blind instinct than a conscious exercise of will power.

It was borne in upon me from the first that I could do my best war work in my own country. Though often tempted to depart from this decision, I managed to resist the ever-returning impulse to go overseas. The lure of active adventure was ever present and I constantly felt the urge of it, but my better judgment told me that my task was to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Some of my contemporaries accomplished great things by "going across"; more of them were sadly in the way of

the younger people and gave endless trouble by falling ill and having to be taken care of. Only great wealth or very exceptional qualifications excused a woman of sixty for trying to throw in her lot with the field workers. There was enough to do at home between transforming my own particular charge, the Art Association, into a nerve center of patriotic activity, raising money for the war sufferers, and holding meetings to rouse public opinion and combat the enemy propaganda so insidiously spread in our community!

In the spring of 1915, one of the earliest of these meetings was held with the double purpose of raising money for the British War Relief, and of rousing the public to a better understanding of the great struggle overseas. It was part of our policy to bring speakers from the larger cities on all such occasions, as well as to give our own people the opportunity of expressing their convictions. In the last days of 1916, my husband and I called together an influential group of persons and with their help organized a citizens' meeting to protest against the deportations of the Belgians by Germany. This meeting followed close upon the great gathering in Carnegie Hall, and was the second of the kind to be held in the United States. Mr. Daniel Fearing, the genial and popular president of the Historical Society, presided at the meeting, which took place December 22 in the Auditorium of the Historical Society, a beautiful ancient hall piously preserved by the society and formerly the old Seventh Day Baptist Meeting House, where my ancestor, Governor Ward, worshipped. After the long series of patriotic functions I attended during the war, this gathering still remains as clear to me as if it had happened yesterday. Our fellow citizens made a good showing, and two distinguished speakers from

out of town came to join in our protest, William Roscoe Thayer, and Major Louis Livingston Seaman. It was a glowing meeting. Major Seaman's flaming indignation roused the audience to a white-hot heat, and Thayer's graver, but not less ardent, appeal led the way to the final feature of the programme, the reading of a letter from Theodore Roosevelt written for the occasion to Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster. I quote but one of his burning sentences:

> This last and crowning brutality, which amounts to the imposition of a cruel form of slavery on a helpless and unoffending people, must make our people realize that they peril their own souls, that they degrade their own manhood, if they do not bear emphatic testimony against the perpetration of this iniquity.

The meeting closed with a resolution of protest to President Wilson, and a telegram of sympathy to King Albert of Belgium.

Among the other valuable experiences of the war was our work for the Italian Relief. We were charter members of the Boston society and served upon the executive committee, and when the time came to found a kindred association in New York, it so happened that this too devolved upon us. Our choice of the leader of this work was a very fortunate one, and I shall always take great pride in the fact that I, personally, not only proposed the name of Robert Underwood Johnson for chairman, but that I also was able to prevail upon him to accept the office which he filled so ably and which I like to think may have had some bearing on his subsequent interesting experiences as American Ambassador to Italy.

On April 7, 1917, the *New York Times* brought us the

news that war was declared against Germany by the United States. On the front page under a cut of the American flag, the *Times* printed the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", now become one of the popular war songs not only in our country, but in England and France. The effort often before made to have it declared the national hymn would have succeeded at this time, I believe, but for one reason. While the words were acceptable to all sections of the country, the South could not forget that the music was formerly sung to other verses, and the supporters of the Confederacy and their descendants could not forget or forgive the words of the older song:

We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!

I first learned of this sentiment at a patriotic meeting at the house of Arthur Curtis James, when the "Battle Hymn" was recited by Julia Marlowe. I happened to be sitting near two Southern ladies who were much moved by the recitation and overheard one say to the other:

"Why on earth do they persist in singing those beautiful words to that abominable tune?"

Many earnest efforts have been made to set the "Battle Hymn" to other music, but I believe this to be a hopeless task. The words were inspired by the music and are inseparable from it. When we remember that the same air is sung to the words of the English "God Save the King", to the German National Hymn, and to our own "America", may we not hope that in the future the bitter memories connected with the air will be forgotten, and that every section of our country will accept both air and music?

After the Art Association moved to its larger quarters, my husband took the old Hunt studio, and when war

was declared, turned it over to the use of the Surgical Dressings Committee, which under the leadership of Miss Renée Cortazzo, did such magnificent work, and to the British and Italian War Relief societies. Among the memories of that time are certain joyous quilting parties. An ancient quilting frame was unearthed from the lumber room where it had long slept, and groups of gay young girls gathered around the old frame to make warm wadded quilts for the soldiers. Another pleasant memory picture of the old studio is of an exhibition and sale of fine Belgian laces brought to this country by a pair of patriotic Belgians, M. and Mme. Dethoor, who by their efforts managed to support the families of many Belgian lace makers during the war.

The most haunting and touching of all the war memories that center about the old studio is the exhibition of portrait drawings, by my husband, of certain young American soldiers who, before we entered the conflict, gave their lives for the great cause. Two of these young men, both members of the Lafayette Escadrille, were of our kindred, Victor Chapman, the stepson of our cousin, Elizabeth Chanler, and Norman Prince, whose grandfather, Mayor Frederick Prince of Boston, called my mother "cousin." Others, like Quentin Roosevelt, Hamilton Coolidge, and Marquand Ward, were the sons of intimate friends. The names of these heroic youths will never be forgotten, for they were the first fruits of the harvest of sacrifice, and, by their example, led the way to all that followed.

On the sixth day of January, 1919, the mail brought me a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, written in answer to one from me to her husband, who "was not feeling quite equal to write himself." A few hours before the newspaper had brought the news of the passing of our great

leader in the night. The following Sunday I called the first of the many Roosevelt Memorial Meetings. It was held at the Strand Theatre in Newport. The meeting opened with a prayer by Dr. Roderick Terry, and closed with a resolution prepared and offered by me:

RESOLUTION

The standard bearer has fallen, but his colors still lead us on. Having met together to express our sense of a common loss in the death of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, we pledge ourselves anew to the service of the country he so greatly served and so deeply loved. Thankful for his life, we are thankful for the manner of his death that seems as a reward for his great service, coming painlessly while he slept; He giveth his beloved sleep. While sorrowing for our lost leader, we know that his dearest wish would be that instead of wasting ourselves in vain lamentations for his death, we should gird ourselves anew to fight the good fight with all the strength that is in us, and show our sense of his loss by the added impetus for good in our lives gained from his high example. I move that this resolution be adopted as an expression of the feeling of this meeting and a copy thereof be sent to Mrs. Roosevelt.

One of the miracles of the World War was the way in which all manner of institutions, factories, plants of every kind were transformed from their original purpose to meet the needs of the hour. There never was a more striking exhibition of American genius than the Protean changes that all sorts and kinds of institutions underwent. In Rhode Island, Brown University, like Harvard, became a training school for reservists, our famous jewelry

factories were turned into munition plants, and so we were only doing what every other sort of institution was doing. when we transformed the Art Association from a purely cultural æsthetic institution, into a live patriotic nerve center. Every Sunday afternoon and every holiday during the war, and while the large number of reservists and enlisted men remained in Newport after the war, the Art Association kept open house for the soldiers and sailors. We found among the reservists many high-grade professional musicians. One of the best features of our Sunday afternoons was that they gave these men the opportunity to practice the art they had perforce laid down for the time of their service. Among the performers were several artists of great talent, pianists, violinists, 'cellists, and singers. To these men the opportunity of expressing themselves in their own calling, was life saving. A group of our members got together and bought a Steinway piano for these artists. I shall never forget the face of a certain pianist who, after six days of hard manual labor, stretched his fingers for the first time over the keyboard of our Steinway.

"Nothing is too good for our boys", — that was the word for the hour. It is as true now as it was then, let us remember. Besides those blessed Sunday afternoons, when the Art Association coffee made a name for itself that is known from Maine to California — we opened classes in mechanical drawing for the enlisted men, and included in the regular classes of our art school all such reservists as were able to profit by the opportunity. Meanwhile the other functions of the Art Association were maintained, and the building was a humming hive of workers every day in the week, Sundays and holidays included. Those Sunday afternoon festivities always

closed with the boys singing the popular war songs, — "There's a Long Long Trail" — "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" — "Tipperary", the whole company joining in the chorus with a right good will. There are certain of those songs I can never hear without a vision of the shining faces of our boys as they sat cheek by jowl with our dainty belles, our grave social workers and clergymen, our plain workaday folk, and our summer plutocrats. The light that never was on land or sea glowed in those faces, young and old, familiar and foreign, for many nations were represented in those gatherings, as well as all classes, — Jews and Gentiles, Scandinavians, Teutons, Celts, Latins, and Slavs. One common feeling bound them all together, the love of our country, the hope of the world.

If, sometimes in these post-war days, I feel a moment of doubt or fear for the future of America, to find comfort I have but to call to mind the memory of those Sunday afternoon gatherings and to listen in fancy to the strong young voices singing the familiar words:

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat!

FINIS

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